PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1981 $2.75

JERRY FALWELL:
THE INTERESTING
COMPANY HE KEEPS

BEHIND THE ROMAN
POLANSKI RAPE TRIAL

SECRETS OF A
TEENAGE CASANOVA

DEATH BEAM:
THE ULTIMATE
RUSSIAN THREAT

NEW REPORT ON
MALE SEXUALITY

PET OF THE YEAR SPECIAL ISSUE

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The International Magazine for Men/November 1981

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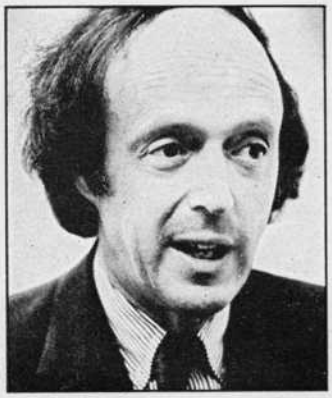


Rikke Andersen

ANTHONY LEWIS

HOUSECALL

Our November issue this year is, as always, an extravaganza of riches–visual, literary, and *literal*–celebrating the coronation of the 1981 Penthouse Pet of the Year, chosen in response to the acclaim of millions of readers and specially photographed by Bob Guccione. This year's queen, who inherits a royal ransom of some $200,000 in gifts, trips, and cash, begins her reign on page 123 and will spend the next 12 months basking in this luxury and appearing around the world as our very special ambassadress of goodwill.

This month also marks the beginning of a major series of articles based on the results of a continuing *Penthouse* investigation of the financial world of the fundamentalist "God Business" in the United States. Our reporters, **L.J. Davis** and **Ernest Volkman**, begin by focusing on Jerry Falwell, the founder of Moral Majority, the head of a tax-free $50 million-a-year empire, and the self-appointed moral arbiter of the American people. After an exhaustive probe into the mysterious life and the intriguing death of F. William Menge, a million-dollar con artist and convicted tax evader who managed to become one of Jerry Falwell's close personal friends and advisers, Davis and Volkman conclude that "If A Businessman Is To Be Judged By The Company He Keeps, Then Jerry Falwell May Have A Lot Of Explaining To Do" (page 62).

In the official version Falwell says that he got rid of Menge when he found out what he was up to. During the time that he was associated with Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour" board of directors, Menge is estimated to have swindled almost $9 million. Around the beginning of September last year, his relationship with Falwell was severed. Increasingly embittered and beleaguered by creditors, Menge made a series of telephone calls, telling at least one person that he was going to "*tell all*" and that people were "*going to go to jail*"! Before he could publicly explain this, however, his dismembered body was found beneath the blades of a rotary power mower. The $9 million was never found. These special *Penthouse* reports will help shed some light on the Falwell ministry operations.

Four years ago Roman Polanski, the director of such popular films as *Repulsion* and *Rosemary's Baby*, fled from Los Angeles to London, leaving behind a sensational rape case, involving a 13-year-old model, for which he faced a certain jail sentence. In "Roman Polanski's Escape from Hollywood" (page 86), **Barbara Leaming** examines in depth the transcripts of the trial as well as a detailed probation report, the facts of which Polanski brilliantly manipulated to paint himself as a victim. And, in addition to Leaming's article (excerpted from her forthcoming biography *Polanski: His Life and Films*, to be published by Simon & Schuster), *Penthouse* sent reporter **Edward Rasen** to interview the young girl's lawyer, Lawrence Silver (page 88). "The girl got exactly what she wanted," Silver told Rasen. "Polanski can't come back to the U.S. . . . She got Mr. Polanski, in effect–he's gone."

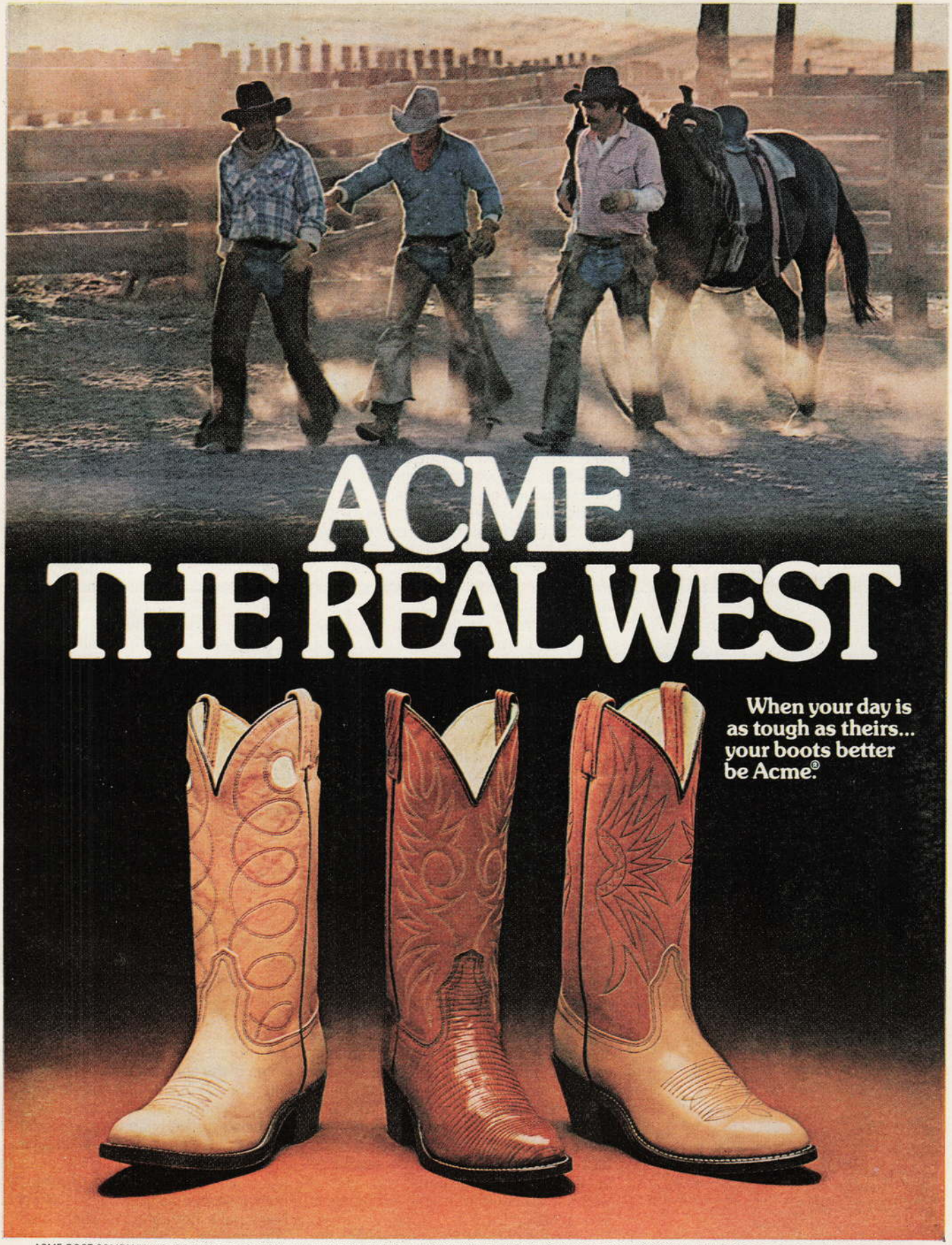
The hero of **Ben Stein**'s short story "Teenage Casanova" (page 144) is a 16-year-old boy in Aspen whom his girl friends' mothers find sexually irresistible. Although, at first glance, it may seem as if young Gerard Morell's story is simply a reversal of the Polanski situation, this is really as much a story about love as about sex–a close-up view of life in the playgrounds of the bored upper class.

An authoritative factual overview of sex in America has made *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* (published by Alfred A. Knopf) an overnight best-seller. A great many of the men quoted in this book had responded to a questionnaire published by **Shere Hite** in *Penthouse* four years ago. A special excerpt from Hite's book, dealing with men's candid discussions of orgasm, intercourse, and sexual stereotypes, begins on page 165.

Death Beam, a novel by **Robert Moss** that is sure to become one of this winter's most talked-about books, is exclusively previewed on page 116. Moss is coauthor of *The Spike*, an important best-selling novel about Russian subversion that many people believed was more fact than fiction. One can only hope that the nightmare events of *Death Beam*, which will be published by Crown, remain simply the products of Moss's imagination.

Other important features this month include Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter **Anthony Lewis**'s interview with **Jacobo Timerman**, whose story of torture and anti-Semitism in Argentina has made him an international spokesman for human rights (page 156), and *Omni* Editorial Director **Ben Bova**'s "Advise and Dissent" (page 142), which alerts Americans to a new space race, one on which the future of all mankind may depend.

And, of course, to make your Thanksgiving season extrafestive, we have surrounded our new Pet of the Year with more dazzling examples of quintessential feminine beauty, one of whom–who knows?–may wear the crown *next* year!



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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Happy ending

I didn't expect to write to a magazine, but I think "Forum" readers might be interested in recent events regarding my beautiful live-in girl friend, Nancy.

Last year Nancy was involved in a very serious traffic accident which resulted in the loss of both arms about halfway between the wrist and elbow. Needless to say, the trauma and grief following the accident were almost overwhelming. But after Nancy was released from the hospital and was fitted with artificial hands, we were both amazed how quickly she was able to not only take care of herself but to resume her job as a receptionist.

When things somewhat returned to normal, I began to notice a very real attraction to Nancy's arms, which ended in smooth stumps about five inches below her elbows. She seldom wore her artificial hands around the house when she didn't need them for something, as they were somewhat uncomfortable. So I had almost unlimited opportunity to observe and touch her at will. Our sex life became much better than before. It seemed as if the more time we spent together the more turned on we both became. She was delighted and somewhat surprised at my interest in and attraction to her arms, which she assumed would be a turn-off for me. She admitted fearing that our relationship might end after she had the accident. In addition to the sexual turn-on of her stumps I found also that I was developing some new protective instinct because of her overall helplessness. This brought us much closer together than before.

Before the accident we were well into bondage, which we have continued with some new twists, much to our pleasure. Our favorite item now for Nancy is an aluminum tube about 12 inches long and 2 inches in diameter, into which both of her stumps can be inserted with her arms either in front or behind her back. Straps near the ends of the tube fasten around her upper arms and prevent her from pulling her stumps out of the tube. Thus she is completely helpless and for all practical purposes armless. She says this apparatus is completely comfortable, and she wears it for hours at a time—sometimes even overnight.

A favorite pastime for us is to fasten her arms behind her back, dress her in a special dress with absolutely no armholes, and go out on the town. Of course I feed her, hold her drinks, etc., and we both enjoy the looks and stares we get from people wondering what the deal is. Nancy is a great dancer, and the sight of her in action on the dance floor never fails to be a big attraction for everyone.

Our sex is at its best after these nights on the town when I take her home, strip her naked, help her take care of any personal needs, and then put her to bed where she is completely vulnerable and helpless to resist any ideas I may have.

I relate these stories to show that some really good things have come out of a real tragedy—and we will soon be married. We realize we are perfect for one another.—*Name and address withheld*

Free samples

I am an executive of a well-known southern firm, and while I was in Las Vegas some weeks ago, I had the most extraordinary experience. I was quietly having lunch by myself in one of the restaurants near my hotel when I spotted an extremely attractive blond eyeing me closely from a nearby table. She was with a beautiful Asian woman, who was also looking over at me. Both were very smartly dressed and appeared to be very successful businesswomen of some sort.

When she noticed I was aware of her attention, the blond walked over to my table and introduced herself. To my surprise, she knew who I was and what company I was with. She flattered me by saying she made a point of knowing who all the brightest and most successful men were in her business community. It was all bullshit, of course, but then she went on to introduce her companion to me, and I have to admit I was fascinated.

Over a little coffee the blond explained that she, too, was an energetic businessperson, and she represented a particular entertainment-marketing service that she thought a man like myself might be interested in. Because of my position, she told me, I could get a free demonstration of some of the services her company had to offer. She said she was sure that I would recommend the services to many of my associates once I had experienced them. It was an obvious sales pitch, and I imagined she was probably selling executive toiletry items, life insurance, or some other nonsense. Normally I would have just told her to take her act somewhere else, but she seemed so inviting, and her companion so exotically beautiful, that I could not resist the temptation to spend some more time with them. Besides, I thought, I had nothing planned for the afternoon anyway.

We made arrangements to meet up in my room in a half hour, where they would

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give their presentation, the blond said. She gave me a card that was both beautiful *and* businesslike and walked off to arrange her presentation materials. She never mentioned how she got my name or found out who I was. This, I imagined, was just another part of her rather creative sales pitch.

I went up to my room and cleaned up a bit, and at exactly the time she said she would be up, there was a knock at the door. I almost lost my composure when I opened the door, because both of the women looked so good. They had changed clothes, and though they were still impeccably dressed, they both looked considerably sexier than before. Both women had incredible bodies. The Asian was very thin and lithe. The blond was fuller figured, with very large breasts. Neither of them appeared to be wearing a bra, because their nipples protruded so noticeably.

The blond, who said her first name was Lori, was carrying a large briefcase. She gently grabbed my arm with her free hand and led me over to the bed. We sat down together at the foot of the bed, and she looked very intently into my eyes.

"What we are offering," she told me, "is a unique entertainment system for the businessman away from home. It's not as cheap as going out to a nightclub or bar," she said, "but we take great pains to make our service extremely personalized, and the quality of the experience is of the utmost importance to us. I'm sure you will agree that there is really nothing else quite like our system. Monique here will demonstrate our first service," she said and looked over to where the Oriental beauty was standing. As I turned my head, my nose almost bumped into her bare ass. She had moved over closer to me, hiked up her slinky dress, and bent over sharply at the waist. She was staring at me from between her legs with a lecherous grin on her upside-down face.

"Please feel free to examine this fine product," the blond said, smiling, obviously aware of how horny I was getting but still keeping her businesslike tone. I ran my hands slowly over the incredibly smooth buttocks of the Asian girl. Her ass was so smooth and tight and firm that it felt like marble, only her flesh was so warm it would be impossible to compare the two.

I had never felt an ass like that before nor thighs, for that matter. The muscles rippled softly as I ran my hands up and down them, and as I did, she started rhythmically swaying her hips and moaning softly, playfully. I forgot about the blond temporarily as I got a couple of hot Oriental buns shoved into my face. My groin began to pound as she giggled more and encouraged me to kiss her ass. I kissed it all right and licked it and ran my hands up and down her fantastic thighs, starting from the knees and moving slowly up to her hot, moist pussy. Then she suddenly turned around and shoved her pussy into my face, gasping as my tongue slid quickly to her clit. She moaned and thrust violently for a minute, but then she suddenly pulled herself away, smiled, and began playing with herself.

"Now it's time for the show to start," the blond said, moving closer to me. "I hope you like it," she said and patted my thigh. Instead of taking her hand away then, though, she left it there and squeezed tightly, her hand just inches from my throbbing cock. While I had been busy with her girl's ass, the blond had taken a small portable stereo from her briefcase and hooked it up. The disco music was suddenly pleasing to me, and it really added a new dimension when Monique pulled off her dress and began to writhe to the music. I can't really say she was dancing. It was more like she was just humping to the beat. She would play with her large breasts and then with her clit, all the while thrusting her hips energetically. She kept on gasping and moaning in front of me, waving her pussy like it was bait. It was. I could hardly keep from jumping off the bed and diving into that cunt with my tongue, especially since those dark eyes of hers seemed to be actually begging me to do it.

The blond sensed I was reaching the end of my self-control. She tightened her grip on my thigh. "Are you enjoying Monique's show?" she asked, knowing all too well what the answer was. I turned to her and smiled, doing my best to act halfway civilized. "It's quite nice," I managed to choke out.

"Good," the blond said. "Is your cock now getting hard?" she asked, feigning coy innocence. "Just a little," I lied. "Well, we'll see what we can do about that," she said and immediately began rubbing on my cock through my pants. She continued rubbing it and gently pinching it between her fingertips, feeling its contours, while Monique kept up with her gyrations.

It was getting to be just too much of a turn-on for any one man to stand, and I could feel myself getting close to an immense orgasm. Again Lori sensed my feelings. "Why don't you take off your pants?" she said. They were off in a second, along with everything else. "What I usually do during this part of the show," the blond said matter-of-factly, like a stewardess explaining safety devices before takeoff, "is play with your cock so you can get maximum enjoyment from Monique's show. But because it goes on for quite a bit longer, and because her show gets so exciting, I can apply a little pressure to your cock to keep you from coming too quickly, if you'd like."

I agreed and told her to squeeze right away. Her hand tightly gripped my cock for several seconds. It didn't hurt, but it did

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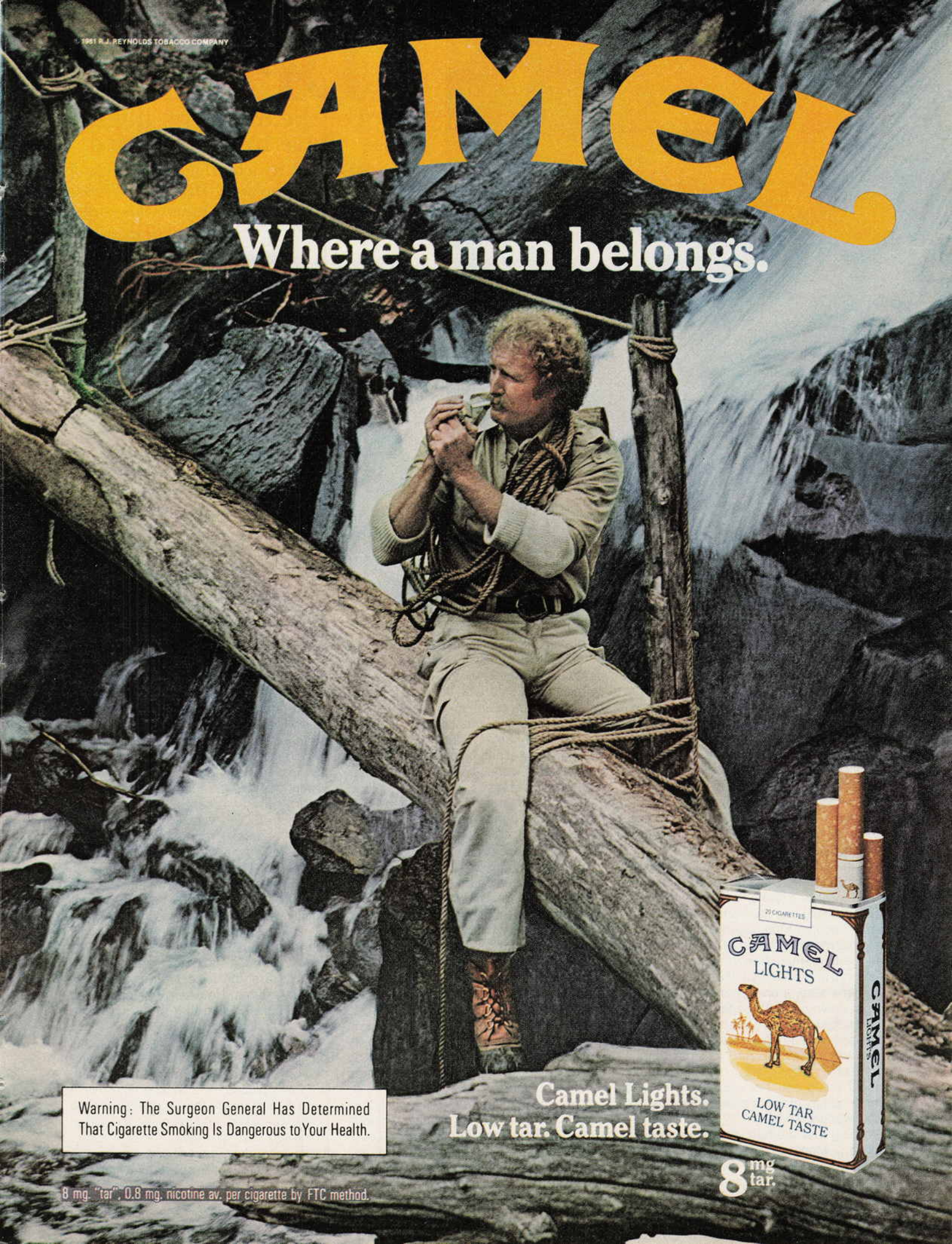

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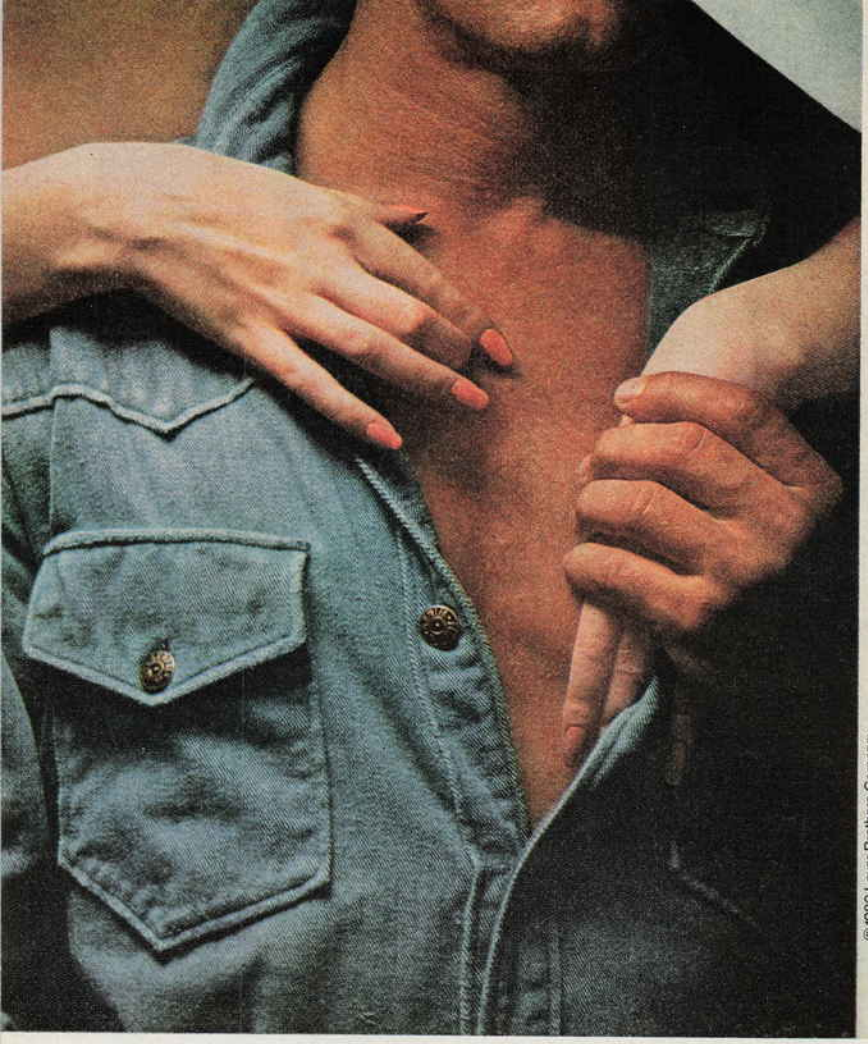

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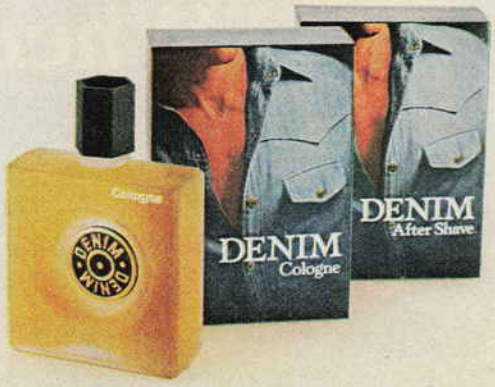

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keep me from coming and allowed me the pleasure of having her get me all worked up again. To aid in this, she put a little oil on her hands and got my dick all warm and slippery so both her hands could slide more freely over my cock and balls.

Monique's eyes lit up when she saw my cock, and she seemed so hot herself that a little drool actually dripped from her mouth. She started sucking on her fingers and smacking her lips and then ran over to the blond's briefcase, pulled out a large, very realistic-looking dildo, and began making passionate love to it with her mouth. As I watched her full, dark lips arching over that fake dick with such obvious pleasure, I had to tell Lori to squeeze me again to keep me from coming. Deeper and deeper Monique took that big thing into her mouth, squeezing it and stroking it all the time, then slowly taking it out and licking it and sucking it, then getting down on her knees, arching her back and easing it down her throat again.

I looked over at Lori and noticed she seemed to be enjoying the show, too. Her jaw was hanging open, and her tongue was sliding wetly around in her mouth, and I could see her slipping more and more hungry glances down at the dick she was working so feverishly with her hands. Noticing that she had lost some of my attention, Monique scooted right up between my legs and began frantically licking and sucking on the dildo, her tongue and lips just inches away from my burning dick. I knew I was going to explode like never before. "No more squeezing," I said firmly to Lori. "Whose mouth do you want to come in?" she asked. Her voice was pleading, almost desperate. I looked down at Monique sucking away at her dildo and the fair, red-nailed hands working away on my cock. I really couldn't decide.

"Watch our mouths," the blond commanded and began working her tongue and lips hard, like she'd just die if she didn't get a cock in her mouth soon. I didn't have much time to be more thoroughly convinced. "Go," I said to her, and she plunged her head into my lap, just as I felt the first rifle shot of an orgasm ripping through me. Her mouth went all the way down to my balls as I continued to come hard. I'm sure that if she hadn't caught my come with her mouth that first shot would probably have come close to hitting the ceiling. With every orgasm she moaned deeply with pleasure as she sucked it up into her hot mouth. As my orgasms slowly subsided she gently squeezed and sucked my cock, making sure she milked out every last drop.

It was the most profound orgasm I have ever had. Yet, when I saw Monique spreading her legs in front of me and begging me to fuck her, I became hard almost immediately again and had a tremendous time with her, and before the afternoon was over she also helped me pull the panties off her boss for a very memorable threesome.

So many male fantasies were tied together in the experience that I knew that these two women were truly studied experts in the art of pleasing men and had developed something as lowly as prostitution into a fine and beautiful experience. When they told me that a similar session for any business associate of mine would cost him $500, I wasn't surprised. As a matter of fact, I recommended several men I knew who would appreciate being treated like I had been—for any price. In my business, or really any business, as they proved so well, you have to pay for quality.—*Name and address withheld*

Ménage à quatre

I am 23 and a mother of one. In other words, I rarely get to seek out exciting sexual adventures. However, fate smiled on me recently so that one of my fantasies could be fulfilled.

I was planning on attending a baseball game between my company and a competitor. I didn't expect much excitement, but I was pleasantly mistaken. There was quite a turnout and lots of cold beer. The game was a flop, and the players decided to drown their sorrows. I was wearing some extremely short shorts and an extremely thin silk top—neither of which had anything on under them. I had been talking

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to and blatantly admiring several of the guys. As I walked to my car, I noticed three of the best-looking guys from work following me. One, whom I'll call Russ, is an absolute god, with dark thick hair, dark hypnotic eyes, and the sexiest mustache. Russ's body, sun-tanned and strong, is one to which I could give myself totally. Another, whom I'll call Robbie, has dark wavy hair and vibrant eyes. He carries himself proudly and he has a great ass, the kind you can't help but squeeze. The last but certainly not least I'll call Jean. He is a true gentleman, which seems out of place but not unwelcome in this rugged man. He has reddish brown hair and a healthy glow of color in his face. I reached my car and lowered the top of the convertible.

As I sat down, Russ, Robbie, and Jean reached my car. Russ stood on the driver's side, Robbie climbed onto the back of my car, and Jean sat in the passenger's seat. Russ looked down at me with those hypnotic eyes and asked, "How would you like to get very nasty with three very nasty guys?" I felt as though I'd never be able to breathe again! I checked the time, though, and realized that I was already going to be late getting home, as my mother was keeping my child. They all suggested that we go to a nearby apartment, but I knew I had to go. They finally agreed on the condition that we would meet the next day after work. Then they walked away, each with a bulge in their pants, and I was barely able to drive home but was anxious for the next night. I hardly slept that night, and working the next day was nearly unbearable. Night would surely come and so would I.

When five o'clock came, I rushed to my car. We all met at a bar and I rode with Russ. Robbie and Jean followed. I was so anxious! Russ asked if I was all right, to which I replied, "I hope I'll be better than all right." He smiled that bewitching smile and told me he was excited, too. I had to touch him. I touched his thigh and moved up to his groin. I put my head in his lap and kissed him, wanting more. I felt the bulge in his pants respond to my kisses. We arrived at a townhouse. It was a beautiful place and a bachelor's dream. Russ and I walked inside, still alone. I turned to face him just inside the door. His arms went around me so sensually. I felt his arms envelop me and his lips take mine. As our lips met and opened, his tongue gently flicked into my mouth and the thrill was electrifying. Our mouths entwined, tasting, exploring. I melted into him at that moment, totally under his spell of passion. I wanted to stay wrapped by his powerful arms. Then the door opened, and Robbie and Jean walked in. They said they wanted some of what Russ was getting.

Russ released me to put on some music and Robbie stepped in. We walked to the living room and he kissed me. Tenderly, his tongue caressed mine. Jean came over to help Robbie undress me. I stood naked in front of these men. Russ walked behind me and put his arms around me, assisting me to the floor while they undressed. Russ's head dropped to my breasts and chills covered me. Jean came to my head and introduced his penis to my mouth. I put the purple tip into my mouth and teased it with my tongue. Slowly I pulled more in and increased the pressure, continuing until I had all of him. I matched his thrusts, sucking and licking. I could feel mouths and hands all over me. I couldn't tell whose lips or hands belonged to whom. The sensations were overwhelming, and my mind reeled. Jean moaned with each push deeper into my mouth, and then the warm, thick, white come pumped rhythmically into my hungry lips. I drank his liquid and only one or two drops escaped my tongue to run over my lips and cheek. Jean relaxed and fell soft in my mouth. He pulled out slowly as I sucked him dry. He kissed me and we savored the remaining taste of his passion. Jean left for the couch to light a bong.

I concentrated on my other two gentlemen. Robbie and Russ had been teasing every nerve on my body with their fingers and tongues. Robbie placed his hands on my inner thighs and spread them wide. He lowered his head into my well-trimmed pubic bush, nibbling slowly ever downward. I reached out for Russ's massive dick. It stood tall and hard. It had to be nine inches long and greater than my hand's circumference. He positioned himself for easy entry into my eager mouth. That familiar taste combined with Robbie's now more energetic tonguing lifted me higher. Robbie's expert tongue sent waves of ecstasy through me. His gentle fingers opening my labia to expose my clitoris and his tongue burying into the folds of skin surrounding my pleasure button made me tremble. I sucked furiously on Russ's cock. He lay back still, obviously in his own world.

Robbie then guided his firm staff into my pussy, and I arched to meet him. Slow and deep he penetrated me, my vagina contracting with his thrusts. My ass pushed to the floor, but my face and shoulders turned to suck Russ. Jean brought over a freshly filled bong for us. Robbie and Russ took a long and filling hit. Then they offered it to me. Reluctantly, I withdrew Russ's throbbing cock, hit the bong, and returned to him before I exhaled. I was addicted to the glistening drops that he would let escape—just enough to make me wild wanting more. His breath quickened and his body tensed. I sucked hungrily, but before I could cause his release, Russ pulled my face from his crotch and kissed me. He slowly released me, and I had no strength left; it left with his touch. Russ rose to get some beer. During his absence Robbie returned, kissing, fondling. He, too, offered his cock to my mouth. As if by habit, my mouth responded to this third intruder, welcoming it with the proper caresses. Jean joined us again, going be-

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tween my legs. Robbie straddled my face, thrusting deeper into my throat. Jean controlled my body. We hadn't gone on for long when Russ came back with four beers. Three hours had passed and the refreshment was welcome.

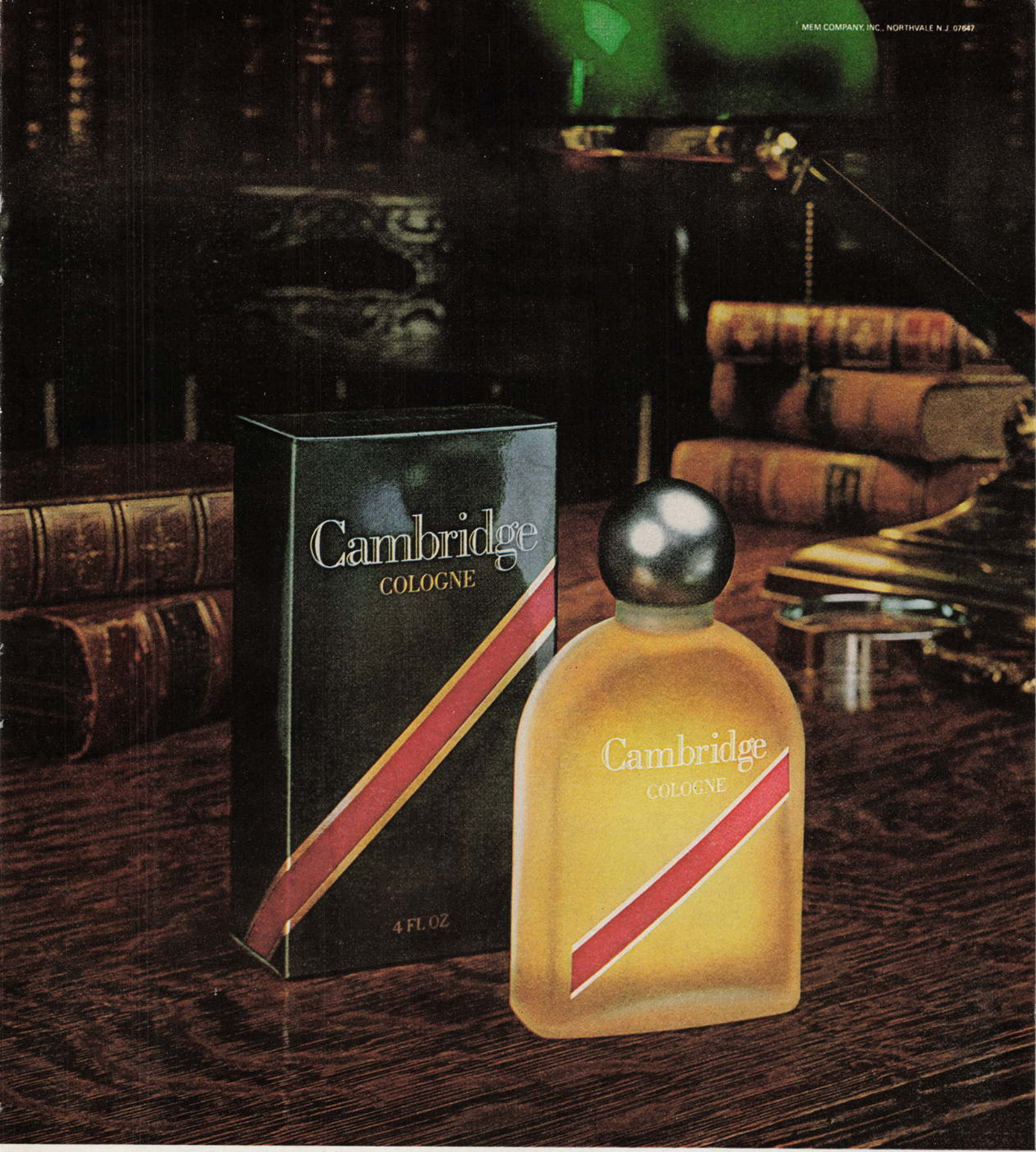
We then lit the bong, and while they passed it, I reached for Russ, pulling him onto me. He succumbed and followed me to the floor. I wrapped my arms around him. I had to feel the power in his body pressing me against the floor. I hungered for his kisses. With those kisses I felt his hardness, and I lifted my legs, urging him to fill my hot hole. Russ, taking control, pressed my legs high. My knees rested against the floor under my shoulders so that my cunt reached upward. Russ guided his stallion cock into me, filling me to the maximum. As his rod reached my innermost depths, he led me to a rushing oblivion. My vagina was contracting wildly, and orgasmic waves of my slippery juices flowed. Russ lowered my legs and we rolled over. He never left my gripping pussy. I sat on him rotating slowly, feeling his deep penetration. I lowered my body to his chest, kissing his nipples, neck, and ears. My ass raised and lowered slowly at first and then quickened, slapping down fiercely. Robbie and Jean watched silently as Russ and I fucked. His hands reached out and held my ass, assisting in its feverish pounding. Then he pressed it down firmly onto him, holding it still while I squirmed against him, my cunt squeezing him in its glorious spasms. Russ and I rolled over again; our bodies moved as if choreographed. When he pulled out of my steaming twat, he was still hard!

During our passion play, I didn't notice Robbie and Jean leaving, but I noticed them now examining the contents of a large can labeled Kama Sutra. With my expressed interest, Jean took to the floor with the mint pleasure balm and the vanilla massage cream. The coolness of the vanilla cream on my nipples made them peak followed by Jean's tasting mouth. His fingers, after being dipped into the numbing mint balm, rubbed my sopping pussy. It felt icy cool in contrast to the warmth it had been feeling for so many hours. Then Jean's erect pole entered me. The coolness of the balm was carried inside. My knees fell wide, and my hips again followed his thrusts, meeting them forcefully. He lowered his head to firmly suck the vanilla flavor from my nipples. His hands then went to my butt, holding me against him, and we rolled over. I took up the tempo as before and he moaned and cried out, "Ride me!"

I answered his plea, and we bucked fiercely. My swollen clit pounded and rubbed against his pubic area as his cock disappeared inside me. We fucked laboriously until we reached our ultimate plateau. Jean arched his back, opened his mouth, froze for a few seconds, and released a loud, tremulous moan. I felt his come pump deep inside me and with a giant shiver, I acknowledged his gift with my vaginal contraction. We lay together still, only our chests heaving as we tried to catch our breaths. I rolled off of him and could feel the hot fluids ooze from between my legs. The musk of lovemaking mixed with a slight mint fragrance filled the air and revived me. I sat up, stretched catlike, and glanced at my three lovers, appreciatively, silently telling them that I was so well fucked! Robbie lay back on the couch. Jean was still on the floor, he, too, contented. Russ sat on the couch, eyeing me with a thoughtful grin on his face. I sat at his feet and returned his gaze. Russ and I spoke of how we each hoped we could do this again! We decided that our experience was on a par with those in *Penthouse*, and we should offer it for your "Forum" pages. Thanks for letting me relive this while I wrote it.—*Name and address withheld*

Back-door man

I am a 26-year-old businessman who is a verified bun man. My main attraction to a woman is her rear end. I became interested in watching, squeezing, pinching, and patting a woman's derriere when I was a freshman in college. Even though I work in a large city and have the opportunity to do some Grade A Choice ass watching, I still think of my college days. I went to a col-



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lege in Texas that I still think has the finest-cheeked ladies. I remember many a hard-on I got watching those fabulously reared coeds. Then, after a semester, I realized I had to do something about it. That was when I became known among my friends for liking to ball a woman's back door.

I remember all the pleasure I had teaching those foxes the thrill of butt fucking. The majority of these young ladies were anal virgins and were waiting for their prune to be popped. Some of the ladies were very curious about their rears and wondered what purpose they were for other than to be sat on and to take a shit. So, I made it my duty to teach these ladies the purpose of their fannies. I would spank lick, kiss, and tongue-fuck these lovely tushes and even jerk off in the crack between their cheeks. Then I became involved in analingus, which involved letting my tongue probe the inner depths of a woman's ass hole. I can't forget all of the cute pink and puckered bung holes that I tongued, and I still practice it today.

The women were always shocked, and still are today, even with the so-called popularity of anal sex, when I showed interest in their backside. They thought I was crazy to play with their asses and stick my tongue up their shit chute. When I would ask if I could lick their asses, most all of them said, "That's disgusting because it's dirty back there. It's where my shit comes out." But after I convinced them I liked the smell and flavor of anus, they didn't seem to mind much. Then, after a little rimming, they saw what pleasure they felt and it was fine with them.

I am reminded of one girl in particular who was a cheerleader. She had a 38-23-35 shape. Her hair was long and blond and it went down to the top of the crack in her ass, which was her finest asset. She had firm, round buns that were deeply separated. One day, while she was at the swimming pool in the skimpiest white string bikini a woman could wear, I went over to her and she was lying face down with those fabulous cheeks staring up at me. She looked up and said, "Hi, would you rub some lotion on my back?" Well, I was happy to oblige and I got the lotion. I rubbed it on her back and "accidentally" slid my hand down her bottom and she didn't say a word. Then I continued to feel her ass and she started to get horny. We went back to her room where she actually asked if I would spank her. I smacked her ass for ten minutes and she got very horny. I took my shorts off and we got into a 69 where I got the finest blowjob ever. During my blowjob I was eating her pussy. I parted her cheeks with my hands and revealed her small, tight anus. I began tonguing her ass hole, and before I knew it she said, "Please fuck me there." I knew she was an anal virgin, but I got her so hot that I had the chance to fuck her ass.

She got on her bed doggy fashion and reached back and parted her buns with her hands. I got some cream and lubricated my shaft and her puckered bung hole. She reached back and grabbed my dick and placed it at her brown shaft and reared back. My head popped in and then I started to pump in and out of her Hershey highway. Her back road was so hot, tight, and slippery that I lasted only a few minutes. I came and shot my load deep into her musky tunnel, giving her her first sperm enema. Since then I have tailgated many women and hope to please all those girls out there dying to get their prune broken.—*Name and address withheld*

She does!

A few months ago my wife, Laura, and I met a gorgeous blond named Jill at a friend's party. Jill is about five feet six inches tall, with very shapely legs, a full luscious mouth, and a set of the nicest tits you'd ever want to rest your eyes upon (38's, I think). My wife's not too bad either—five feet five, 36-23-35, with the tightest little ass in the neighborhood. I enjoyed that first meeting with Jill immensely, but I thought that would be the last time I'd see her. Events certainly have proved me wrong.

Last week I came home early from work one day with the flu, or at least a mild touch of it. I remembered Laura (who only works part time) telling me she had shopping to do, so I wasn't surprised to find the house empty. In my tired state I decided I'd better take a nap, so I stretched out on the couch in the den and drifted off to sleep.

A while later I heard the back door open and the voices of two women. One of the voices was Laura's, but I couldn't make out who the other woman was. I was too weary to let them know I was home, so I just lay there hoping to get back to sleep. As she often did, Laura put on some soft music. A little tea and conversation with a friend, I thought. After a few minutes I became curious and decided I might as well go out and let Laura know I was home as well as find out who the mystery voice belonged to. Soft music still filled the house, but as I proceeded down the hall, I was surprised not to hear any conversation, especially since my wife is a notorious motor-mouth. I stopped short of going into the living room and just peeked around the corner so as not to startle anybody. What I saw was unimaginable!

Laura and her new acquaintance, Jill, were lying on the couch embracing and French-kissing, their tongues darting in and out. They were both fully dressed, Laura wearing a halter top, tight-fitting jeans, nylons, and spiked heels, and Jill wearing a skintight pullover top, a short red skirt, nylons, and extremely high (five or six inches) high heels. Laura had her leg between Jill's thighs and her hands all over Jill's exquisite boobs. I pulled my head back, shocked but somehow excited. I had always had an inkling that Laura liked women sexually and here was the

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I heard one of them whisper something and the sound of both of them getting up, so I hurried back to the safety of the den, leaving the door open slightly just in case their next destination was the master bedroom, which is directly across the hall from the den. Sure enough, down the hall they came, still Frenching and fondling each other's tits.

Once they were in the bedroom, Laura slowly stripped Jill's clothes off until she stood there naked except for a black garter belt, stockings, and those deliciously high, high heels. Her breasts were even more lovely than I'd imagined, and Laura licked them voraciously, sucking the large nipples until they were quite hard and eraserlike. Then Laura directed Jill to lie on her back on the bed. Laura searched through her dresser drawer and brought out four nylons, which she used to tie Jill's arms and legs to the posts on the bed. Once this was done (to Jill's obvious delight, I might add), Laura took a large dildo-shaped vibrator from the same top drawer, turned it on, and began by massaging Jill's calves and thighs, just brushing against her soaking-wet bush as she went from thigh to thigh. Laura also kissed and licked Jill's stockinged legs as the vibrator sent currents of pleasure through Jill's body. Jill literally pleaded with Laura to penetrate her with the pulsating dildo, but Laura had other ideas.

Unzipping just the zipper on her flesh-tight jeans, Laura revealed that she, too, had on a garter belt with sheer tan stockings and *no panties*. What my wife did next brought a lump to my throat as well as to my pants. Untying Jill's right foot, she raised that spike-heeled foot to her pussy and inserted it into her vagina. Jill, obviously knowing what to do, worked the red heel in and out of my wife's well-lubricated cunt while Laura caressed Jill's calves, forcing the heel ever deeper into her. Jill, who was panting and moaning almost as much as Laura, quicked the pace of her six-inch heel between Laura's love lips, and Laura suddenly exploded in a tremendous overpowering orgasm.

After she had a short time to recover, Laura allowed the juice-covered heel to slip from her pussy and then retied Jill's foot to the bedpost. She then slipped the shoe from Jill's foot and brought the heel up to Jill's mouth. Jill's deft tongue first licked the heel clean and then she sucked on it as Laura glided it in and out of her full, frosted lips. Jill was going absolutely berserk with desire for the vibrator to be inserted into her cunt, but, as I soon discovered, she still had a while yet to wait.

Laura removed her own heels in order to slip her pants off. After that she put her heels back on and removed her halter top, allowing her own magnificent globes to bob freely. She then took some baby lotion and sensually massaged it into her tits and around her pussy. Jill watched intently as Laura took the vibrator and inserted it into her own pussy, sliding it in and out with remarkable ease. Laura then offered the vibrator for another of Jill's taste tests and Jill obligingly sucked it clean.

Now it was clear that Jill's treats were about to begin. Laura climbed onto the bed and straddled Jill's face. Jill tongued Laura's moist bush wildly as Laura rotated her hips, trying to get Jill's tongue deeper and deeper inside of her. It appeared that both Laura and Jill had several orgasms as Jill licked and sucked for all she was worth.

Laura then switched to a 69 position, but instead of eating Jill's delicious love box, Laura first licked and tongued her stockinged thighs and then picked up the ever ready vibrator and glided it slowly into her friend's pussy. Jill moaned with ecstatic delight as Laura worked the vibrator in and out, in and out.

After an especially deep thrust that left Jill gasping, Laura left the dildo inside of Jill's cunt and slid her face down Jill's beautifully shaped left leg. She then proceeded to kiss and lick Jill's stockinged foot and high heel, sucking on the heel as though it were my own well-oiled cock. Then, amazingly, she slipped off the heel and sucked on Jill's nylon-covered toes. On the other end, Jill was once again sucking on Laura's high heel. This activity, oddly enough, drove both of the women wild and soon both were bucking and grinding toward a thundering new orgasm. After they both climaxed, Laura untied Jill and they rested within each other's arms, kissing gently and fondling each other's breasts.

As for me, I found I had rather unceremoniously shot half a wad in my pants during all the excitement. I was still incredibly hard, though, so I jerked myself off watching these two voluptuous bodies caressing. A while later they got up, dressed, and left the house, never knowing they had had a witness to their afternoon of fun and games.

Since that day, I have not told my wife what I saw. I have noticed that she is wearing increasingly sexy and revealing clothes (and ever higher high heels) for her "shopping trips," so I'm sure she and Jill are continuing their afternoon escapades. I really can't say it's done any harm to our sex life—Laura's better than ever. However, I do wish I'd get the flu again soon so I'd have an excuse to come home early and perhaps witness, once again, the greatest show on earth.—*Name and address withheld*

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and a face and figure that could definitely launch a thousand ships (35-23-35). I have always enjoyed seeing the way other men look at her with lust in their eyes when she wears her revealing, sexy clothes every time we go out to discos or hotel bars. She never wears panties or a bra and occasionally lets other men take peeks at her tits and pussy when she sits down. The way she teases them drives me wild.

I would like to relate an incident where I feel she gave her all. One night we got a telephone call from one of the plush hotels in our area from one of our friends from Brazil, George, who was in here with some associates on business. He invited us to dinner, which we readily accepted. Anne and I both agreed that she would try to seduce them. She put on one of her most revealing outfits, which made her look like a sex goddess. We arrived at the hotel where we were met by George and his friends Juan and Hector. The five of us had dinner at the hotel's restaurant. During dinner Anne flashed herself to all of us and even stood and leaned to pick up the wine bottle, making her blouse fall open and revealing one gorgeous pink nipple. From the looks on their faces I could feel the heat building inside them. After dinner we proceeded to the hotel's bar for some drinks and dancing. Anne danced with all of them in her usual lustful manner, and she later told me that Hector and Juan made comments on how sexy she looked.

At about 2:00 A.M. the bar closed, so George invited all of us to his suite to continue festivities. In his suite we continued drinking and Juan asked if we would like to smoke some Colombian Gold he had brought over. We all agreed, and after half an hour we were all well bombed, and the conversation eventually turned to photography. Juan and Hector mentioned that they were into nude photography as a hobby and that they had done several pictorials for magazines. They both left the room and returned to show us their cameras. Sensing their shyness, I asked them if they would like to take nude pictures of Anne. Anne went to the bathroom and returned a few minutes later wrapped in a towel barely covering her tits. Her cunt hairs barely showed at the bottom. She removed the towel and teasingly asked both Juan and Hector if they liked her figure. No one spoke and the room became charged with sexual promiscuity. Anne then sat on the armchair and slowly but teasingly lifted her leg over the armrest. The cameras started popping and she then spread the lips of her cunt to give them a better view. "Do you like my cunt?" she cooed. They bent down to take close-up shots, and she commented, "If you went down on it, it would look much better." That was it. They both dove at her cunt and tits like madmen. Hector sucked and squeezed her swollen tits while Juan hungrily licked her cunt and clitoris. George and I stood up, stripped off our clothes, and I gave him the go-ahead to do whatever he wanted. His cock was pointed upwards and ready for action. "Please, George, come here. I want to suck your cock. I want you to come down my throat" was all she could say as the two went on gratifying her promiscuous body with unparalleled fury.

She gently held George's prick and bathed the head and underside with her tongue. I was amazed since I had never seen Anne give so much of herself. There she lay like the whore of Babylon with nothing but pleasure on her face. Juan then removed his pants and impaled her with his pole. She was so wet that her cunt sloshed as Juan penetrated her like a bull. George erupted a huge volume of sperm in her mouth, which she swallowed greedily. We then laid her on the carpet. She straddled Juan's cock, and we bent her body forward as Hector applied KY jelly to his prick and her puckered ass hole. He then positioned himself between her ass cheeks and slowly pushed his pole in. She whined with delight as both Juan and Hector violated her two orifices. "I feel so full. They're ripping me apart. My God, I love it. I love their cocks." Juan and Hector both came in loud grunts as their come churned inside her. She screamed upon her orgasm and passed out.

When Anne recovered, we laid her on her back and masturbated around her. We came all over her body as she slithered from the ecstatic pleasure. In the meantime, I had taken pictures of all the action for our album to remind us of all those pleasures.—*Name and address withheld*

Tom Jones revisited

My lover suggested I write about an incredible night we spent together. It was my birthday and at midnight sharp he arrived with gifts wrapped appealingly in *Penthouse* photos. Among the presents was a French open-front bra, black lace crotchless panties, and edible underwear. He also brought over whipping cream and cherry Jell-O. You see, we are really into food. I guess you'd say we have an "extreme edible complex." We have French-kissed through lunches, used each other as dinner tables, and enjoyed every luscious bite. We especially like bubbly wines, soggy noodles, and juicy oranges. I have made love dripping with strawberries and syrup, eating watermelon in the nude, chewing through licorice ropes, or covering his cock with honey and licking it off with the sweet honey dripping off my lips.

So, when he arrived with food, I suggested we go to my bedroom, where I laid out a plastic table cloth on the floor and we undressed each other to our underpants. I eased him onto the mat and began to spread cold, red Jell-O across his well-formed chest and stomach, using the palms of my hands and my nails, licking off that sticky gel, and sliding my tongue down his sides.

Then I covered him with Cool Whip, us-

1981 U.S. Gov't Report:

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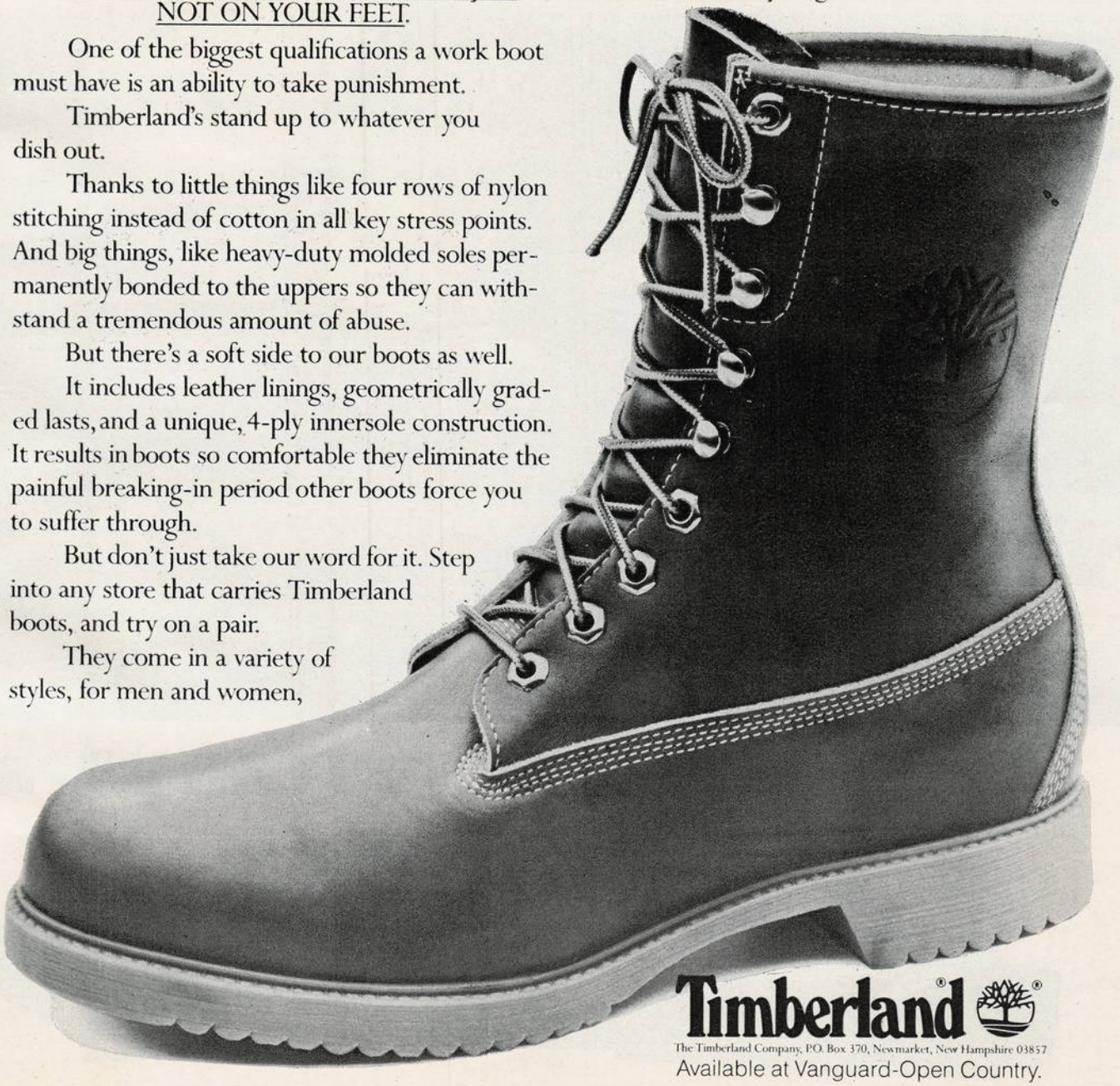

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ing my mouth like a suction cup sucking it off. I dabbed some of the cream on his yellow edible drawers and gently mouthed it off. I moved down to his toes, swirling my tongue around each one while he sucked mine, flicking his tongue between my toes, driving me to absolute ecstasy. Then I turned him over, smeared his back with gelatin, pulled his pants down, and exposed his well-rounded rump, which I proceeded to alternately lick and bite. I dribbled water down his spine and lapped it up, which he visibly enjoyed.

Then it was my turn. He spread gobs of Jell-O across my body, sliding cold hands over my ribs and hips, massaging my breasts and stomach. I ended up with Jell-O in my hair and whipping cream in my underwear. It was great! I was literally stuck on him, so we showered. There I went down on my knees and took him into my mouth, the water beating on my face. Porcelain is hard on the knees, so we didn't keep that up too long. We returned to bed wet, slept a half hour, and awoke to do some kissing and 69. After wetting his cock, I moved to his balls and took them one at a time gently into my mouth, almost completely separating them, sucking and nibbling as I licked and massaged his ass.

Meanwhile his tongue looped around my lips, stroking them up and down, sucking parts of them in his mouth, tapping against my clitoris, using his nose, chin, and mouth, pushing his tongue in me till I gushed forth and he ate me off. Then he began finger-fucking me, teasingly touching only the outside of my cunt until I begged him to put something inside me. He pushed hard into me until I could feel the deepest contractions I ever felt. Then he asked if I could bring him off with my mouth. I tried to relax the inner part of my throat so he could push into me and yet keep my lips around him. (He confessed the next day that he did get a few teeth marks.) That was the first time he ever came in my mouth. I didn't think I could swallow all of the come, but it was warm and smooth. This was a marvelous appetizer, but it didn't fill me, however. Sex makes me famished, so we went down and had some eggs, laughed, and I received more gifts.

It was time for him to leave, but I couldn't let him go without loving him one more time. He was amazed that he could come three times, and I was amazed as always that he is just as close and tender after sex as before. It was beautiful to have so much time for loving.—*Name and address withheld*

Stalling for pleasure

As an avid reader of *Penthouse* and especially the "Forum" section, I felt it was my duty to relate the following experience to your readers. I was a junior in college when the following events took place. Being from a small southern town, I hadn't really "been around," so to speak, so you can imagine how out of place I felt at a

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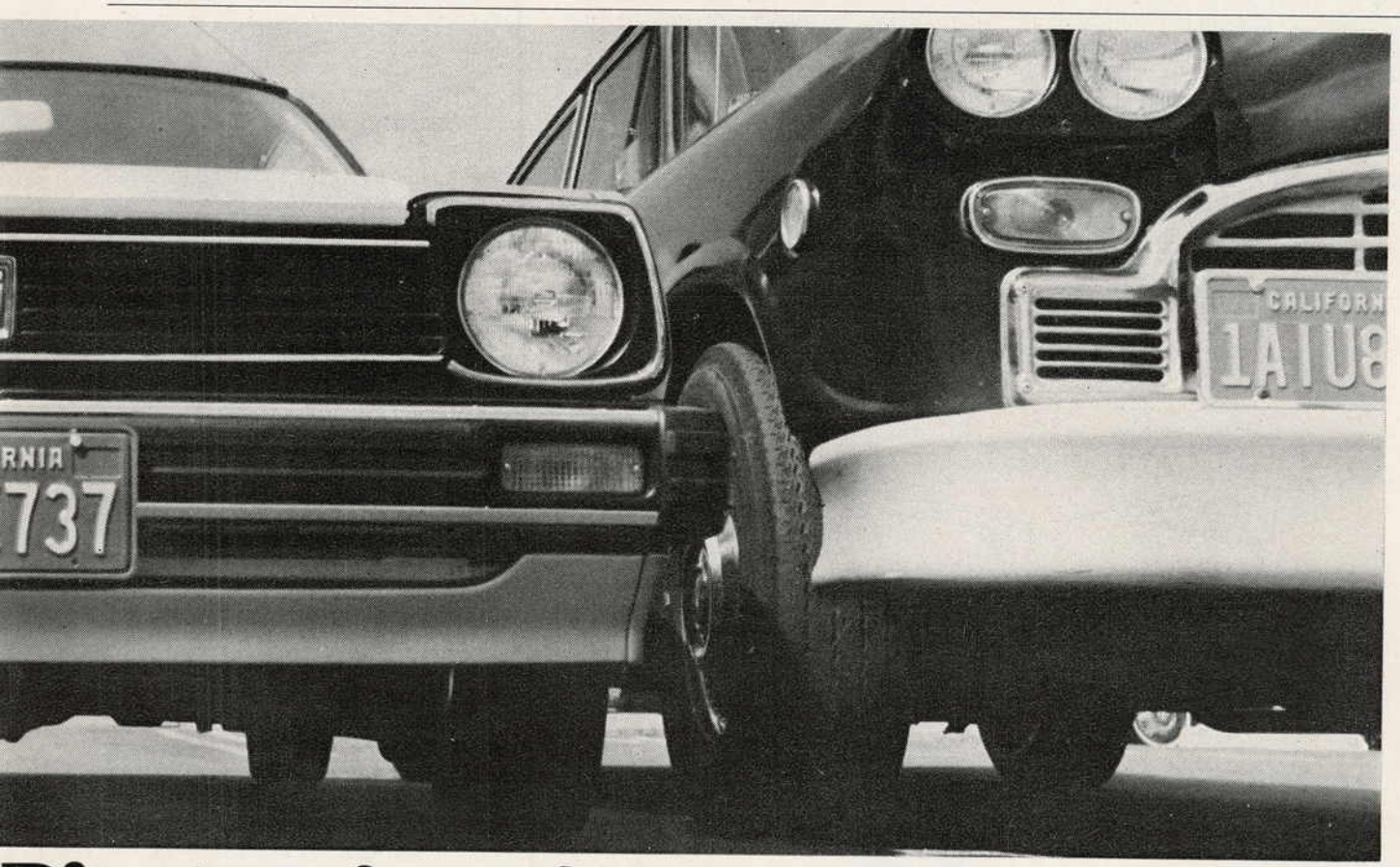
One evening I was cramming for exams at the library. It being a Friday night, I had almost the whole third floor to myself. As I was tucking away some biological formulas into the back of my brain, I heard the elevator doors open. Much to my surprise, in marched two of the sexiest coeds I had seen on campus. To say the least, studying was now the farthest thing from my mind. I found sitting was becoming quite uncomfortable, too, with my bulging hard-on aching to be relieved. So I moved slowly to the men's room and began jerking off in one of the stalls. All of a sudden I heard the door open. I knew I was probably the only male on the floor, so I was completely bewildered.

Then I heard some female giggles. It had to be the two coeds, I thought to myself. I quickly pulled up my pants, but before they were buckled, the stall door swung open. The blond one stood staring at my pelvic area with a smile on her face. The brunette proceeded to undo my pants, and my cock was once again springing to attention. The blond began to fondle and cradle my balls, while the dark-haired doll sucked on my growing shaft. I began to unbutton the taller blond's shirt and had quick access to her tits since she wore no bra. Her boobs were the most beautiful ones I had ever seen. Two creamy white globes with silver-dollar-sized nipples, which were slowly becoming erect. The brunette meanwhile released her lips from my tool, just as I thought I'd explode. She lifted up her skirt to reveal that she wore no panties. Her pubes had been shaven, and all I could see was a smiling set of vaginal lips staring at me. I knelt down and proceeded to insert my tongue into her drenched love tunnel. I found her clit rather quickly and began to nibble on it as if it were fish bait and I was a bass. She moaned in ecstasy.

The next thing I knew, the blond whipped out a dildo and strapped it to her waist. She ordered me to spread my ass cheeks, and then she proceeded to insert the plastic phallus up my rectum. The pain was immense, to say the least. She then told me to fuck her friend in the ass at the same time. My cock was beginning to loose its erectness due to the pain I felt, but the brunette slowly licked my balls and once again I was ready to go. I pulled her buttocks apart and saw the target, a small puckered pink hole. I rammed my dick homeward and heard her yelp for joy.

I was in the middle of a love-sandwich, with a beautiful blond plugging away at my anus and me fucking the luscious brunette. As I came, I could tell the two chicks were also having their third orgasms, or so.

After about 10 to 15 minutes of this, we rolled down on the tiles and began to masturbate each other. I used my left hand for the blond's twat and my right for the brunette's. I spread their labia apart and inserted my index finger into each waiting,



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eager vagina. The blond had a luscious growth of pubic hair, and I was enjoying seeing it mat up with her own juices. The naked cunt of the brunette looked like a baby's bottom covered with baby oil. I slowly made each one come four or five times. Twenty minutes later we each dressed, walked out, and I've never seen them again.—*Name and address withheld*

Pleasure and passion

During a recent weekend my college fraternity ventured to a beach house for a little rest and relaxation before school began. Of course, beer and the beach were an integral part of our enjoyment. After a couple of days of aesthetic peace and quiet, most of the people had decided to return to school for one reason or another. The final tally of our last night at oceanside was eight. It was at this point that a most agreeable event occurred.

Our contingent of eight was sleepily watching "Love Boat" on television, fantasizing about cruises on which we were suave, sexual passengers meeting the most gorgeous women aboard in the ultimate romantic story. Then, unexpectedly, the doorbell rang. We looked at each other, wondering who it possibly could be. We opened the door. To our surprise and delight in walked eight girls, one transporting a bottle of Bacardi white rum. By a convenient coincidence a few cartons of strawberries were on the table and proved a key element in the progression of the now brighter night.

Being college students, we found it only natural to share our strawberries with their rum. The outcome was a daiquiri mix we all fully enjoyed. The alcohol, along with our supply of beer, helped to break the ice between strangers. An intense beer-drinking game ensued, which increased our already drunken states of mind.

Sipping a beer in one corner of the couch was a pair of legs that would make an eight-year-old get hard. My eyes followed them: small, arched feet, slim ankles sliding into curving thighs suggesting depths ready to be plumbed. I noticed that her hips were moving, ever so slightly, against the couch. Glancing upwards, my eyes followed the form of a goddess. Those trim, round, moving hips tapered into a slim, sensual waist and then blossomed into two beautiful, bulging breasts. I still can't get over those breasts: so large, so firm, so confined by a tight bikini top! Our eyes met. She had intense blue eyes surrounded by waves of golden hair, bleached by the summer sun.

Our eyes were locked together. Her body seemed ready to wriggle out of the confines of her bikini. Putting the beer down, she ever so slowly licked her lips, bent her head towards mine, and murmured, "It would be less crowded down by the water." We left the party; couples had already started to leave, either down toward the beach or into one of the ten bedrooms of the beach house.

Her name was Nina. She was a freshman from another college in the area and was staying with her sorority sisters in a house further down the beach. As we walked, her hand traced pictures across my Speedo swimsuit. Her hair, floating slightly in a light breeze from the ocean, glistened in the moonlight. Her ample breasts swayed in rhythm as we moved.

At the water's edge she suddenly swung toward me, curled her arms around my neck, and slid her tongue into my mouth. I needed no further invitation, and we rolled back on the sand, the water lapping at our feet. Her hand slid down my chest to my straining cock and began fondling it inside my suit. My mouth strayed from hers and moved down her neck as I slowly caressed her gorgeous breasts and, with one easy movement, removed all restraints from her pulsating body. My mouth found itself at her nipple, round, pink, tight, hard as a jewel. I inhaled one into my mouth, gently biting and caressing with my slavering tongue.

Meanwhile, Nina had deftly removed my suit. Her soft touch played across my ass, first squeezing my scrotum, then fondling my cheeks and slipping two fingers deep into my anus. Our moaning together formed harmonious music over the wind and waves.

She probed deeper, and I felt excitement welling up within me. As I prepared for the plunge deep into her cavern of love, a wave, larger than the rest, washed up between us, pulling me from her warm, willing body. Taking advantage of the moment and my stunned surprise, she rolled to her feet and dived into the sparkling waters, her momentum carrying her in a wide arch into the waves.

She emerged laughing, ten yards out, her sensual curves revealed in all their splendor. I arose, my eyes fastened on her breasts, round and large in the light of the night. Tantalized almost to the limits of endurance, I stood there, my long nine inches of power and delight gleaming in the light of the stars and crescent moon.

I stepped through the surf towards her; she, still laughing, splashed me with water as I approached. I felt the need to take the reins, to assume control, to exert my manliness. Now at close range, I seized her shoulder and turned her back to me. My organ of ecstasy slipped easily into her recess. She cried with exhilarated delight as each thrust extended my love pole deeper. Her skin sliding against my own, her quivering body, the touch of her hands pulling me further within her—all combined with the gentle, rolling waves around us, stimulating me to erotic heights I had never known before. From afar, the scene must have suggested a seahorse mounted by an amorous rider. Unable to hold back any longer, I reached climax as she collapsed, gasping, against me, her ass wildly trembling uncontrollably with released kinetic energy.

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"Come on, baby, come on," she murmured and pulled me from the surf. We ran up on to the beach. Collapsing in the sand, she lay beneath me as I stood over her. She spread her legs and ran her fingertips across the inside of her thighs to the wet thicket covering the opening to her pearls within. Smiling coyly, she slid her tongue across her lips and rolled her shoulders in the sand. Her breasts undulated slowly.

By this time I had regained my hardness and was ready for duty. Slowly I slunk down to her inviting body, and our tongues met. My hands caressed her voluptuous breasts, kneading her firm flesh with my sensitive touch. Gasping for air, moaning with excitement, she trailed her fingertips down across my chest to the hot, pulsating symbol of my masculinity. Rolling, playing, fondling, caressing, Nina's adept, nimble fingers gave my scrotal sack a rare treat. Then she pulled me forward and guided my love pole into her grotto of forbidden fruit.

We started slowly. Our symphony d'amour unfolded gradually. The first movement was careful; tensions evolved, and we touched, her hands playing across my shoulders as I slid my palms against her thighs. The second movement developed complexity; her legs moved along mine to wrap around my waist, pulling me even closer, locking us together. Our tempo increased; our rhythm grew tight. Breaths came in gasps, united in desire. The third movement was the climax of the piece. Our motion intense with speed and power until our turning rigid at the final instant, we exploded in unison. My gushing come filled her cunt to the limits. Moaning, we grasped each other as she came again and again, our excitement filling the night sky with cries of pleasure and passion.

It was over, the incredible moment which will live forever in my memory. Sex has taken on a new meaning for me since that precious night.—*Name and address withheld*

That gang of mine

I'm writing this letter which to me is interesting if you like to know about cruisin', fights, and all-around bitchin'. My ex-boyfriend and I are in this gang. They're real nice, as nice as you and me, I guess. We like to hang around parks to meet new acquaintances and to score guys. I used to love him a lot, but we broke up. I wonder if, when he reads this story, he'll get the message.

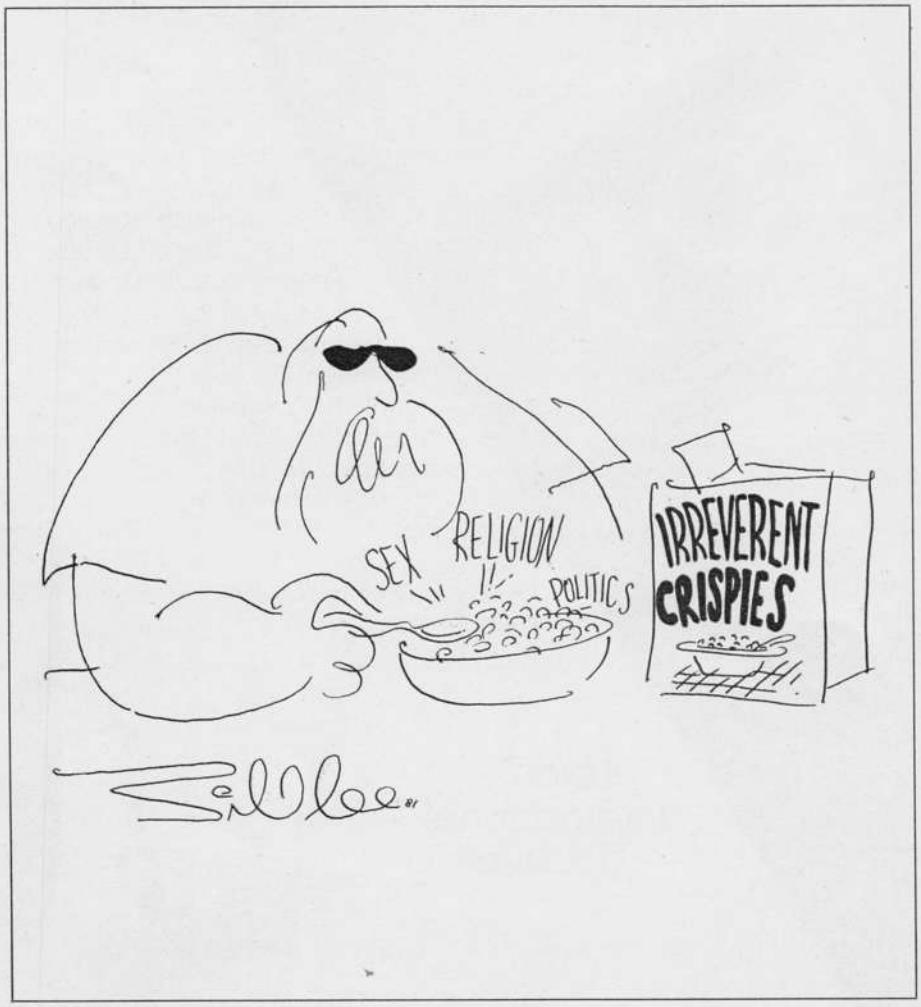
One night we had just gotten back from the store, where me and my girl friends go all the time to get our twelve-packs of beer and what have you, and I decided that I was going to get pretty fucking horny if I didn't get somebody soon. So these dudes drive up as soon as we were getting out of the store; and all of us started moving our asses to see if we could get something going with them. Sure enough, there they were whistling at us and making all these signs with their hands. So we decided to act stupid and wait for them to come out again.

I guess one of the dudes' friends dared for one of them to come up to us, and he did, and he's now the dude I'm going with. Man, just the way he said hi was enough to get my pussy all wet! So they all came over to my car, and my friends like to get a little friendly, but I guess they knew what to do. So we went in to the store to get some more alcohol and papers and headed after them. I guess they were all thinking who was going to get who. Well, we came across this canal where everybody goes to drink and I guess to make out, like all of us did that night. We all parked there and quickly we all got our cock-hungry pussies off and just waited to see who would make the first move. Well, we all started up and introduced all of us, and we were all just bitchin' and flirtin' with everybody. It was a shame. I know we could have made a bad orgy that night, which was just right. The stars were shining. The Colombian was just rising up to touch the stars (which is fucking expensive).

My dude was afraid that night, because he said he wanted to get home with his cock. I told him not to worry, and I licked and sucked all of his delicious sperm, which tastes all right with Budweiser. But I can tell you his cock is the best, because he knew how to use it that night, the way he made me get like a dog so he could shove it practically out my mouth was enough. But he has this way of making chicks feel good. You have to be a girl to experience it.

We didn't exactly fuck in front of my friends, though, but I sure wish that they would have put me up on a stage. I would have liked to have sucked every cock there that night.

I would like to say hello to my ex-boyfriend out there, whoever you're with, because you don't have what this fucker has—a seven-and-a-half, which is better than your five. I know I'm mean, but when you see something better, take it or you'll never see it again. My present boyfriend knows how to suck a pussy, especially if he's in the mood—which is always, he tells me. Just having his tongue up my crack is enough so that I say to him, "Baby, tell me. I'll do anything you say." But he likes to play hard to get, and believe me, when he gets that fucking dick up in his tight jeans, ladies look out! It looks like Mt. St. Helens in the flesh, the way the crown of his dick looks, and the way he makes it go up and down, and the hairiest balls you have ever seen. But he has other good qualities besides the one inside his jeans. He's good-looking and his muscles flex, and he has a really foxy beard that's practically always in my cunt. Well, I could go on, but I won't right at the moment, because he's rolling up a fat joint of hell knows what. The lights are dim, stereo is full blast, and what I'm writing is really get-



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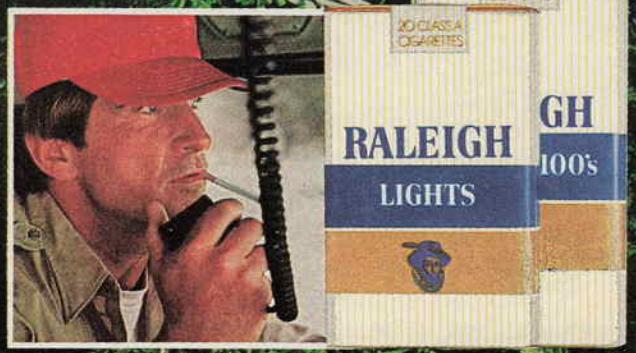

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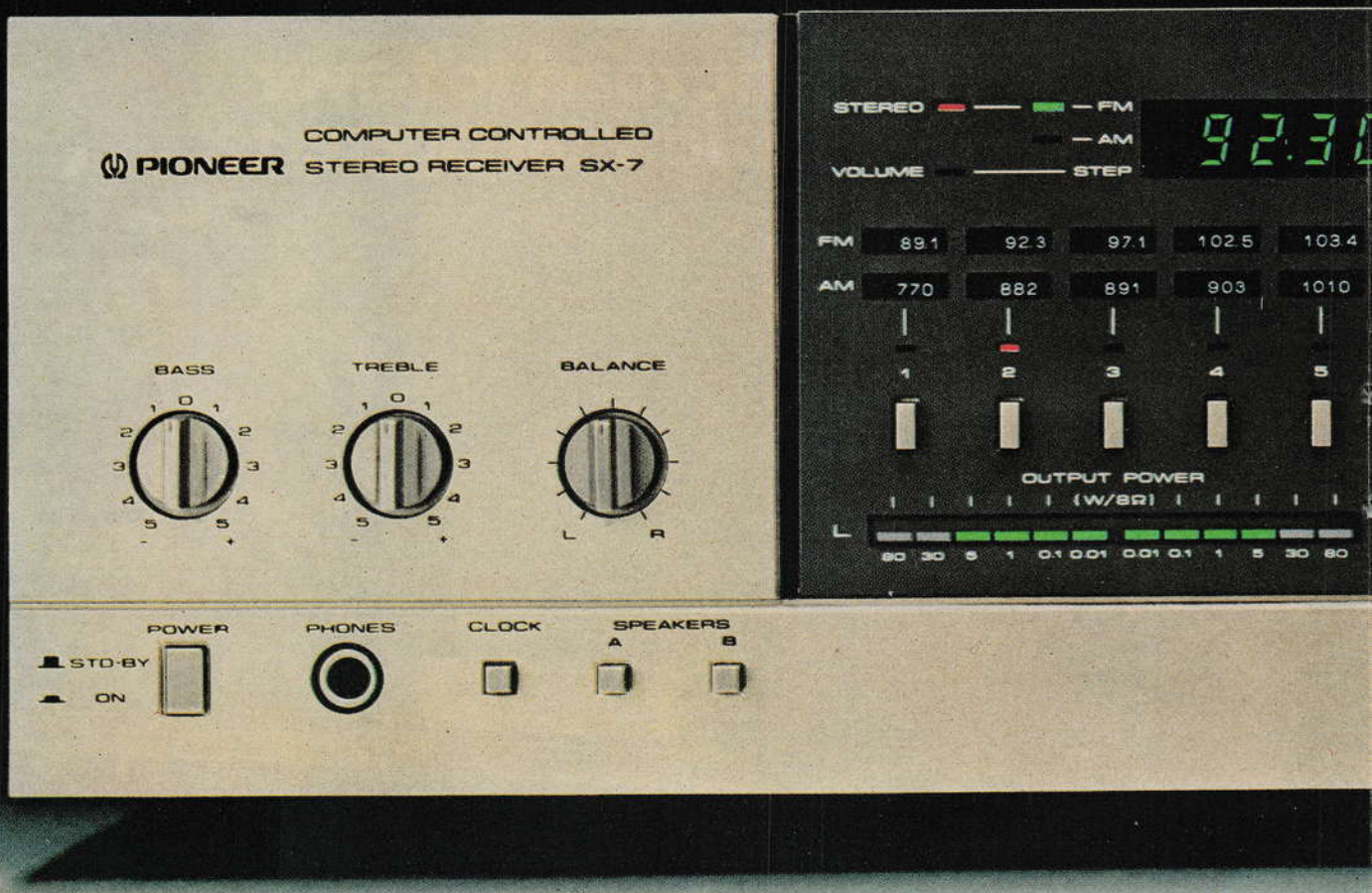

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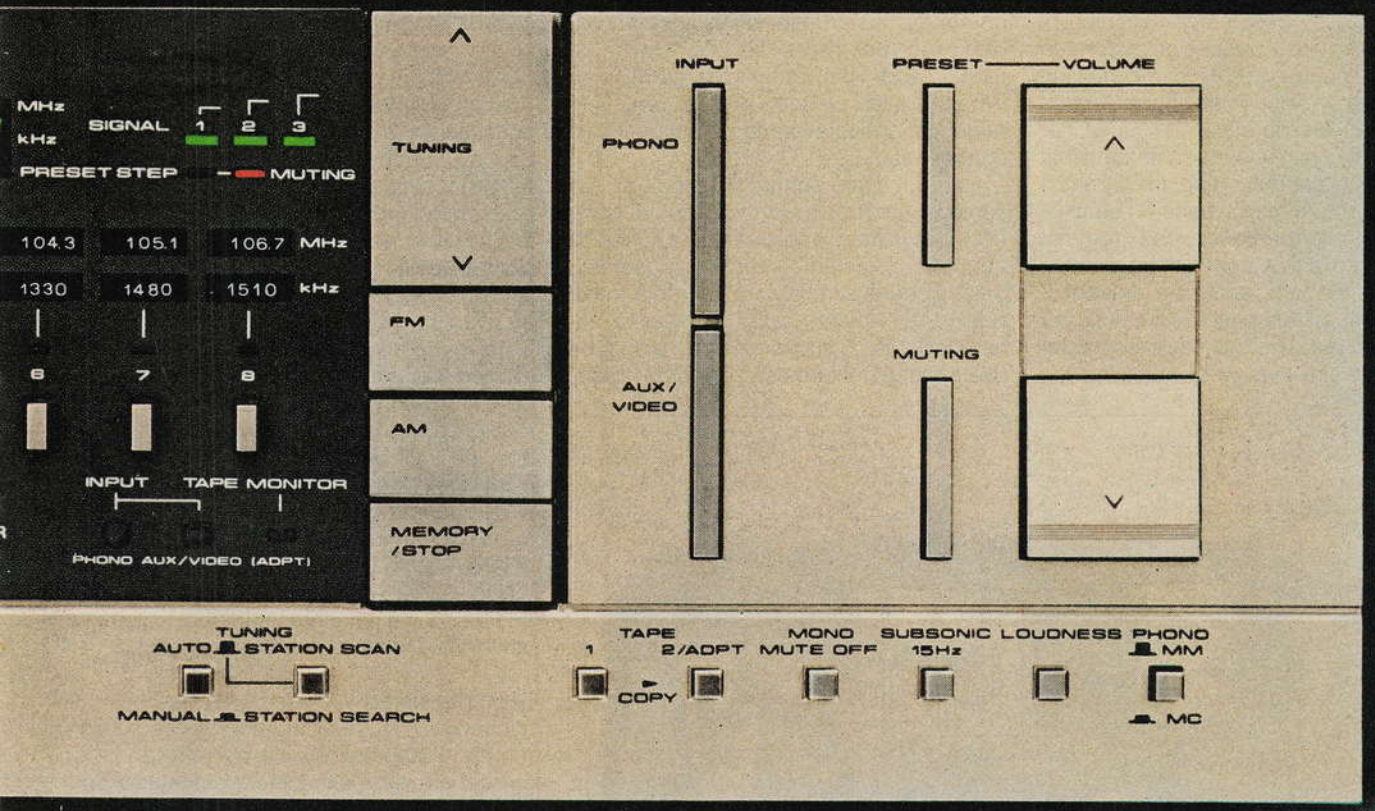

tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

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ting to me, as I can see my panties sopping wet as my juices are coming out. I'll write you again some time. Right now I have to go down on this dude's cock, which is about to explode unless somebody doesn't get to it. I wouldn't let any other chick get her lips around it. Your magazine is super, and he likes to see all those nice tight cunts that come out in it.—*Name and address withheld*

What a doll!

After some 43 years of experimenting with all kinds of masturbation methods, I tried using secondhand vinyl dolls—the tallest ones, which I dared to carry home in telltale wrapping. So, instead of ordering a sex doll from a sex-aid manufacturer, I bought at a rummage store a 35-inch vinyl walking-talking doll which had azure eyes, blond bangs, and facial freckles. She had not much to say besides complaining of stomach pain, so I opened a perforated hatch to remove the talking mechanism and speaker. Inside I found a contraption that enabled the doll to walk. Since her crotch and two thighs were so shaped that there was a triangular gap there which could hold onto a man's bone-on tightly, I filed off the outer part of a brass grommet and removed all of the walking mechanism. Now the legs could be detached, and I cut out a steel plate from the larger end of each leg. The doll could no longer stand, since the legs were swinging too easily. Then I fitted large rubber bands into the circular cleft at the hip to make each leg a little more difficult to move.

The doll's face certainly needed improving. I scraped off her freckles, redid her eyebrows, added rose color to her cheeks, and penciled on prettier eyelashes, but I left her lips unretouched so that I could subject them to kissing. She is now absolutely gorgeous.

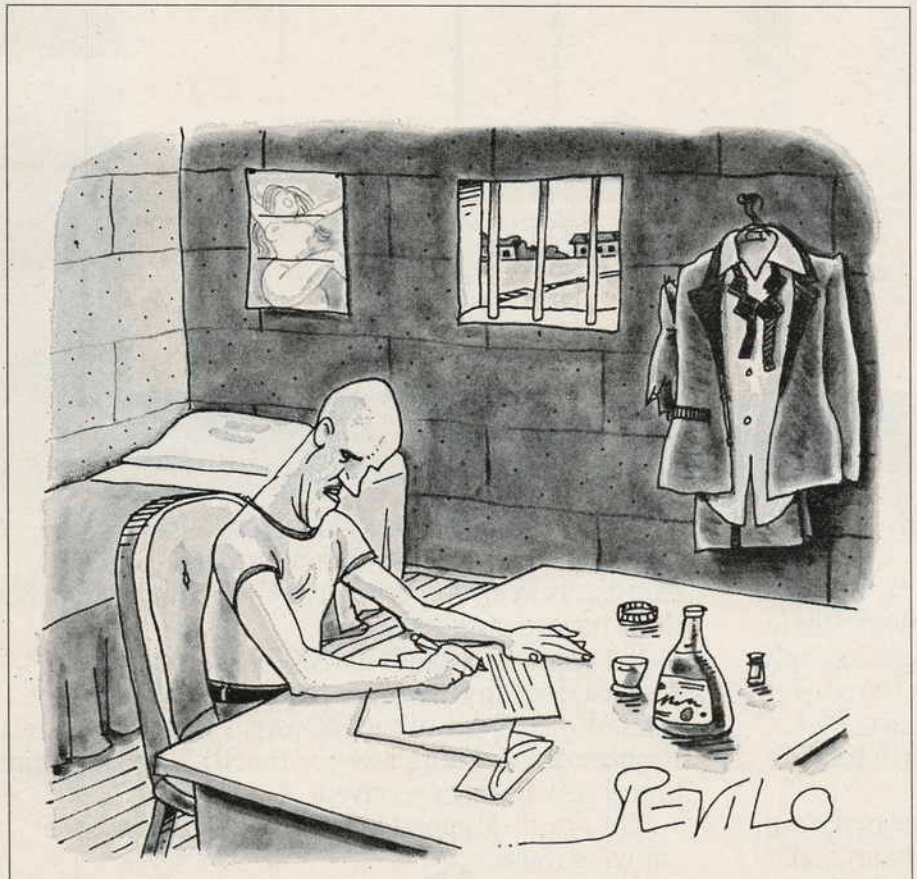
After midnight on each weekend I was alone with the doll and nude except for a T-shirt. I fixed the neckhole so I could form a pouch to hold a small pocket radio. While I listened to rock music through an earplug I held the unclothed doll as though she were a fox-trot dancing partner, and my erect cock was clamped by her thighs at her crotch. My semen eventually dripped onto a page of newspaper laid between my feet. What a delightful method of no-hands masturbation all this comprises! I enjoyed rock lyrics like "Get Down Tonight!" and "I'm Looking for a Woman Who's a Little of Both." I kept switching radio stations to avoid the erection-killing commercials.

Later, I made further changes in the same 35-inch doll, so that I could enjoy her in ways more appropriate for fantasies about nonexistent kiddy-porn parties. Maybe secret simulation is superior to the real thing. Anyway, after moving to another address, I succeeded in making the doll's sitting posture permanent by means of concealed bolts. I carefully made an oval hole in the vinyl "mountain of Venus" and contoured the end of a cardboard cylinder to match its curvature. The doll was stuffed with old textile stuff, scrolled sheets of foam plastic, long johns, etc., so as to hold the cylindrical cardboard "vagina" in its fixed attitude. To beautify the edge of the pelvic hole, I used flesh-color-painted adhesive tape. The diameter was just right, so that my cock sheathed in cloth or paper towel could thrust very comfortably, and the cardboard cylinder did not get "soiled."

Many were the mornings when I lay on my back with the doll sitting on my pelvic bone, facing me. With an earplug I listened also to cassettes. I held the little hands to rock the beautiful doll in time with rock-music beat. Since her thighs could teeter-totter on the bone portions of my waistline, I would jerk my cock upward into her just at the moments when she was rocking backward away from me.

At other times alone with her I would lie absolutely relaxed and let my cock repeatedly cycle between flaccidity and full turgidity and would explore the crescendo of tickle glow that could build up in both anus and scrotum, as a result of this doll's cardboard vagina rubbing my cock on a microscopic scale. The effect could even be felt all over the buttocks and spread downward to the knee pits, since the principle applied would be getting more and more out of less and less.

The future of my doll is uncertain. Maybe she will someday contain vagina electrodes, their "permutator," a square-wave generator (transistorized), a frequency changer, and automatic intensity control that should keep the frequency-intensity curve within its "pleasure" zone and below the pain threshold. (Go to it, inventors!)—*Name and address withheld*



"Sensitive, intellectual man desires encounter with dynamite damsel . . ."

Exquisite sister

It is 5:00 A.M. I am sitting here in the sunroom, wearing only my silk chemise and a smile. I am tired, exhausted, but my mind is racing a mile a minute. I can't sleep. Yet my body is so blissed out, it's as if every little muscle is sighing. I can't believe what I've just been through, and I have to talk about it. I've just spent the night making love to my sister Sandra.

My name is Paula. I am a brunette with brown eyes. I stand five feet five inches, and I weigh 115 pounds. I measure 35-24-36. I am told that I am quite attractive by friends and acquaintances.

I work as a secretary here in the Philadelphia area. I have been out of college for three years now, and I live alone, hoping someday to buy my own house. That may be dreaming.

In any case my social life is a happy and contented one. I like to date men 10 to 20 years older than me, and in some cases I have been invited to vacation with a man for a week or so. Anyhow, I am rather popular and active socially, and, I guess you'd have to say, sexually as well. But I've nev-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Living and dying

I am writing to you regarding the series "The Politics of Cancer." Certainly the series reveals bureaucratic bumbling and waste. Always disappointing and even tragic.

But Part VIII, "The National Cancer Institute" (July 1981), by Allan Sonnenschein, also revealed a typical American attitude toward death itself. "This year the disease will take 400,000 lives in this country. This terrible human suffering. . . ."

Conquer heart disease! Conquer the Big C! Conquer death itself!

Friends, I have news. We're all going to die. Some sooner, some later. Some easily, some suffering. Our sickness-oriented (rather than health-oriented) medical apparatus has increased longevity, but have we learned to live any more wisely, any more effectively? Have we learned to care for, relate to, make comfortable our increasing population of aged people who are victims of loneliness, depression, and neglect?

If Americans didn't have this absurd attitude about conquering death, we might lead a more balanced life. We might concentrate more effectively on the *quality* of our lives: education, nutrition, pollution, poverty, mental disease. The list goes on and on.

Rather than concentrating on health and life, we spend a great deal of time and energy avoiding the inevitable. Living, friends, is a risky business. Hazardous to your health.—*Richard Hilliard, Pahoa, Hawaii*

Brain drain

Congratulations on many fine articles, including your excellent exposés of federal agencies and sensible essays on economics!

Last April's "Psychiatry Kills," by David Rorvik, was top-notch. Incredibly, though, psychiatry's roots and activities are even more frightening than the article indicated. A remote-control electric shock device is now being used on "troublesome" children. Psychiatry contends that using drugs, shock, brain operations, and stimulus-response conditioning (aversive therapy, etc.) to control behavior is its proper role in society. The ease of becoming involuntarily committed and the total lack of rights afforded to mental patients make the situation intolerable.

Not only has psychotherapy not proved effective, but also in a study in which a group of people were divided—one-half receiving psychotherapy, the other half receiving no type of therapy whatsoever—the untreated group showed more improvement in their mental states than the group receiving therapy. The therapeutic improvement rate was *less* than the *spontaneous* improvement rate! Add this to the study showing that dogs make better therapists than psychiatrists, and you begin to get the idea.

I hope *Penthouse* readers will protest continuing government subsidies of this corrupt profession and support legislation to make involuntary commitment more difficult, give mental patients some human rights, and outlaw the barbaric brain-cutting and shock treatments now in use.—*Ken Turner, Minneapolis, Minn.*

For the defense

The paragraph about Irvine, Calif., in Jeff Stein's article on William French Smith (August 1981) is so grossly inaccurate that I could hardly believe my eyes when it was brought to my attention. Mr. Stein asserts that "a town of 100,000 soon grew out of the wasteland. It worked so well, in fact, that Irvine decided to expand the town to 430,000 people, a move that required approval from the university regents." He further asserts that with Smith's affirmative vote, "the regents' decision turned the land into a bustling and highly profitable university town of more than one-half million people."

Irvine has never been a town of 100,000, let alone one-half million. After a decade of steady growth, it has grown from a few thousand, in 1967, to today's 70,000. The thought that city fathers could, through some magical process, decide to expand from the author's perceived 100,000 to 430,000 overnight boggles the mind. Given the orientation of the magazine, perhaps he thought Irvine some giant breeding farm. Had he checked his facts, he would have learned that city planners project a population of only 150,000 by the year 2020. He would also have learned that University of California Board of Regents' approval is not required for the decisions of any California city.

The author also confuses The Irvine Company, a privately held land development corporation, with the City of Irvine and implies that the company decided to expand the city population. Corporations do not decide land use in California—municipal governments do. The fact that representatives of the electorate, not private parties, decide such questions of zoning and growth in California suggests that Mr.

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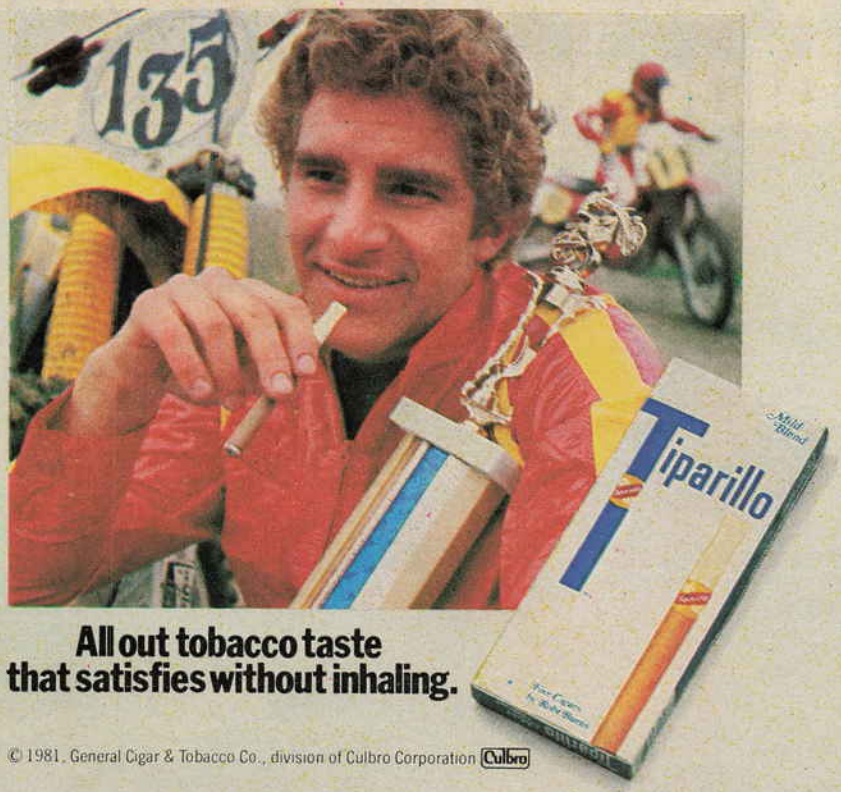

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Stein did not do even the most basic research for his article.—*David G. Sills, Mayor, Irvine, Calif.*

Cohn shone

I was glad to see that *Penthouse* had the courage and independence to publish Peter Manso's interview with Roy Cohn (July 1981). Mr. Cohn is a great American, whose views—though always controversial—deserve the widest circulation. *Penthouse* deserves commendation for publishing this extremely lively and timely interview.—*Thomas M. Fortuin, Washington, D.C.*

The *Penthouse* interview with Roy Cohn was interesting in its emphasis on his present and past political side. To convey a fuller sense of the man: Roy is a very funny guy with a quick, cutting, understated wit and poignant, well-paced stories. He is a master con, faking anger and upset so well that even his friends are kept off balance. He has great street instinct, instantly spotting phoniness in others. In court he is folksy—we, the plain people, against the stuffed-shirt lawyers.

If you're working with Roy on something, there is a way to win: either make him care about it (he gets it done) or make him not care (he leaves you free with his resources to do it yourself). There's a lot Roy doesn't care about. To him, the world is *us, them,* and *nobody*. Most people are nobody, them better watch out, and us enjoy his remarkably good friendship.—*Robert Blecker, Professor of Law, New York Law School, New York, N.Y.*

Bonzo economics

I would like to know where Ben Stein, author of "Bonzo Economics" (July 1981), got his information in saying that the Soviet Union has "zero inflation." In the Soviet Union they have a policy of taking off the shelves items that are being bought up too fast, then bringing them back at a *higher* price. The only thing kept down in the Soviet Union is the wages—they stay the *same!*

In my opinion, overregulation is not the only cause of inflation, but it is a major cause. Mr. Stein is very correct in his thoughts on decreasing the amount of money to straighten out the economic mess. As he said, the price of everything, including money, is based on supply and demand. The less money overall increases its value.

Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*, of informing the American people with your excellent essays and articles.—*Frank Montgomery, East Barre, Vt.*

Ben Stein's essay "Bonzo Economics" hit the nail right on the head. Although I agree with a tax cut, I believe that this should go hand in hand with real spending cuts. The $30 billion to $40 billion proposed by Reagan is nowhere near enough. Besides, it would be offset by the proposed defense increases. The Treasury must stop the printing presses and stop competing in the marketplace. Not only does this deplete the available lendable funds and drive interest rates higher, but also investors do not realize that when they buy Treasury instruments, we, the taxpayers, must pay the interest with higher taxes, or the Treasury will have to sell more bills to make up the deficit. This cycle will continue unless we do something about it now.—*Lawrence D. Derfler, Jr., Norristown, Pa.*

Cooper duper

In the "America at Its Leisure" article on the Mudd Club (July 1981), by Kathy Lowry, a girl obviously imitating the cosmetology of Alice Cooper is described as being ". . .made up to resemble a member of the popular heavy-metal band Kiss. . . ." This atrocious travesty of justice makes me quiver and grind my teeth. True, the members of the third-rate band Kiss wear makeup, too, but even my grandmother would know the difference. Calling an Alice Cooper fan an imitator of Kiss is like saying Robert Plant is a member of the Bay City Rollers.

Now, of course mistakes occur in journalism, but this extends beyond the realm of the acceptable. Kiss—banal, simplistic, and amateur as they may be—were recently enormously successful. To quote the *Illustrated Encyclopedia of Rock*, "Kiss might well be the most successful rock band of the decade." Cooper has been America's most outstanding figure in deviant rock over the last ten years. To make her horrendous mistake, Ms. Lowry must never have seen even a photograph of either act. There may be a good reason for this; perhaps she just migrated to the Western world from Siberia or from Mars, or maybe she has spent the last decade in some sort of asylum. But however sad her case may be, is she to be trusted to write an article on the underground music scene for one of the world's leading magazines? And doesn't anyone read things over before they are published? A glaring mistake like this one renders the whole article farcical and casts a shadow of amateurism over the entire magazine. *Penthouse* has a strong reputation, which it did not gain (and will not maintain) through bumbling ineptitude. For your own sake, be more careful!—*David Blount, Traverse City, Mich.*

As an ardent Alice Cooper fan, I must reprimand you on your caption for the photograph on page 63 of the Mudd Club article. Anyone who knows anything about rock 'n' roll could tell you that that face is in imitation of one of Cooper's stage faces. I don't see how it could have been confused with a member of Kiss (barf, yuch, blech, puke).

Cooper is the original; Kiss are imitators. I and other Cooper fans would cer-

tainly appreciate it if you pointed out this grievous error.—*An Alice Cooper fanatic, U.S.N., San Diego, Calif.*

As personal secretary to Alice Cooper, I would like to suggest to Kathy Lowry that she get her facts straight before she sits down at a typewriter. Anyone who knows anything about rock music or punk knows the person in the photograph is made up to resemble Alice Cooper, *not* Kiss.

Alice did it first. Alice does it best. Alice was so hurt he could hardly enjoy the "Forum" letters.—*Brian Nelson, Black Widows, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Editors' reply:
Penthouse *and Kathy Lowry apologize for the "atrocious travesty of justice" committed in the Mudd Club article and sincerely hope Alice will again enjoy our "Forum" letters.*

IRS'd

I have been a subscriber to *Penthouse* for several years, and I have enjoyed the cancer series and other articles that tell the people how government agencies are throwing away money. Some day in the future I would like to see an article concerning the Internal Revenue Service.

This year the IRS picked me to show that they are busy earning the wages I pay them. I am sure that my tax dollars could be put to better use than penalizing us, the persons who file an honest tax return. I would certainly appreciate *Penthouse*'s publishing an article that would deal with citizens' problems with this agency and perhaps give some advice on fighting back.—*J. L. White, Norwich, Conn.*

Editors' reply:
Apparently you missed our April 1981 issue, in which we published the article "The New American Gestapo," by Ernest Volkman and John Cummings. The article details the abuse perpetrated on American citizens by the IRS and offers some advice on "fighting back."

Ho-hum Holmes

After suffering through the reading of Larry Linderman's interview with Larry Holmes (August 1981), I decided that Holmes has a larger hole in his head than the unbalanced and punch-drunk Ali does. As the almost illiterate Holmes attempted to wind himself through the history of the suppression of his people and his ravings against South Africa, I saw how the news media makes a good living interviewing such morons as Holmes, who will answer all questions exactly as the media want the interview subject to answer them. As Holmes raves about being "The Greatest," just as his predecessor screamed into microphones all over the world, I got the thought *Greatest of what?* Who is there to fight who could classify as a top-five boxer for the past five years? Cooney isn't ready. Weaver has half as many defeats as Cooney has fights. Frazier, Young, and Norton are all old and fat. Ali is finally retired from the ring but certainly not from screaming incoherently into microphones and flattening his face into television cameras. The only individual in the fight game who not only can talk intelligently about the mechanics of boxing but also can talk with his fists is Sean O'Grady. The fight game remains today what it was 30 years ago—a cutthroat business controlled by hidden interests.

Heroes for kids have disappeared. Sports heroes such as Holmes and Ali voice their discontent with all of white society through the news media and use their sport for political leverage while sowing the seeds of discontent through society.—*Buck Quantrell, Elmore City, Okla.*

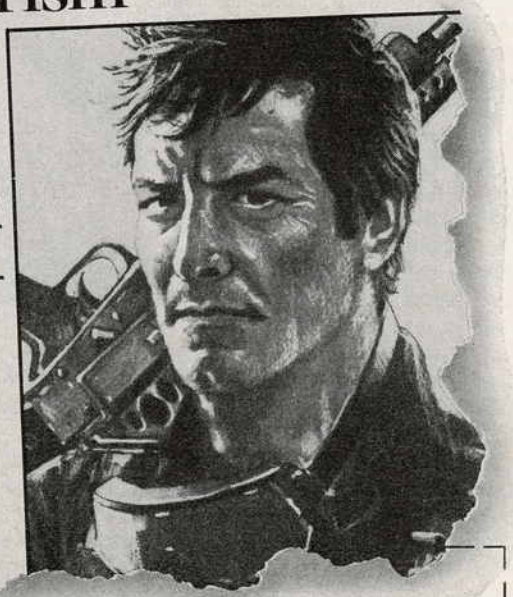
Ahoy!

Although I am a senior citizen, I still enjoy reading *Penthouse*. While thumbing through your June 1981 issue, I came across the pictorial featuring Tony Escott's illustrations, "Soft Corps." Very nice.

However, as a former pilot and sailboat enthusiast, I noticed a discrepancy in the illustration on page 113. Whether you know it or not, the green balloon goes on the right or starboard side, while the red balloon belongs on the left or port side—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

Worldwide Increase In Terrorism Reactivates Mack Bolan (THE EXECUTIONER). The President Says We Need Him More Than Ever.



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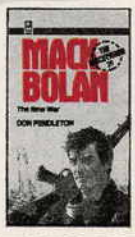

"As far as the cucumber is concerned, try one for size. Add some lubricant and see what your husband thinks. Maybe he'll slice off the end and eat it and you raw."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My husband was out of town last week, so I went out with a close friend for a few drinks. After a few, Cheryl suggested we go for a swim at her health club. When we got there, we learned that a local college men's swim team was using the pool while theirs was under repair. So we took a steam bath and went to the showers.

The club is not coed, so a heavy curtain was put up to separate the men's and women's showers—not very secure but functional enough. We were just about finished when we heard the swim team enter the other side. Feeling a little loose from the drinks and the steam bath, we decided to take a little peek. It was beautiful. There were about 15 naked guys soaping up their bodies. Except for my husband, magazines and movies have been my only other views of cocks. These looked much better than the ones on paper. They started playing games, soaping their cocks and pulling them to hardness.

I've always been faithful to my husband, and this was the ultimate test. I turned to leave and saw Cheryl furiously fingering herself. She then moaned and convulsed in orgasm. Suddenly the curtain tore open, and we were pulled into the opposite side. I didn't know if I should scream and run or fuck them all. Cheryl just dropped to her knees and started sucking the guy closest to her. After having children, I don't feel very confident about my body; I have stretch marks, and my breasts sag. These guys rated me as a "nine." I checked them out, and a few of them were nines, too.

They wanted us to play a game and said we wouldn't be hurt. They pushed us to our knees and told Cheryl and me to suck them, and whoever made four of them come first could go. (They didn't mention anything about the loser, and I didn't ask.) I grabbed the nearest cock and sucked while the other guys started rubbing us with soap and fondling and fingering me. I was overcome with desire. I sucked harder and started jerking off a second guy. Someone then started sucking my cunt. My orgasm triggered a chain reaction—the cock in my mouth shot off a big load, and the handjob I was giving became my second blowjob. He came within seconds. My knees and jaw were getting sore, but I had never felt so horny.

I jerked two more off while the other two pulled their own. They all came in just a few seconds, covering me with come. I then heard applause. Cheryl had finished number four. She was free to go, but she lay down and told one of my guys to fuck her. I was mad with envy watching that cock bang in and out of her dripping cunt. Then my punishment for losing was announced. One of the kids walked over to me. He was maybe 18 years old. If this was punishment, might I lose forever!

I stroked and kissed his cock as it started growing. I sucked the head and massaged the shaft with both hands. It felt so hot and powerful. My cunt was aching, so I asked him to please fuck me. He laid me on my back and lifted my legs, and as he put the head in I could feel myself stretch. He eased in slowly, and I was amazed that I took it all with no pain. In fact, I hadn't felt so full since before my children. It felt like a garden hose had been turned on when he came. I had sex with a couple more of them and even watched Cheryl take a cock up the ass as she sucked off another guy.

Even though I had a wonderful time, I wouldn't want to do it again. I love my husband more than anything, but his cock just doesn't give me that full and stretched feeling that those young

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men gave me. I love sex, but sometimes it leaves me wanting. I was eyeing the cucumbers at the supermarket the other day. I've heard of that sort of thing. Is it safe to use dildos or substitutes? Also, I want to ask my husband to fuck me with one while I suck him off, but I'm nervous. Do you have any suggestions?—A.L.

It's possible that your husband feels small in your somewhat stretched vagina, but the vagina usually stretches to size, depending on whom you have sex with most regularly.

As far as eyeing the cucumber is concerned, try one for size. Add some lubricant, and see what dear hubby thinks of it. Maybe he'll slice off the end and eat it and you raw. Why not buy a rubber dildo or vibrator? Choose the size that seems most likely to please you and surprise your husband with it one night. Caressing the scrotum and penis with a vibrator can be quite a turn-on.

However, if you prefer having your husband's cock please you, I suggest you see a good doctor about tightening your vagina. It is a simple operation and is generally referred to as a "tuck job." Be careful, though: once your vagina has been considerably tightened, cucumbers and large cocks can hurt and even cause bleeding. Decide with whom you want to share the next few years of your life as a bed partner: a cucumber, a dildo or vibrator, a hunky swimmer, or your own husband.

WILD WOMEN WRESTLERS

You once remarked that it was unfortunate that there were so few pictures of women wrestlers. I can say from personal experience that in addition to fueling men's fantasies, female wrestling is a tremendous turn-on for women, too.

While vacationing in Florida, I took advantage of one of the few warm days to go swimming. The beach was practically deserted that morning. As I was about to wade in, I saw Ted, an old college classmate who married my best friend, Karin, right after graduation. We hugged, and I asked about Karin. Ted replied, "She lost her job in California because of Proposition Thirteen, and she's changed a little."

Just then Karin came from behind a large boulder, and I was dumbfounded. Karin, who is big-boned but had always been attractive, had gained about 30 pounds around her stomach, thighs, and hips. In her hands was one explanation: two six-packs of imported beer. Karin was drunk and ignored my greeting. With slurred speech she said, "I saw you hugging. What next?" She smacked poor Ted with a six-pack and then charged at me. As we rolled around in the sand, I realized that though Karin had added at least five inches to her measurements, her arms and upper body were strong. She outweighed me by about 60 pounds. It would be lights out if she ever got on top of me, so I had to think fast as I scrambled to my feet.

When Karin wildly charged me again, I ducked, sidestepped, and rammed a knee into her big belly. Karin gasped and clutched her gut. A punch at her jaw and another knee in her stomach and she was done. I pinched a nerve in her neck to cut off the oxygen. Karin moaned and her once solid thighs shook like jello as she struggled. Seconds later she pitched forward, out cold.

Ted struggled to his feet as I dragged Karin to the boulder and propped her up. Her fat spilled over and covered her bikini bottom, making her look naked except for her top. I was exhausted but turned on like a faucet. When Ted wrapped his arms around me to keep from falling, I gushed with the most powerful climax of my life. How I didn't pass out I'll never know.

Karin has since lost 30 pounds and asked for a friendly rematch. The winner takes both Ted and my boyfriend, Jeff, for the night—double or nothing. Have you or your female readers ever wrestled or boxed each other?—P.C.

Your letter about two women fighting should give a lot of readers great pleasure. I am surprised that magazines don't run any pictures of women wrestling, but perhaps someone will note this and print some exciting pictures of women tearing at each other. The closest I came to getting some interesting pictures of women tearing at each other was at the Miss World Body Building contest. It is fascinating to see those massive bulges of muscle and the relatively small boobs.

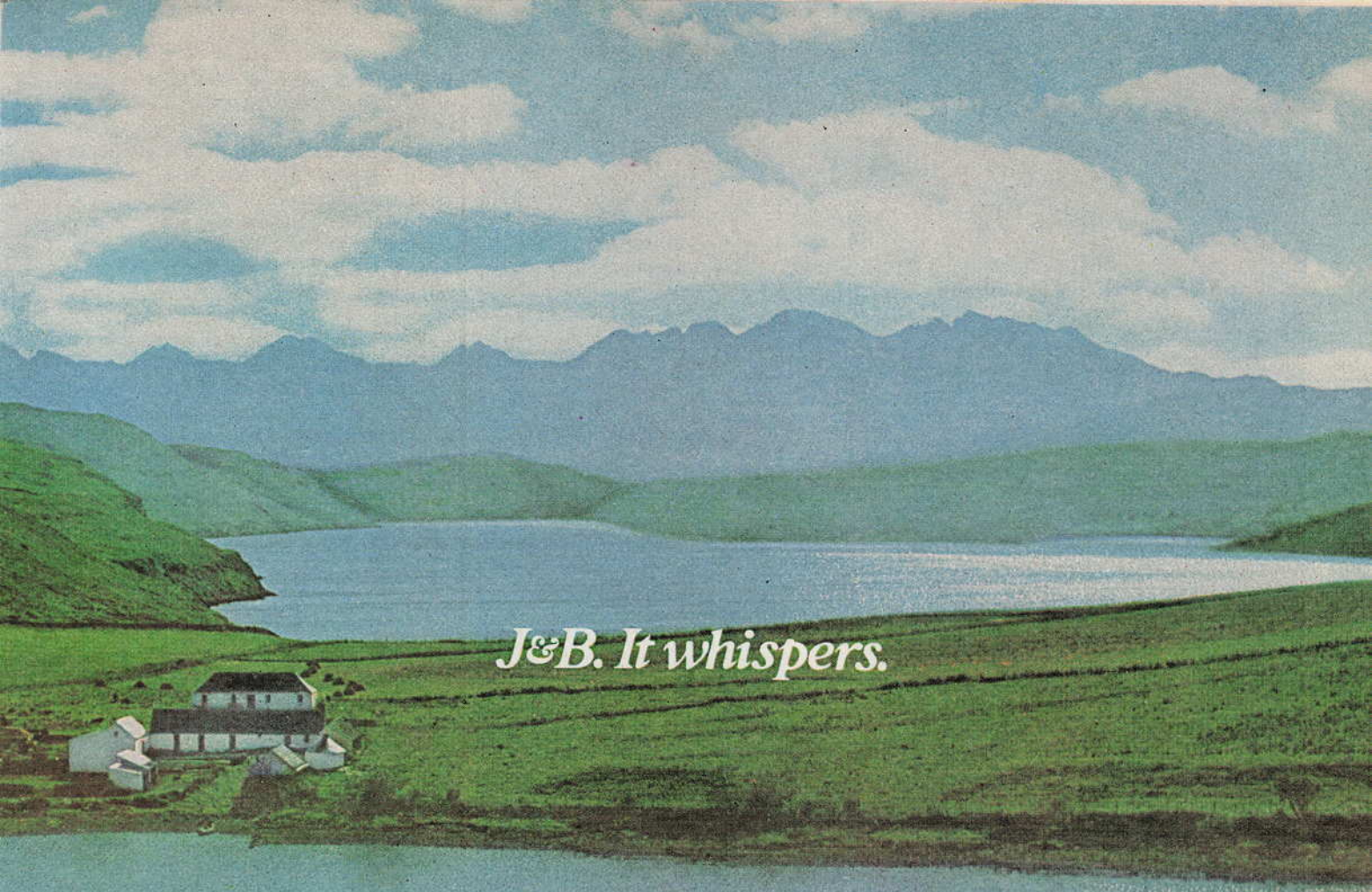
I occasionally have the greatest pleasure in wrestling with women, and I especially love pulling their hair and biting them. When I am feeling very aggressive, I love to wrestle with my male lovers as well.

I remember fighting in high school with a much older and stronger girl. After a lot of scratching and biting, I won the match simply because I was faster and was much more aggressive than my opponent.

Have you ever tried finding yourself some kind of a sex slave? I have one called Franny, who has visited me for the past eight years. She does anything I order her to do and even arrives with all kinds of new whips, chains, and handcuffs. To top it all off, she is sensual, bright, and has the body of an 18-year-old boy. You might want to try it as a change from wrestling.

IN-LAW LOVERS

Two years ago, while my wife, Ellen, and I were engaged, her sister, Lynn, who is younger and married, and I became quite close. We could talk about many things. She is sharp, witty, and very attractive. Lynn is about five feet two, 110 pounds, 34C-24-36, with short light brown hair, a splendid ass, and full and firm thighs—quite a classy woman. Meanwhile, Ellen



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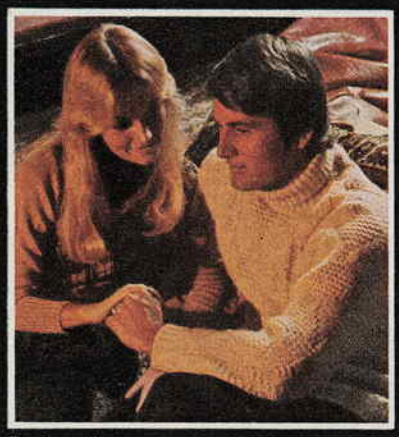

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was quite active in a number of things. She had a tendency to spend a lot of time going out, and this started to get on my nerves. She was friendly with a number of people, many of them men, and I knew her to be quite flirtatious with them.

One evening, while Ellen was out with friends from work, I was at Lynn's house. Lynn's husband was at work, and their baby was sleeping. The subject of Ellen's constant activities came up. I was quite teed off about the whole affair, and I commented that I wouldn't doubt that Ellen was putting out for one of her so-called friends. Lynn said she had felt that way for a long time but did not want to say anything. Lynn then left the room to get me a beer.

When she came back, I got the surprise of my life. Lynn stood in the doorway with only a tank top on. Her pubic bush was thick and framed between those luscious thighs of hers. "Is poor Tommy frustrated by no pussy?" she asked in a mischievous tone of voice. I walked over to her, not really sure she was serious. My doubts flew out the window when she put her arms around me and Frenched me deeply. I embraced her and put my hands on her wide and beautiful ass and squeezed, pulling her closer to me. She began to hump her pelvis, and I slid a hand between her thighs, which she acceptingly parted. I played with her pussy until it became sopping wet. Her own hands left my neck and began to massage my stiffening cock. As we broke our kiss, she was breathing hard and said hoarsely, "Let's get into bed." I followed her down the hallway and into her bedroom, where I quickly disrobed and helped her take off her top. I began to suck on her breasts and nibble her nipples as she ran her fingers through my hair. She reached down for my cock. "Let me suck it," she said. I moved up to her face, and she took my dick in her hands and sucked and stroked it while fondling my balls. I twisted around until my face was between those strong thighs of hers and began to lick and suck her pussy.

After a few minutes of her careful ministrations, I began to hump my cock into her mouth. She paused and groaned down to me, "Fuck me!" I got up and knelt between her widespread thighs. She raised her hips up to meet me and rolled her ass. I penetrated, and the feeling was so soft and hot and wet I thought I was in heaven. Gripping me between her legs, she began to hump her belly up to me. Her fingers were tracing patterns on my back, and we fucked in silence but with intensity. She really knew what she was doing. With a groan I came in a massive spurt, and she continued rolling her pelvis until she climaxed. We lay quietly in each other's arms for a few minutes before disengaging.

We met about three or four times a week at different places—her house, my apartment, her mother's place. Then, three months before Ellen and I were to get married, Ellen broke off our engagement. I did

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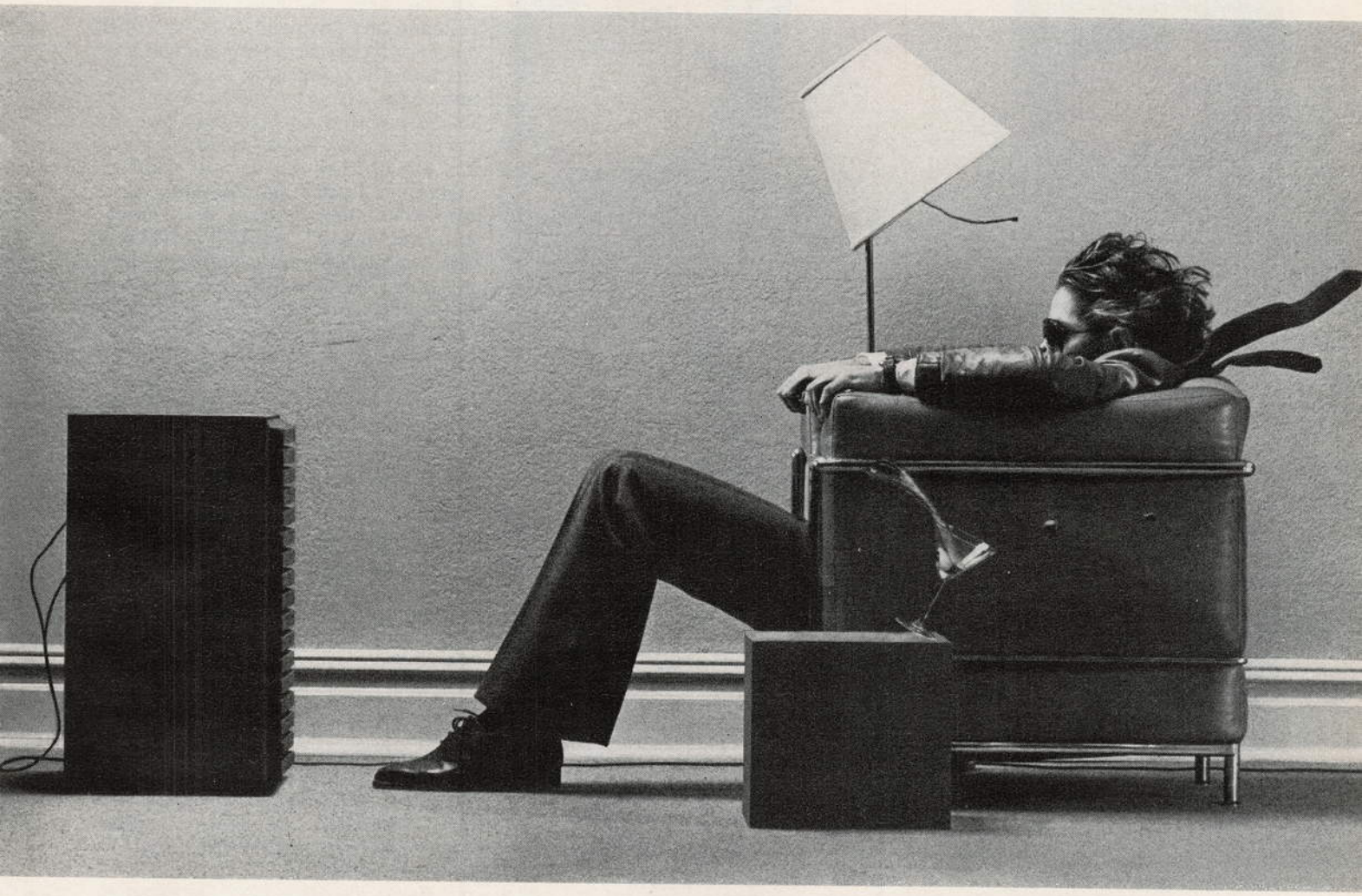

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COCKTAILS FOR TWO
Cocktails For Two Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, In. and Fresno, Ca. © 1981.

not see Lynn until a year after that, when Ellen and I started dating again. By that time Lynn had had another baby, and I was not sure how she would react to me coming back.

A week after I married Ellen, Lynn and I were fucking again. She is far better in bed than her sister. She sucks my cock with abandon and loves me to come in her mouth or on her face. We have had anal sex and every other kind of sex imaginable. Ellen suspects nothing. She is so staid in her ways, so structured. We have sex once a week—after I plead with her—and she still has her outside activities. Sometimes I watch as she gives me a blowjob (a rare occasion), and I smile, wondering what she would do if she knew that a couple of hours earlier my cock was in her sister's hairy twat. Lynn wants to keep up our relationship. No one is getting hurt. Ellen has suggested that I find a mistress since I seem to want sex a lot. Lynn has volunteered to bring it up with Ellen. I love sex with Lynn. She is wild. What do you think?—T.B.

How interesting that in your letter you say not a word about how you get it on with Ellen. From reading between the lines, it is apparent that you are looking for an excuse to leave Ellen and openly date Lynn. But what about Lynn's husband? Before you get involved with a mistress or confess your affair with Lynn, I think you should figure out your real problems with your wife.

PROMOTIONAL DISPLAY

I was recently promoted to manager of purchasing of a very large company. As expected, I was wined and dined by prospective suppliers. The most memorable entertainment to date occurred during a convention on the West Coast. On the second day of the convention, I received an engraved invitation to attend a "special" hospitality suite sponsored by a major equipment manufacturer.

That night I found my way to the plush hotel, located well away from the convention center. I was greeted at the door by a very lovely girl dressed in a skintight black evening dress. She ushered me into a reception room, where there were about ten other men and four other hostesses. The girls circulated, serving hot and cold appetizers, fine wine, and the best liquors. After about an hour of this, our host announced that the entertainment was about to begin.

We were led into an adjoining room, which turned out to be a very large bedroom suite with a water bed covered with a black velvet sheet. The lights dimmed, and suddenly a side door opened, and two of the hostesses entered. They acted oblivious of the men standing at one end of the room. One of the girls was a very lovely redhead dressed in black satin. The other girl was a stunning blond dressed in white. The girls stood facing each other and began to caress each other gently.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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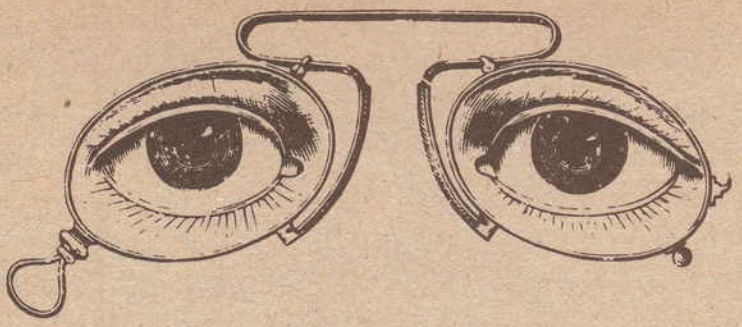


VIEW FROM THE TOP

DISPOSABLE GENIUS

BY NICK TOSCHES

Not too many afternoons ago, I sat on a round wooden bench across Fifth Avenue from St. Patrick's Cathedral, waiting to be fashionably late for something or other. Next to me were two lovely young yogurt-eating strangers. I looked sideways at their outstretched legs and listened, rapt, as they argued briefly concerning the correct spelling of the word "diaphragm." Their conversation then turned to the subject of true genius, among the possessors of which were Jane Fonda, Billy Joel, and "that guy on '60 Minutes.' " The yogurt was soon done, and the young misses fell silent, rose, and left me to myself and the limitless expanse of possibilities that lay before me like a land of dreams.

I have, since that warm spring day, given the matter of true genius much thought and have come to believe that the choices of my two dressed-for-success cuties were perfectly right.

Genius is a vague and ancient term, the current meaning of which came about only in relatively recent times. Though praised and popular, Shakespeare was never in his lifetime referred to, like the guy on "60 Minutes," as a genius. The word meant something very different then: an impalpable being, a good or bad guiding force—not anything at all that Barbara Walters might want to interview. Here, now, in America, the word refers to anyone, regardless of race, color, or creed, who has parlayed a blend of pretension, talent, and mediocrity into a small fortune. America loves a good genius like she loves a good frank. But as she readily embraces him, so will she cast him away in humiliation.

Consider, if you've the stomach for it, the pitiful case of Mr. Orson Welles, who was once a full-fledged genius, the creator of a movie, *Citizen Kane*, that many considered to be the finest film ever made. Now, past retirement age, where is he? Directing movies? No. He has been consigned to a sitting posture (one wonders if any spine could otherwise support such prodigious bulk) as he clings hopelessly to pride and pomposity, telling us again and again, as if his life depended on our believing him, that Paul Masson will sell no wine before its time.

Frank Mayo

(It is interesting—albeit, granted, meaningless—that in 1952, directly after the publication of *The Old Man and the Sea*, Ernest Hemingway agreed to do a series of advertisements for Ballantine Ale. "How would *you*," asked the ad copy, "put a glass of Ballantine Ale into words? Here—Ernest Hemingway turns his famous hand to it." Hemingway, who by this time had perhaps chased after one marlin too many, took the task to heart. "You have to work hard to deserve it," wrote his famous hand, if not his mind. "But I would rather have a bottle of Ballantine Ale than any other drink after fighting a really big fish." Although Hemingway lived for ten years more, he never in those years published another book.)

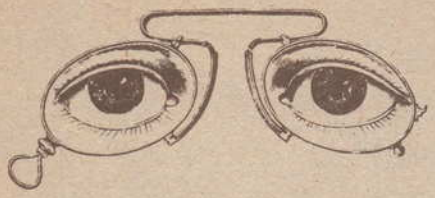
Orson Welles is one of the fallen few who are allowed to continue to wear, like a VFW lapel pin, the honorary title of Genius. It has even been rumored that Pauline Kael's next book will be a tribute to Mr. Welles—a critical study of the Paul Masson commercials, in the manner of her *Citizen Kane Book*. (Surely a doctoral thesis on Papa's ale ads shall not be far behind.)

Most other discarded geniuses have fared worse by far. Many are barely given time to get used to their title before it is snatched from them. Take Norman Lear. In 1971, the year when "All in the Family" premiered, Lear was crowned as the reigning genius of television (and be assured that there is a certain strain of genius that only television can grasp). He sustained his crown through various spin-offs, each more wondrously insipid than its predecessor: "Maude," "Good Times," "The Jeffersons." Then, in 1976, exactly five years after becoming a genius, his luck ran out: "The Dumplings," starring James Coco as Joe Dumpling.

And poor Mike Nichols, who never gave me any of his money. He received the title of genius in the late sixties following his films *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Graduate*. His title was suspended after *Catch-22*—that memorable 1970 film in which Art Garfunkel portrayed a TWA breakfast sausage—and returned to him the next year for *Carnal Knowledge*, only to be taken from him two years later, after *The Day of the Dolphin*. More recently he directed a Broadway comedy called *Lunch Hour*. It was about harmless adultery in the Hamptons, and he couldn't figure out why nobody wanted to see it. Give that man an articulating dolphin.

Right now, as we speak, there walk among us several lingering geniuses who would be well advised either to hide or to brace themselves for the fall from geniushood.

Woody Allen, for one. This nebbish king of comedy was such a genius that he was completely forgiven—even praised by some critics, if not by actual people—for his 1978 film *Interiors*, in which he proved that he could be as somber and as shallow as his idol Ingmar Bergman (his other idols being every woman taller than he plus Bob Hope). He was redeemed in the eyes of many—*Time*, *Newsweek*, *People*—by *Manhattan*. But his



more recent flop, *Stardust Memories*, was too much for all but the most Pavlovian genius-freaks to swallow. As if that were not enough, he returned to somber-and-shallow. This time it's a play called—get this—*The Floating Light Bulb*. Duck, you sucker.

I'm not quite certain whether Lily Tomlin has been fully embraced as a genius, but in any case she, too, is in trouble. No one, not even the awesome Mr. Welles himself, could withstand the back-to-back humiliation of *Nine to Five* and *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. (Why, I ask, are there so very few female geniuses? Surely there must somewhere exist a female as obese and as pompous as Mr. Orson Welles. *Mangia, bella donna, mangia!*)

For every fallen and falling genius there is one on the ascent. (The front-runner at the moment, I would say, is Robert Redford, whose 1980 movie *Ordinary People* stunned countless dullards into thinking upwards of two consecutive thoughts. I, for one, eagerly await Mr. Redford's *Revenge of the Ordinary People* and sincerely hope that he doesn't blow his newfound genius with *Abbott and Costello Meet the Ordinary People*.) Many geniuses must work their way slowly up through the ranks, from Merv to Johnny to the no-interviews stratum. Some, like Alfred Hitchcock and Henry Miller, are granted the status only after they cease to function. A few, like Yoko Ono, may be said to achieve genius through injection.

Most ingenious at maintaining the stature of genius are our noted authors, who do so simply by writing only upon rare occasions, or not at all, and by cloaking this proseless state in mysterious seclusion. Our two finest examples of this method are the noted novelists Thomas Pynchon and J. D. Salinger, who between them have produced seven books and two short stories in about a 30-year period.

On the subject of authors, a word of praise should here be said for William S. Burroughs and his quite novel method of attaining the title of genius. This method was to write pages of perfectly plain prose, cut them up into little pieces, shuffle them, then paste them back together again. Way to go, Bill.

It was a writer, of course, who first complained of overnight geniuses. This was essayist and poet Joseph Addison (another genius), in a 1711 issue of *The Spectator*: "There is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*."

This was mere jealousy. Addison, like many another since, would have been left sitting alone on that round wooden bench, staring at the slender ankles and nylon calves of the true and right judges of genius as they strolled away smiling in the brilliant sun. If you don't believe me, just ask the guy on "60 Minutes."

Lily Tomlin and Woody Allen: genius in doubt.

SCENES

EMPIRE WASTE

The funniest show in New York plunges merrily into topics one doesn't normally find on public theater stages: incest, adultery, homosexuality, lesbianism, bisexuality, pederasty, onanism, nymphomania, sadomasochism, and the fall of the British Empire.

Cloud 9 is the name of this giddy sexual adventure, which is having a salubrious effect on audiences at the Theatre De Lys, in Greenwich Village, in a stylish production directed by Tommy Tune. It was written by Caryl Churchill, a British playwright whose work has been produced by the BBC and London fringe theater groups but never seen here.

Half the cleverness of *Cloud 9* is in its eccentric structure. The action of Act I takes place in 1880, in a remote African outpost of the colonial British Empire. Act II is set in a contemporary London park and features key characters from Act I—who have aged only 25 years in the century-long interim. To compound the staging curiosities, several members of the versatile acting ensemble double, triple, and switch roles, often playing characters of the opposite sex. One character is even played by a doll.

(Just stick with me here, and I'll straighten it all out for you. Madness first—method later.)

Act I takes a savagely funny look at Victorian morality, in principle and in practice. The scene is a jungle outpost, where a pukka sahib named Clive has established a microcosm of British civilization. The essence of the Victorian family on which the Empire was founded, Clive's household ménage is a collective caricature of all the social and moral virtues their beloved Queen holds dear.

Servants fawn, ladies languish on the veranda, and paternal men in pith helmets and riding boots toast the Queen and contemplate the native population with arch disdain. As one of the characters puts it succinctly: "This *is* the Empire, Clive, and I serve it with all my heart."

Behind the scenes, however, lust is rampant in every conceivable form. The master is getting it on with a nymphomaniacal neighbor, who has a thing for whips. My lady of the house (played with fine delicacy by Zeljko Ivanek, a man) pines in frustration for a friend of the family. This supermacho specimen, an explorer who says things like "I have my duty to the Empire," repays his host's hospitality by exploring his wife, native manservant (played by a white man), and adolescent son (played by a woman) before getting married off to the governess, who has a keen passion for her mistress.

The only member of the household who isn't actively engaged in these lusty antics is the dowager mother-in-law, who admits, "I'm too old for all this fun." And two-year-old Victoria, of course—but that's because she's played by a doll.

Under Tommy Tune's insouciant touch, the play's sexual hijinks are played out in a broad farcical style that pushes these "typical" empire builders to the lunatic side of caricature. The heart of the fun is that each character clings desperately to his or her "proper" sexual role—while anarchic desires keep bursting through their social masks to mar the image.

The governess keeps her mobcap clean and tidy but can't control her urge to fondle her lady's bosom. The family's adolescent heir tries hard to be a man by playing ball and bullying the servants, but he can't resist hugging his doll. Even Clive, who staunchly de-

clares himself the light and center of his little universe, crawls under his mistress's skirt at the sight of her pretty whip.

Loaded with guilt and burdened with duty to God, Queen, Country, and Family ("We are not in this country to enjoy ourselves!"), they all suffer the hilarious agonies of repression. But the serious aspect of the satire still presents its cutting edge, in broad comic strokes in Act I and with more sympathetic humanism in Act II, where Caryl Churchill shows the effect of Victorian repression and hypocrisy on the current generation.

Sexual unorthodoxy is still rampant in the second half of *Cloud 9*. Baby Victoria ("a pretty child—just like a little doll") has grown up into a conventional housewife who not so conventionally takes up with a lesbian mother she meets in a London playground. Her older brother (the effeminate adolescent who couldn't be parted from his doll in Africa) has grown up to be a sensitive homosexual, in thrall to a handsome piece of rough trade. In one of the play's tenderer moments, he decides to form a *ménage à trois* with his sister and her lover—and then wonders if he's a lesbian. Even their repressed mother (in E. Katherine Kerr's compassionate performance) tastes sexual liberation, first by trying to pick up her son's lover and then by celebrating her rediscovery of masturbation.

Since the actors have all switched roles from the first act, the sexual ambiguity is even more pronounced. Take the scene in which the newly liberated mother attempts to seduce her son's lover. That's weird enough, I grant you; but consider that the mother is played by the actress who was both the governess and the nympho neighbor in the first act, while the young man is played by the actor who was the mother originally. That gives us (a) the governess repeating her unsuccessful overtures of Act I, (b) the insatiable neighbor attempting yet another conquest, and (c) the mother making sexual advances to herself.

"It's the loneliness here, and the climate is very confusing" was someone's delicious rationale, in Act I, for the characters' disorienting inability to straighten out their sexual identities. Which happens to be a theatrical situation in which Tommy Tune's inventive talents thrive. Five years ago, in fact, he made his directorial debut with *The Club*, a witty musical revue in which women impersonated the male members of a social club.

"I love all the sexual confusion the show is causing," he said at the time. "I once met Salvador Dali at a party, and he told me, 'Confusion is where it's at.' I think confusion is good. It makes people think, causes discussion. Otherwise, the brain goes to sleep."

Peter Cunningham

Man and mistress: unorthodox.

The brain reels with giddy delight from contemplating the exotic sexual permutations of *Cloud 9*. It also finds itself struck by the pointed comment underlying the farcical fun, for clearly the author wants us to see her political arguments for sexual freedom.

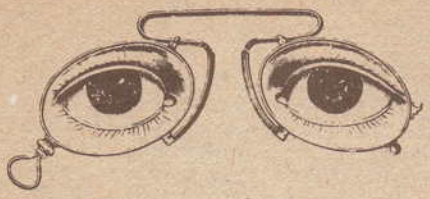
From her home in London, Caryl Churchill expresses a certain tempered satisfaction in the critical and popular success of her work. "I was surprised that some critics, both in England and America, took the attitude that everybody is just as confused in Act II as in Act I," she explains. "What I wanted to show was people playing very rigid roles in Act I and then trying to reject these roles in Act II."

To its author, *Cloud 9* is a humanistic argument for the virtues of contemporary sexual liberation over Victorian repression. "Despite its humor, I think Act I shows some quite sad and miserable people," she says, "forced into playing roles that keep them from knowing what they really feel about each other and themselves."

In the modern-day section of the play, her intention was to show "people more able to take each other for what they are." Even within the freer sexual climate of contemporary British society, characters take a rather rigid attitude to their unorthodox sexual roles. "I wanted to show the difficulties of freedom in Act II," says Churchill, "to say that things are still difficult, but freedom is a good

Peter Cunningham

The cast of Cloud 9 *with Tommy Tune (bottom left) and Caryl Churchill (bottom center).*



thing, nonetheless. And that relatively speaking, things are better than they were before."

The hilarity of "before" gets its teeth from the playwright's conviction that Victorian repression was a political act against women. The same kind of tyranny (minus the sexual mode of its enforcement) that England exerted over its colonies. "Both women and people in colonized countries wanted to be what the man declared them to be," she says. "They both accepted the man's view of them and their role. I should say that still applies to what's left of the Lost Empire, including Ireland."

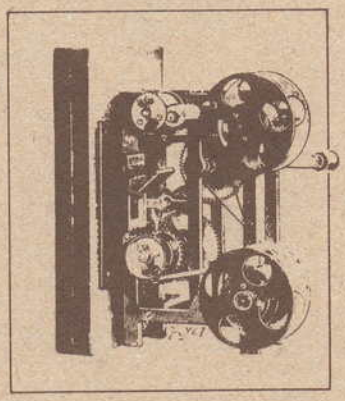
Truth to tell, not many American reviewers caught Churchill's connection between *Cloud 9*'s wild sexual shenanigans and the dissolution of the British Empire. According to the author, that was partly because "the American production was comically broader, and it put more emphasis on the play's individuals, rather than on the social and political aspects." But it also had to do with cultural differences. "Here in England," says Churchill, "feminism is more linked with the anticapitalist and socially oriented positions of socialism. It is also seen as politically related to such issues as racism and class structure."

Although she's gratified by the often wildly loving receptions her play has gotten on both sides of the Atlantic, Caryl Churchill now says that she thinks she made a mistake in setting the second half of *Cloud 9* in 1980 instead of a few years earlier. "The play is really more of the 1970s than the '80s," she feels. "In the present climate of Britain, there is something of a right-wing reaction against feminism. I can't generalize, because this is a feeling I have. I've picked it up in small things, like jokes about the dominance of women, about women going too far."

Over the crackling connection of transcontinental wires, she considers this point for a moment. And then says, "If one were writing a play now, one would be more likely to write about the backlash."

Which is exactly what she happens to be doing.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



MYTHOLOGIES

"Millionaire, Drunk, Playboy." That's what the newspaper headlines call him. Everybody recognizes him. The maître d' in the Oak Room at the Plaza fawns over him, despite the Eighth Avenue hooker he's brought along for late-night supper and a few more drinks. The Eighth Avenue hookers know him, too, in his silver gray chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce with its backseat bar. They also read the papers. The headlines almost say it all for millionaire, drunk, playboy Arthur Bach.

Almost, but not quite all. The hero of Steve Gordon's marvelous ***Arthur*** has a few more characteristics up his sleeve. For example, he has a heart of gold. The money that flows through his fingers like dry martinis has a wonderful knack of flowing in the right directions. Also, he employs a proper butler. The imperious Hobson, who tidies up the benign wreckage of Arthur's life, happens as well to be his best friend. And Arthur has a proper problem. You see, he meets Miss Right—he's been shopping; she's been shoplifting, at Bergdorf Goodman—virtually on the eve of his marriage to Miss Wrong. But if he doesn't marry Susan, the Long Island heiress his family has chosen, they will cut him off utterly from the $750 million that are his life. "We are ruthless people," warns his wizened old granny. "Don't screw with us!"

Certain jarring elements in the vocabulary aside, *Arthur* looks, sounds, and feels like Depression-era fairy tale. It would be specifically a 1930s movie fairy tale in which the ne'er-do-well hero has to choose between love and money, and chooses love, and therefore ends by getting both. Arthur's drinking isn't alcoholism; it's a joke. Since he almost never stops drinking, he almost never stops being funny. A little fellow, like Dudley Moore, who plays him, often dressed (as for a night on the town) in top hat and tails, he is already so comically close to the ground that just one more drink will surely dump him flat on his face.

Of course, this sort of thing doesn't wholly describe *Arthur*—though its further complications tend to come more by nuance than from anything developed in plot or character. It is full of incongruously funny dialogue (dialogue—not a pastiche of one-liners), from Hobson's stentorian insults to Arthur's good-natured, bungling, usually successful attempts to set things right with sappy Susan (Jill Eikenberry), the true-love, Linda (Liza Minnelli—a performance that wins out over some odds), or Gloria (Anne de Salvo) at the Plaza, as she explains how she got started in her trade. Dudley Moore's 15 seconds of excess outrage at the news that Gloria's mother deserted her daughter by dying when the kid was only six would be worth all of virtually anybody else's movie. But here it is only among the first of a series of routines so skillful you scarcely think of them as being routines until the movie is over.

John Gielgud as Hobson.

Before it is over, the haughty Hobson (John Gielgud) will have to give way in Arthur's life for the plebeian Linda. That abdication, played out between two brilliant actors, is the sober high point of the film. It is not amusing, Hobson advises Arthur, to be a poor drunk. Poor drunks shiver during the summer and urinate in public places. And yet they both know that Arthur will have to court his poverty if he is to survive. That knowledge (not, thank God, the reality) balances the movie with just enough common sense to give it tone. Young Arthur will have his millions, and his Linda, so he can slosh his way into rich, responsively irresponsible middle age.

Dudley Moore and Liza Minnelli in Arthur: *Rich drunk, poor drunk.*

As a title, ***Body Heat*** sounds too good to be true. I can see it on a

John Waters parody, something less polite than *Polyester*. And yet it comes attached to a real enough movie, Larry Kasdan's quite fine first film about lust, love, death, and betrayal on the Florida coast, somewhere north of Miami. Like *Arthur*, it owes a lot to movie mythology, especially to such passionate intrigues of the high 1940s as Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity*. But it owes something also to more recent, disillusioned essays in the genre—Arthur Penn's *Night Moves* (1975) or Robert Clouse's underrated *Darker than Amber* (1970). A feature of movies in this tradition is a tendency to relate everything to mood and atmosphere. So the woman—there must be a woman, outwardly sedate but seductive, insatiable, and cruel—will seem to materialize out of the sultry darkness. And the man—too worldly-wise for the obsession that we know, and he knows, must ruin his life—will never quite be sure to what degree the fabulous vision before his eyes grows from his own murky desires. *Body Heat* plays with ideas about seeing and needing, and it makes something intelligible out of its hot summer nights and its fog. And the more devious and complicated its plot, the more fascinating it becomes—so that it is one of those rare mystery movies better at its end than its beginning.

Glenda Jackson as Stevie: one of the loveliest portraits on screen.

It all starts when small-time attorney Ned Racine (William Hurt) notices someone very special (Kathleen Turner) standing by herself at a concert on the boardwalk. He makes his pitch, a decent enough pitch, but the lady isn't buying. Anyway, she's married. But perhaps not too happily married—at least, the man's away all week. And so Ned continues. By the time they begin making love, Ned's doom is sealed. The husband (Richard Crenna), rich, unscrupulous, possessive, must be done away with. There's nothing so awful about the murder that we can see. But then we can't see, any more than Ned can, until the whole thing reveals itself a maze of calculated perspectives and painful, slowly gathering perceptions.

For a screenwriter (*The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders of the Lost Ark*), Larry Kasdan shows an uncommon feel for the visual rhetoric in film. Great, swooping crane shots, pans across the middle distance—a compilation of lyrical gestures of the sort that the camera, back in the days when it was a heavy machine, used to promote in the hands of masters like Welles and Ophüls. It is exhilarating to watch *Body Heat* fashion a universe in the camera's eye and then people it with actors of such self-contained magnetism as Hurt and Kathleen Turner. Neither one gives anything away, not even to each other, and yet both positively galvanize the screen. She especially, as the sensuous Matty Walker, is the kind of actress of whom movie dreams are made. It isn't just her beauty. It is her tact, her reticence, and then her perfect receptivity. Everything we want, and only what we want, she is the ultimate dangerous self-fulfillment in the movie theater of our minds.

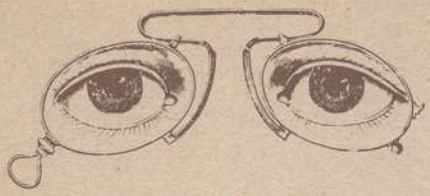
Body Heat *with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner: making love.*

Robert Enders's ***Stevie***, an excellent British movie made a few years ago, opened belatedly in New York for a two-day run and then, buoyed by some rave reviews, went on to become the surprise highbrow hit of last summer.

Stevie is an adaptation of a play based on the life and works of Stevie Smith, a British poet who died ten years ago at the age of 69 after living almost all her life—and growing quietly famous—alone with an aunt in the lower-middle-class London suburb of Palmers Green. Much of her poetry is recited in the film, some of it by Stevie (Glenda Jackson), some of it by an extraneous presence identified as "The Man" (Trevor Howard)—a clumsy device in a film that appreciates the value of clumsy devices. Stevie commutes to work at a publishing house in London. But the movie waits for her at home, with her bustling old aunt (Mona Washbourne—my vote for the year's Best Supporting Actress) and the tea trays, the flowered sofas, the roasts of lamb, that figure as importantly as any living person in the film.

In time, the aunt grows feeble and dies. By the end, Stevie also dies—of a brain tumor that affects her speech and that makes the film's closing scenes, with the superb instrument of Glenda Jackson's voice, almost unbearably moving. This is where the business of speaking directly to the camera—a convention something like the Shakespearian aside—comes into its own. And a movie that you may approach, as I did, with a tolerant condescension leaves you overwhelmed in admiration. The spare, spoken poetry is good. The uneventful domestic drama is marvelous. The celebration of semiobscure, difficult, absolutely lucid life may rank among the loveliest portraits ever put on film.—*Roger Greenspun*

Washbourne: best of the year.



WORDS

THE MERCY OF QUALITY

For most people, reading a good book is as punishing as dating a good girl; both require an investment of time not altogether commensurate with the rewards. Today's readers want to be entertained, not lectured. Wanting to ease the burden of daily drudgery, we often choose to lose our woes in stories peopled by characters whose lives are somehow in worse shape than our own.

Unfortunately, we have sacrificed quality for what we've gained in relief. Today's fiction best-sellers mirror the mindless state of the art, wherein trash is passed off as popular literature. It's no wonder our attention spans have all but eroded. The books we read seem more like made-for-TV movies; they are, for the most part, predictable, uncomplicated, and unimaginative.

Accordingly, few serious novelists ever reach a respectable level of popularity. Their quest to say something original precludes the type of derivative plot necessary to attract a large and faithful audience. Still, some of our best literary craftsmen, like Philip Roth, I. B. Singer, and Marilyn French, manage regularly to invade territory governed by the likes of Ludlum, Krantz, and Robbins, leaving us with the hope that quality fiction, like bluegrass, can exist alongside the weeds.

Irwin Shaw is one of the few authors whose novels have teetered at both extremes. From *The Young Lions* to *Rich Man, Poor Man,* he's run the gamut of civilized tastes, often lapsing into vagueness. Shaw's latest book, though, ***Bread upon the Waters*** (Delacorte), is the achievement of his career. A masterful story of sensibilities, his theme is the modern American family—its insular web of togetherness, mutual love, and, conversely, its destructive impulse toward individuality.

Shaw's prototype is Allen Strand, a struggling but dedicated teacher, whose daughter rescues a millionaire named Russell Hazen from the clutches of would-be muggers. In this seemingly innocent act of benevolence, the Strands' humble, ordered world is turned inside out as they are tempted by the tantalizing fruits of Hazen's gratitude. The wealthy philanthropist provides a career for each of the Strand children, liberates the wife, shatters their peaceful environment, until each member of the family has been cut loose, leaving Strand.

Shaw relies heavily on coincidence as a transitional mechanism, but the story line is so powerful and so universal that it is hardly noticeable. This novel has a strong, accessible conscience to it—manifest in the belligerent personality of a Hispanic ghetto kid—that turns popular reading into a thought-provoking, serious commentary on one of our most prized and misunderstood institutions.

In ***The Hotel New Hampshire*** (Dutton), John Irving examines the same subject from a completely different perspective, chronicling the Berry family's determination to stick together in spite of their bold differences. Living together—first in New England, then in Vienna and New York—is this wonderfully offbeat, trailblazing family: self-realized parents, five kids who seem to be totally mismatched but who complement one another in ways that often boggle the mind. Irving, whose last book was the international sensation *The World according to Garp,* succeeds here in creating a collection of vivid characters, all with refreshingly distinctive voices, who react heroically to the blows dealt by life and by their own recognizable shortcomings. Irving's inventive charm keeps the comedy from going too far into the black.

Peter De Vries, on the other hand, would have no trouble convincing a jury that his writing should be declared certifiably insane. In ***Sauce for the Goose*** (Little, Brown), he conducts a menagerie of zanies through one of the most implausible *tours de farce* of recent memory. First and foremost, there's Daisy Dobbin, a

Scott Reynolds

Shyla Irving

Irving: family differences.

feminist "with a horse's name," who tackles the subject of sexual harassment on the job for *Femme* magazine . . . and falls passionately in love with the target of her investigation. Along the way she is lunched and lynched by old chums Effie Sniffen and Bobsy Diesal (whose reputation as the *lay miserable* engenders more than a few forays into the sexual unknown), but to this reader their camaraderie is incomprehensible. De Vries is customarily mad as a hatter; however, the narrative here is sometimes too far gone to keep the reader in tow and suffers from occasional rambling.

Subtle humor is the tool of the more artistic, serious novelist, and Thomas Berger has no trouble wielding it convincingly. ***Reinhart's Women*** (Delacorte) is the fourth installment in his whimsical family saga of suburban manners, starring the irrepressible chef Carlo of *Vital Parts* fame. The opening episode is a peach: Reinhart's daughter, the beautiful Winona, confesses to Dad that she's a lesbian—and her lover is none other than Reinhart's new inamorata, Grace Greenwood! Once he recovers from the initial shock, life seems about to return to normal, until son Blaine's marriage collapses, his daughter-in-law suffers a breakdown, ex-wife Genevieve slinks home for an unexpected visit, and a TV talk show hires him to be its kitchen-tips expert. And Reinhart sets out to address each situation with his preeminent tal-

ent: keeping the peace.

Peace is illusory to Harry Angstrom, whose third go-around as a housebroken husband finally runs out of steam in ***Rabbit Is Rich*** (Knopf). John Updike catches up with Harry almost as rapidly as middle age does, finding him weary, unfulfilled, and trapped within the limits of a colorless Pennsylvania town. Unlike the upper crust of John O'Hara's Gibbsville, the people of Brewer are content simply to make ends meet. Harry's *raison d'être* is his Toyota dealership, while his wife covets the row house her feisty mother will someday leave to her as part of an inheritance. All told, it's about as lively as hanging clean laundry out to dry.

But Harry's spirit is suddenly revived when he encounters a teenager who might be his long-lost illegitimate daughter, and again, when his spiteful son, Nelson (one of the most offensive characters in modern fiction), drifts home with a freewheeling girl friend *and* a pregnant wife. Family conflict abounds, and Updike's handling of the prickly events is finely wrought, but the characters are notable only in their self-indulgence.

That seems to be the case, too, in Chaim Potok's ***The Book of Lights*** (Knopf). But in the hands of this magical writer, all is not as it first appears. Potok's antihero is Gershon Loran, an orphaned rabbinical student whose study of ancient Jewish mysticism mirrors the infirmity of his faith. This is tested time and again in the novel, first by his parents' senseless deaths. Then repeatedly by his roommate, Arthur Leiden, who is distraught over his father's role in the development of atomic warfare.

Both men become army chaplains and are assigned to outposts in postwar Korea, where their absolute quest for identity begins. Gershon is fascinated by the strange land's "infidelity," while Arthur is drawn to nearby Japan, an almost inevitable pilgrimage that ultimately brings both men closer to understanding their essential claims to the faith. It is Potok's consummate ability as storyteller-cum-philosopher that allows him to weave expertly such profound elements as war, marriage, and responsibility around so haunting a tale.

Lee Zacharias is more direct in her approach to spiritual fulfillment. In fact, ***Lessons*** (Houghton Mifflin), her first novel, is so deceptively straightforward at its outset that one might misjudge this outstanding work of fiction for another feminist harangue.

Jane Hurdle shows all the symptoms of a typical man-hating existence. A gifted musician forced to perform an emotional purge, she feels spurned by her mother, rejected when her older brother falls

Jim Kalett

Zacharias: love defenses.

in love, belittled by sex, socially inadequate, and subjected to the iniquities of a hasty, ill-suited marriage. It's almost too easy to dismiss her wretchedness as being acutely self-inflicted. But following a humiliating rape, Jane begins to battle back. She leaves her husband and, once again, learns to rely on her instincts, discovering that love, in its most unfettered form, is the best defense of all.

Zacharias's novel has all the earmarks of superb storytelling. The book's resolution is one of the most rewarding reading experiences one can hope for. She juggles hurt and happiness better than most respected journeymen and transforms her story into a spectacle of feelings. The effect creeps slowly upon the scene and easily puts the reader at the mercy of exceptional quality.—*Bob Spitz*

SOUNDS

LIFE AFTER BLONDIE

As you can see, we live really well," said Blondie guitarist **Chris Stein**, leading the way into the incredibly cluttered Manhattan apartment he shares with Blondie's lead vocalist, **Deborah Harry**. He was kidding. What should have been a living room was crammed full of electronic and recording equipment, and the apartment's only air-conditioned space was a bedroom that was taken up almost entirely by a rumpled king-size bed.

Harry, who'd dyed her hair in order to avoid at least a few passing stares, went in another room to change from the white jump suit she'd been wearing into shorts and a halter top. Stein, who was wearing baggy jeans and a plain white T-shirt, squeezed in behind a speaker and put on a tape of the pair's latest project, *Koo Koo* (Chrysalis Records), the first Debbie Harry solo album. Like "Rapture," the rap-style hit from Blondie's *Autoamerican* album, *Koo Koo* moves to black street rhythms. It was produced by **Nile Rodgers** and **Bernard Edwards**, two amiable young men who make records as Chic and were responsible for a number of disco million-sellers, including "Dance, Dance, Dance (Yowsah, Yowsah, Yowsah)," "Le Freak," and "Good Times." But from the first notes of Harry and Stein's song "Jump Jump," it was evident that *Koo Koo* is neither a conventional Rodgers-Edwards disco production nor a new Blondie album. It's a collaboration, and it's especially impressive because it comes at a time when white and black popular music are generally poles apart.

Most of the records that were strewn around the apartment were 12-inch singles by black rapping groups or albums of reggae and other black dance music. For an artist living in New York City, where black youths walk along the streets and through the subways blasting rap rhythms out of their giant cassette machines, it's almost impossible not to be affected. But Harry and Stein have been actively seeking out the latest trends in black dance music. "We got to know some graffiti artists," Stein said as he perched on the edge of a low couch, being careful not to knock one of his electric guitars onto the floor. "You know, these kids that go around doing incredibly elaborate, spray-painted murals and designs on subway cars. A few of them have had art shows at galleries here, and *they* introduced us to rap records; that was around three years ago. There's a heavy connection between graffiti and rapping. They both have to do with the breakdown of existing systems. These kids that make rap records are coming in right off the street, without having to go through the rigmarole of getting ripped off and having to wear silver lamé suits. They're short-circuiting the way the music industry has traditionally worked."

"Also," added Harry, "the words in black music used to have to do with love, sex, and not much else. Rapping is breaking away from that. It's a more intellectual or poetic form; it *says* more."

The most recent Blondie album, *Autoamerican*, spawned two number-one singles, the rap-inflected "Rapture" and a reggae number, "The Tide Is High." But rock critics were hard on it. They charged, among other things, that Chris Stein had become obsessed with his own importance and was intent on making grandiose statements instead of basic rock 'n' roll, and that songs like "Rapture," which sold more copies than any black rap record, were rip-offs of black culture. "We got that latter criti-

cism only from critics," Stein contended. "I think most black listeners and disc jockeys who listened to the music understood that it was sincere, and that we'd taken the trouble to learn the right rhythms and rap in the right meter. Besides, any musician who alters what he does based on what he reads in the rock press is just doomed to failure."

Several days later Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards were sitting in Rodgers's fastidiously clean and neat luxury apartment in midtown Manhattan. At least, Edwards, who plays bass on records by Chic and other Rodgers-Edwards projects, was sitting. Rodgers was stretched out on his bed, with one foot in a cast. He'd broken it playing racquetball, he explained, a little sheepishly, as he swallowed a pain pill and took a healthy slug from a gallon of red wine.

Do Edwards and Rodgers think Blondie has been ripping off black music? "Not at all," said Rodgers. "We met them when we were both doing sessions at the same recording studio, and we started to hang out together. Debbie went roller skating with me one night, and that's when we started to talk about making an album together. I was kind of worried at first, because a lot of white people think black musicians can just play R & B and funk and that's it. I guess I'd let that attitude affect me, but when I heard what we'd done with Debbie and Chris, I was knocked out."

"Besides," added Edwards, "musicians know that just because you're identified with one style of music, that doesn't mean you shouldn't try something else. You think we always played the kind of stuff Chic does, the stuff they called disco? We had been playing jazz-fusion music and rock 'n' roll before we started making the Chic records. It was a white guy who actually turned us on to making 'disco' records and gave us pointers. We thought it was a joke." As if to underscore his point, he began changing television channels with a remote-control box until he came upon an archaic Amos-'n'-Andy film, made when the black characters were still portrayed by white actors in blackface. Edwards and Rodgers cracked up as Kingfish launched into an oration in improbable dialect. "Man," said Edwards, gesturing at the screen, "American culture . . ."

Walter McBride/Retna Ltd.

Stein and Harry: "Rapping is more intellectual; it says more."

A few days later two record company employees were having lunch, and one was worried about the reception Harry's *Koo Koo* album might receive in the marketplace. "Look," he said, "most white rock fans, including, I would guess, a lot of people who buy Blondie records, think that all black music is disco and disco is shit. Now here comes Debbie, and on one song, 'Backfired,' she's actually getting propositioned by this black guy." ("Well, come here, my little dear, I got what it takes," chants the unmistakably black voice on the record, in strict rap rhythm. "Give me just what I want and I'll give you a break.") "But that's a great dance number," said the other company man. "Besides, black and white music are further apart now, in terms of mutual understanding, than they have been since before rock 'n' roll came along in the fifties. Somebody's got to bridge the gap, and it's got to be somebody popular."

Deborah Harry is "somebody popular," no doubt about that. Books have been written about her, pictures of her adorn magazine covers and layouts, and her voice has been one of the most distinctive sounds in popular music since Blondie's "Heart of Glass" became an international best-seller in 1978–79. But how much of Blondie's popularity had to do with Harry's sexy good looks and cutting vocal timbre and how much had to do with the band's infectious pop-rock sound? *Koo Koo* will tell the tale, because, for the moment at least, Blondie the group doesn't exist. Harry and Stein have been working on their own projects, which include music for the upcoming animated feature film *Drats* as well as the *Koo Koo* album, and Blondie's other members have been producing and playing with various friends.

"We wanted to break out of that formula of activity that's prescribed for rock-'n'-roll bands," Chris Stein said of the split. "You know, make a record, do a tour, write some songs, and make another record. That can drive you to real insanity, and there's no reason for one band to follow the routine just because other bands have followed it. Besides, there have been a lot of groups imitating Blondie, a lot of groups with blond singers who come on a little tough, and we decided to let them do it for a while. Blondie was an imitation in the first place, an imitation of the kind of music that girl groups made in the sixties. We were even tagged with being a nostalgia group when we started out, and we just didn't want to do that anymore."

"As far as the band goes," Harry added, "we want to see what everybody falls into. I've been trying to stretch out as a singer, and I'd like to do more movies, maybe a Broadway show. We'll see what happens."—*Robert Palmer*

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IF A BUSINESSMAN IS TO BE JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS, THEN JERRY FALWELL MAY HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO.

BY L. J. DAVIS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

I think every good Christian ought to kick Falwell right in the ass.—Barry Goldwater

According to the official version of the event, a relatively obscure Virginia businessman died in a commonplace farming accident on the afternoon of September 6, 1980, after falling beneath the blades of a tractor-driven rotary mower.

As we shall see, this official verdict is open to some question. Most important, however, is how the untimely death of that businessman—F. William Menge—opened a number of windows on the finan-

Backed by his Liberty Baptist Choir, Falwell leads an "I Love America" rally at the Ohio State Capitol in Columbus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK

cial world of the "God business" in this country, most particularly on the multi-million-dollar enterprises of fundamentalist Jerry Falwell, founder of the Moral Majority.

For the dead man was no ordinary financier. In fact, a *Penthouse* investigation discloses, Menge was a confidence man who swindled millions of dollars, many of which appear to have disappeared into thin air. This raises, in turn, some justifiable questions about how such a man, operating in such a blatant fashion, came to be one of Jerry Falwell's close personal friends and advisers, even serving on the board of directors of the "Old Time Gospel Hour" itself, the fund-raising arm of Falwell's $50 million empire.

But, as this investigation reveals, that is only the beginning of the questions that have arisen about Falwell's judgment of his friends. Among others:

- While enjoying a close relationship with Falwell, Menge is estimated to have swindled almost $9 million. Shortly before his death, Menge was declared bankrupt, but next to no trace of the millions has been found.
- During the week before his death, Menge said that he was going to "tell all" and that "people were going to go to jail." Before he could explain his statement, he was found dead.
- The Falwell ministries joined a health insurance plan under some rather peculiar circumstances. The plan later collapsed after failing to pay claims, and state investigators have raised the possibility of fraud.
- The Falwell ministry, like many ministries, has announced ambitious projects for the relief of such starving foreigners as the Cambodian refugees. A close reading of the carefully worded appeals, however, reveals that some of the money—perhaps a good deal of it—is destined for the "Old Time Gospel Hour" television and radio ministry and for Falwell's Liberty Mission Society.
- There are a number of intriguing relationships among the various entities and individuals who have served the ministry in a variety of ways.
- Some accounting practices in the Falwell ministry have been questioned, beginning as long ago as 1973, when the ministry floated a bond issue later characterized by federal investigators as "false and misleading."
- Despite his role as the self-appointed moral arbiter of the American people, Jerry Falwell at one time had as one of his financial advisers a man who had been convicted of securities fraud and income tax evasion and was also suspected by police of involvement in drug smuggling; he also received an unsecured $300,000 loan from the Falwell ministry.

This article, the first in a series, includes several mysteries, some of which may never be resolved. The central mystery, of course, is Jerry Falwell himself.

By now, the story of the astonishing rise of Jerry Falwell is well known, the subject of countless articles and television programs. Most students of the Falwell phenomenon know, for example, how he founded his church in a vacant Donald Duck soft-drink plant on Thomas Road in Lynchburg, Va., in 1956 (inspiring local wags to call it the "Donald Duck Baptist Church") and how he built it up over the years until his congregation now numbers 17,000 members. Today the Falwell empire includes the "Old Time Gospel Hour" television program (392 stations around the country), a Christian day school, a seminary, Liberty Baptist College, a home for alcoholics, and, of course, the Moral Majority organization. To run it all, Falwell employs over 1,000 people and takes in over $50 million in annual, tax-deductible contributions. He is beyond a doubt the most talked-about and successful evangelist in the country today.

And yet the public knows next to nothing about Falwell's financial operations, although in his sermons and newsletters he harps constantly on the subject of money. In return for contributions, he distributes "Faith Partner" Bibles or a "Parchment Christian Bill of Rights" or "Jesus First" pins (the *t* forming a cross) or an American flag or copies of Falwell's latest book or cassette tapes of his sermons. But just how much money there really is and just how it is distributed are subjects that are rarely discussed and never in any detail—at least publicly. As for the shadows that have periodically darkened the ministry, they are sometimes acknowledged, but they have never been fully explained. One of these shadows, *Penthouse* has learned, almost wrecked the ministry just as Falwell's career was taking off.

It began on September 27, 1972, when Falwell's Thomas Road Baptist Church contracted with a Houston organization called Cooperative Church Finance to sell $2.5 million in bonds. Falwell seemed to be flying high then: he commanded a new $2 million sanctuary, a combined preaching space and television studio. He had begun a bus ministry, importing new parishioners from the countryside outside Lynchburg. On Thomas Road's tenth anniversary, June 8, 1970, no less a figure than Sen. Harry Byrd was on hand to autograph Bibles. In 1971 Falwell founded his own institution of higher learning, later renamed Liberty Baptist College. The church owned a Cessna 414 and a Convair 580. The college sponsored a trip to Israel. Falwell traveled. He wasn't one of the big evangelists yet, but he was getting there. The trouble was, his church desperately needed money, and it was selling some bonds.

The Securities and Exchange Commission is commendably alert when it comes to church bonds, and it was especially so in 1972; right about the time Falwell's church was preparing to market its issue, it was discovered that the head of the Baptist Foundation of America had linked up with organized crime to sell $26 million in worthless church paper. The commission's attention was drawn to the Falwell issue because the principals of CCF, Thomas Road's broker, had recently been enjoined from making material misstatements and omissions in a case involving the bonds of a Baptist church in Houston.

The SEC examiner made some interesting discoveries. He discovered that the Thomas Road financial statements reproduced in the offering circular were current only to July 31, 1972, although many changes had subsequently taken place in

The story of the Falwell ministry's finances is sufficiently complicated that it is extremely difficult to tell the players without a scorecard. Here, for the convenience of readers, are the principal dramatis personae of this tale:

Copeland, Kenneth: a Corpus Christi, Tex., evangelist.

Downs, Claude Locklan: executive of Fidelity Plan, Inc., and Institution Finance Co. Later served briefly as chief executive officer of "Old Time Gospel Hour." Has since returned to the church bond business.

Falwell, Jerry: an influential Baptist preacher headquartered in Lynchburg, Va., also head of Moral Majority.

Gunter, Daniel: executive of Fidelity Plan, Inc., and Institution Finance Co.

Hughes, Russell: former president of Metropolitan Bank of Central Virginia.

MacArthur, Christine: mother-in-law of F. William Menge.

MacArthur, Samuel: Detroit industrialist, father-in-law of F. William Menge. Deceased.

Menge, F. William: confidence man and convicted tax evader, sometime associate of known drug smugglers. A former Falwell ministry board member and adviser. Deceased.

Menge, Joan: wife of F. William Menge.

Moore, Sam: head of Thomas Nelson Publishing Co. and former board member of the "Old Time Gospel Hour."

Morris, Max: former member of "Old Time Gospel Hour" board. Associate of F. William Menge.

Robertson, Pat: evangelist and host of Christian "700 Club" on television.

Robison, James: evangelist based in Hurst, Tex. Vice-president of Religious Roundtable, a New Right coalition organization.

Roloff, Brother Lester: Texas evangelist who operates controversial homes for troubled children.

Spicer, Jerry: former television stunt man and an associate of F. William Menge.

Stubbs, James: former prosecutor, Livingston County, Missouri. Currently a judge in that state.

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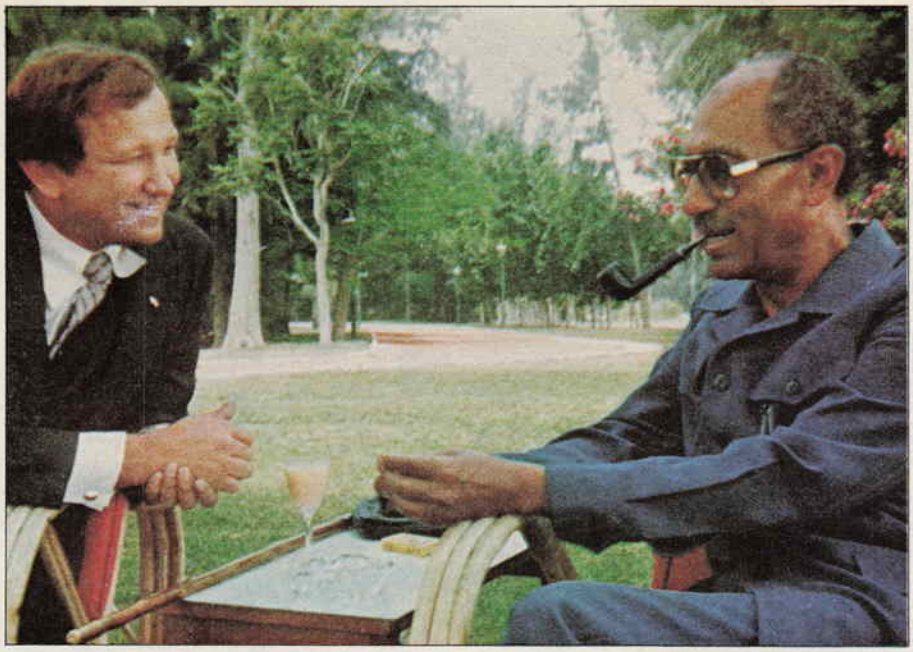


F. William Menge with Egypt's President Anwar Sadat.

the church's balance sheet and $1.2 million worth of bonds remained to be sold. He discovered that the church claimed to own 25,000 shares of Virginia International Corporation worth $1.1 million—when, in fact, it owned none at the time of the offering in 1972. Ten months later Falwell's church owned only 3,000 shares, while the 22,000 additional pledged but undelivered shares were restricted as to sale or transfer; furthermore, they were worth only $625,000. He also discovered that at least 70 of the 237 acres of property pledged as security were not owned by the church and that most of the church's other property was already encumbered. He discovered that, in addition to the $2.5 million offering, the church had already sold more than $5.2 million in general-obligation bonds, in large part to Falwell's television audience, on the basis of a three-page brochure that disclosed little more than the interest rate.

As the SEC dug deeper, it got worse. The church's books, which were kept by Falwell's brother-in-law, were in such a state of chaos that it was impossible to tell if anyone was misappropriating funds, as the examiner himself pointedly noted. The church expenditures exceeded income by at least $50,000 a month, with the deficit rising to $185,579 in May 1973. The church owed local creditors more than $580,000 and radio and television stations around $1.4 million. Some $1.2 million in notes was due. No reserve existed to pay off the general obligation bonds. Overall, the church's total liabilities exceeded $15.5 million, and its $15.8 million in assets consisted largely of encumbered property, which was carried on the books at appraised value (the basis for which appraisal could not be determined) and without any allowance for depreciation.

Under the circumstances, the SEC had little difficulty in deciding that the church's bond offering was characterized by "false and misleading" statements.

On August 10, 1973, a federal court permanently enjoined the Thomas Road Baptist Church from using the mail or any other interstate means to obtain money and property by making untrue statements concerning its financial condition.

Falwell has since claimed that the SEC was out to get him, although it is hard to imagine why; in 1973 he was just another of God's many Barnums, his glory days were yet to come, and there was no dispute over the facts of the matter. The *Penthouse* investigation disclosed no evidence of any such SEC "plot." It was simply that the books were in such a mess that it was impossible to determine whether anyone knew that irregularities existed. In the end, the church was placed under the supervision of a committee of respected local businessmen.

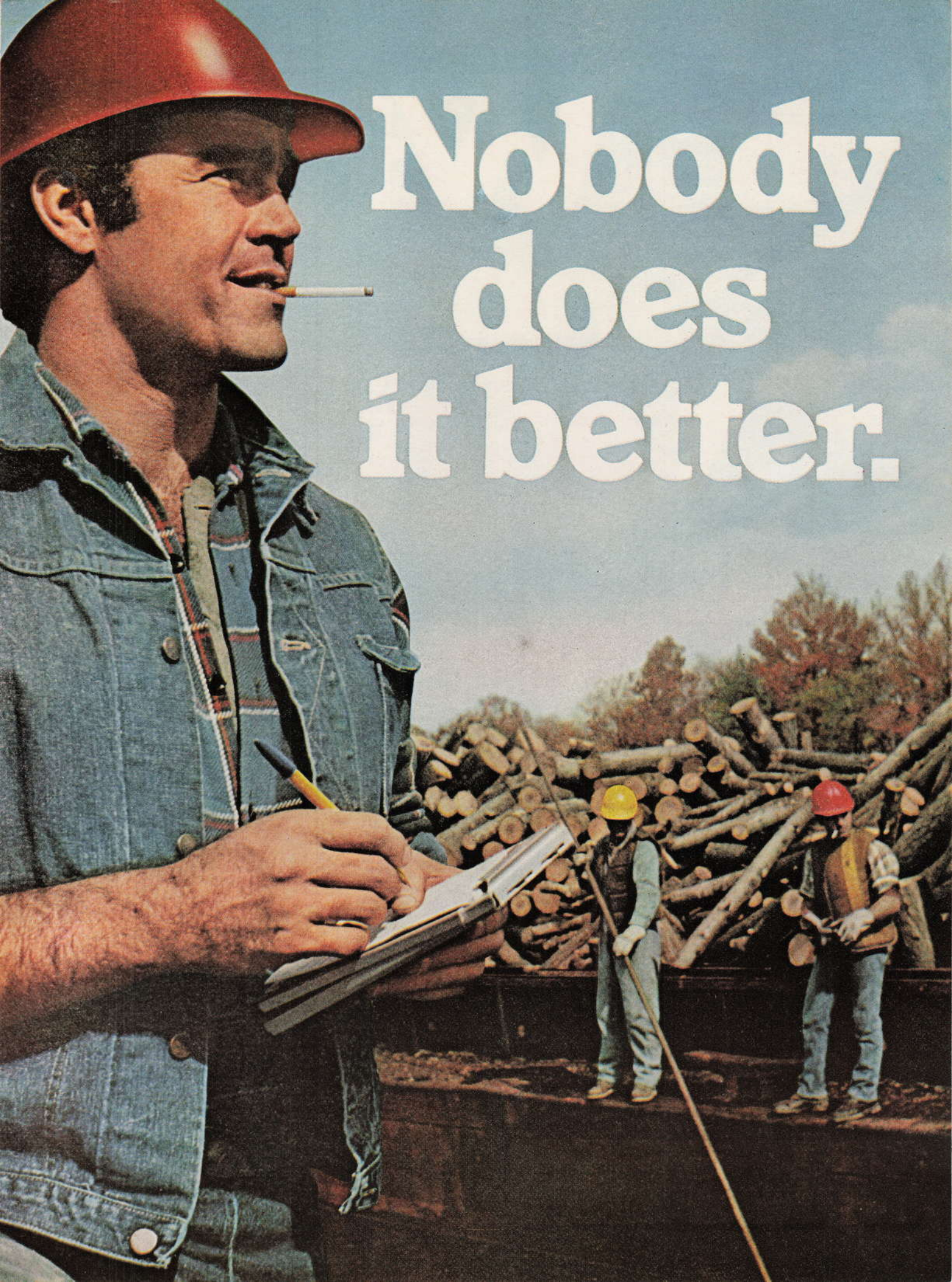
By and large, that committee did a splendid job, but it did so in a rather unique way. In less than four years' time it succeeded in bringing the church's finances under control, rationalizing its debt, and placing it firmly in the black. The instrument through which all these good things were accomplished was the Reverend Jerry Falwell himself. To all intents and purposes, the church had but a single expandable asset, and Falwell was it; as he throve, so did the church. The Christian businessmen of Lynchburg therefore found themselves in effect actively ratifying the great expansion of Falwell's media exposure that occurred during this period, which allowed him to say more outrageous things to far more people than he ever had before, perfect his technique, and (not incidentally) sell a great many Bibles, flags, and pins, the proceeds from which did much to balance the books. A lot of the Bibles came from the Thomas Nelson Publishing Company, whose president, Sam Moore, would later sit on Falwell's board of directors.

While the committee was helping Falwell turn himself into a star in order to pay the bills, it also had to hold off the usual corps of loonies and confidence men who were attracted by the irresistibly mingled scents of crisis and money—the man who promised to apply some of the proceeds from the sale of an illusory iron mine, old ladies with equally illusory fortunes, crackpot inventors, and, not least of all, certain shrewd men. In dealing with these last, the *cordon sanitaire* the committee had attempted to throw around the ministry proved to be somewhat permeable.

To aid it in its struggle for survival during this dark period, the ministry obtained a loan of about $200,000 from the Institution Finance Company, an affiliate of a Georgia-based church bond company called Fidelity Plan, Inc. Fidelity Plan was headed by Daniel Gunter and Claude Locklan Downs. Between 1969 and 1973, Fidelity Plan sold a large quantity of church bonds, channeling the proceeds into Institution Finance, which then lent them out—mainly to churches (such as, for instance, Falwell's) and to its parent, Fidelity Plan, and to Gunter and Downs. This shifting of funds apparently contributed to a small cash flow problem. Eventually, the practice attracted the attention of the SEC investigators. Fidelity Plan was acquired by an entity called Omnibus Group Inc., and Gunter and Downs were banned from the securities market for a year. In addition, they were barred from becoming officers of the acquiring corporation. In 1977, as the SEC oversight committee was winding down its affairs, Downs briefly became chief executive officer of Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour", the principal source of the ministry's money. Apparently Downs's dubious track record suggested nothing to Falwell. Downs left the ministry six months later.

In his short lifetime Bill Menge wore many hats and fouled many nests, and his attraction for Falwell was evidently a shared fascination for a certain substance that was central to both their lives: money. Falwell has been variously characterized as naive, gullible, and greedy, and Menge has been described as another Billy Sol Estes.

There is much concerning the tangled affairs of F. William Menge that will probably never be known, much that can only be surmised, and much that is not germane to this inquiry. The pertinent facts are these: Menge was born in Los Angeles on January 15, 1943, the son of an itinerant trumpet player and small-time band leader who later moved with the child to Hannibal, Mo., Mark Twain's hometown. By all accounts, young Menge was a charming lad, an inveterate liar, and a worshiper of wealth and power. At some point he managed to get himself unofficially adopted by a prosperous family that provided him with the automobiles with which he gained a small measure of notoriety in the Missouri traffic courts—the first of his numerous brushes with the law. He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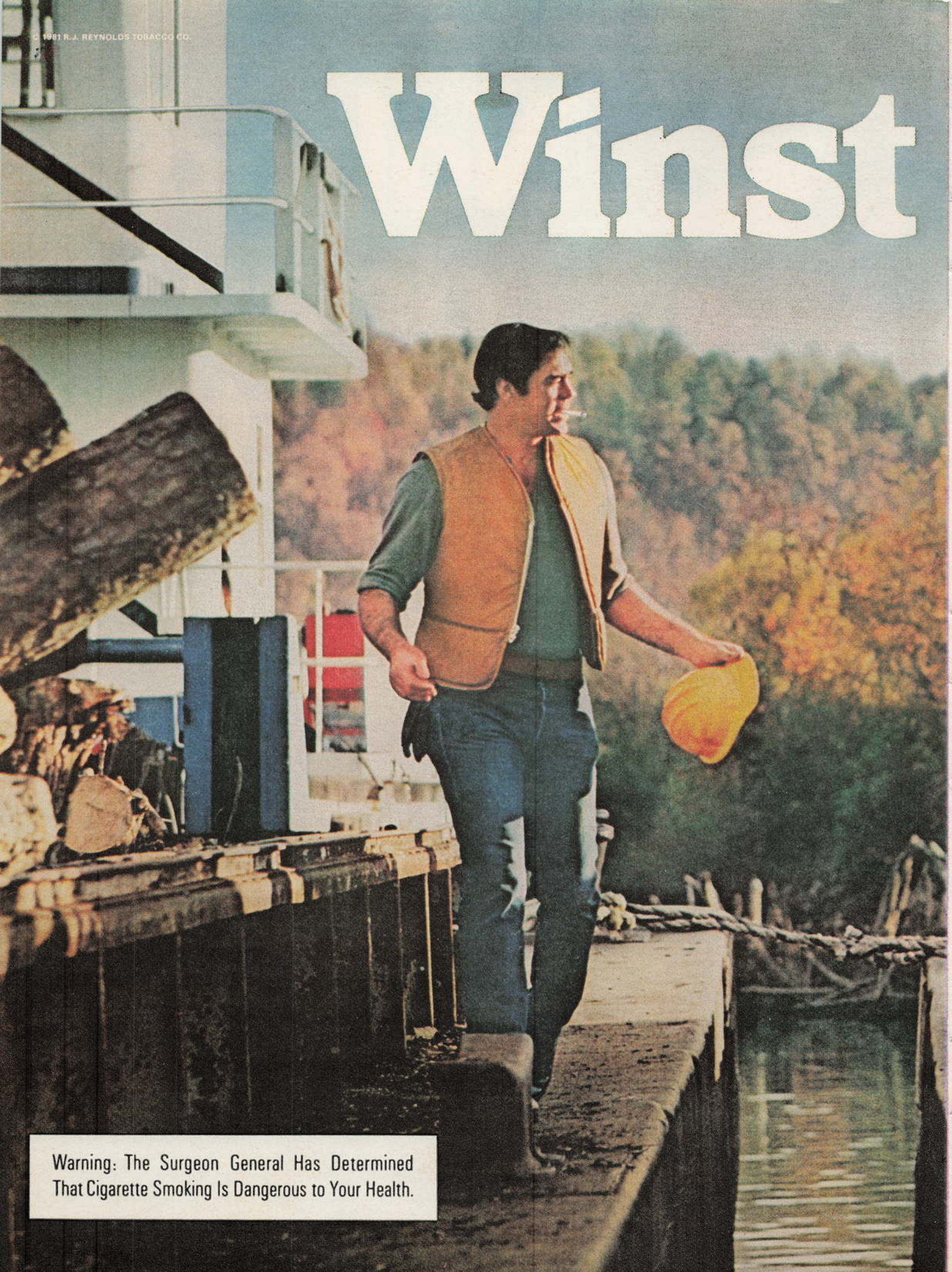

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attended the University of Missouri, failed to graduate, and married Joan Christine MacArthur, daughter of Samuel MacArthur, the well-to-do head of the Federal Mogul Corporation of Detroit.

He also went into the insurance business, where he had a curious career. Between August 24, 1966, and October 13, 1970, he was licensed by no fewer than six companies. Each company, in turn, found it necessary to dispense with his services; the longest he held a license was a little less than two years; the shortest, a few days shy of three months. But if Menge was something of a washout as an insurance agent, his travels were making him familiar with the northwestern part of his home state of Missouri, particularly the area around a place called Chillicothe, and it soon occurred to him that there might be another way of making his fortune. He established a company called International Enterprise, Inc., and despite the fact that he shortly allowed its corporate charter to lapse and that he neglected to get himself licensed to sell securities, he set out to peddle some worthless stock. "Bill picked up a lot of buzzwords like 'conglomerate,' says Judge James Stubbs, the former Livingston County prosecutor who hauled Menge into court on charges of fraud, "and he used to throw them around just as though he knew what he was talking about." He was very good at it.

Menge had moved to Florida by this time, to the town of Apopka, near Orlando, but he regularly returned to Missouri to make his pitch and hook in the suckers—to the tune, eventually, of at least $33,327.25. By and large, it was not an unusual scam, but it had some suggestive features. Under its nonexistent corporate umbrella, International Enterprise gathered a mink oil operation in Colorado, a company marketing plastic sign-making machinery that didn't work, a company marketing a device for raising pleasure boats out of the water (soon defunct), Menge's own real-estate company called Rebel Hills Development Corporation (lapsed charter, no activity), a scheme for obtaining discounts for purchasing goods with cash, something called Midwest Communications Incorporated (entertainment, never got off the ground), something else called International Management Corporation, and a New York talent agency. Typical of the nature of such things, International Enterprise paid at least one dividend, although the bulk of its assets consisted of the contributions of its victims.

Not surprisingly, by far the largest stockholder proved to be F. William Menge, who therefore pocketed the majority of the take. In July 1972 Stubbs charged him with fraud; he was convicted of fraudulent sales of securities on August 8, 1973, and on March 6, 1974, he was sentenced to a two-year suspended sentence and five years' probation. Shortly thereafter he began appearing before his old friends in Hannibal with a Bible in his hand and verses of Scripture on his lips. "Churches don't get taxed, and they don't have to fool with the IRS," Stubbs recalled Menge saying.

As might be expected, he was a strange kind of Christian. The first time he met Menge, says Jerry Spicer, a former television stunt man who became one of his associates, "Menge professed to me to be a born-again Christian, and at the same time he was smoking a joint, and he asked me if I wanted a hit, and I said, 'No, I don't participate,' and he said, 'Well, this is the only vice I've got, and the Lord will certainly overlook that little point.' "

Yet by all accounts, Menge was utterly convincing in the role. There is something more than a little schizophrenic about the best of con men, an ability to fall in so perfectly with the masquerade that it becomes almost identical with reality, and Menge was no exception. Although by most accounts he was none too articulate, he could not only charm the birds down from the trees but also separate shrewd men—including Jerry Spicer—from their money.

Meanwhile, he was passing bad checks in Florida. He was also doing some other things, *Penthouse* has learned. One of the people associated with Menge turned out to be a suspected narcotics trafficker. According to law enforcement intelligence files, this person was a major distributor of narcotics, specifically marijuana and brown Mexican heroin. In police parlance he was a known associate of F. William Menge, as was another man listed in police intelligence files as a Florida narcotics kingpin. In May 1974 three of Menge's vans were confiscated by the police in a raid near Gainesville. The vans had been lent to a well-known narcotics dealer. Menge also either lent or rented (the police could never figure out which) a Winnebago to still another narcotics trafficker, who used it to transport 23,000 pounds of marijuana. Menge was questioned but not charged in both of these incidents, although Spicer says that Menge had "some tremendous ties" to Colombia, South America, where a lot of cocaine and marijuana comes from. Menge's name began to appear on police intelligence files. It is also worth noting that on November 21, 1979, Menge was strip-searched by customs officials after he debarked from an international flight at O'Hare Airport, on his way back from a trip to the Middle East. As federal drug agents told *Penthouse,* strip searches are almost exclusively associated with suspicion of narcotics smuggling. Nothing was found.

Menge was a busy man in Florida. Not only was he under suspicion of making his motor homes available to narcotics smugglers, but also he sold them to profession-

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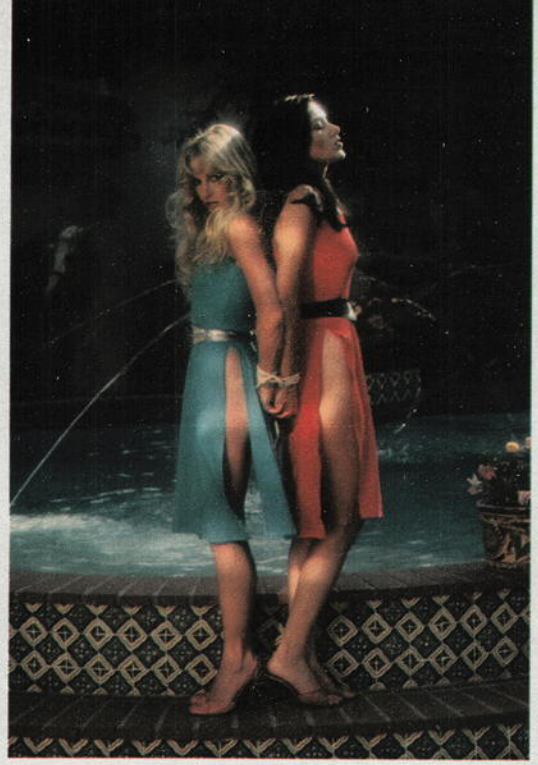

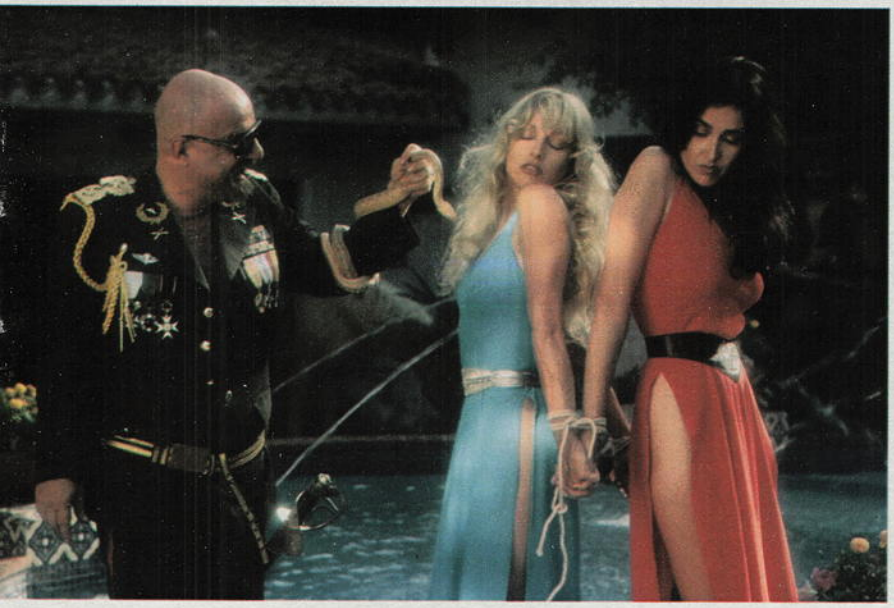

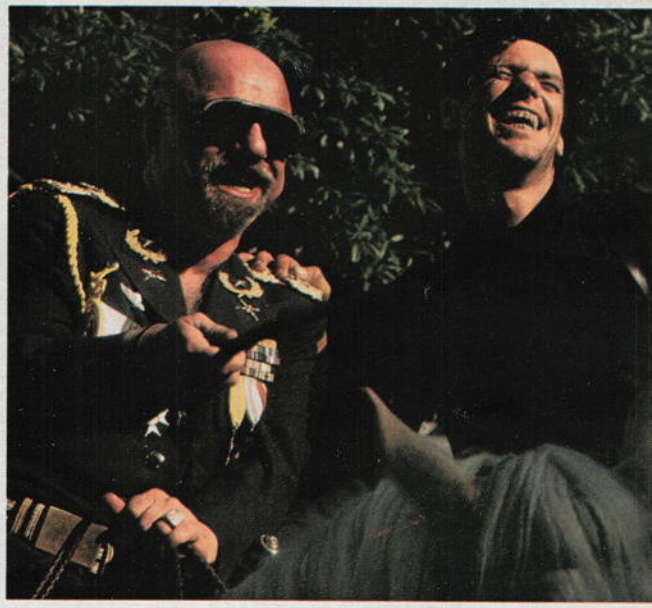

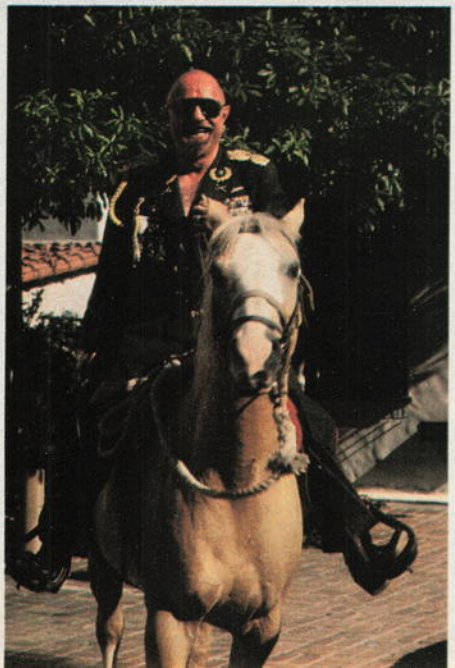

TO RUSH IN WITH LOVE

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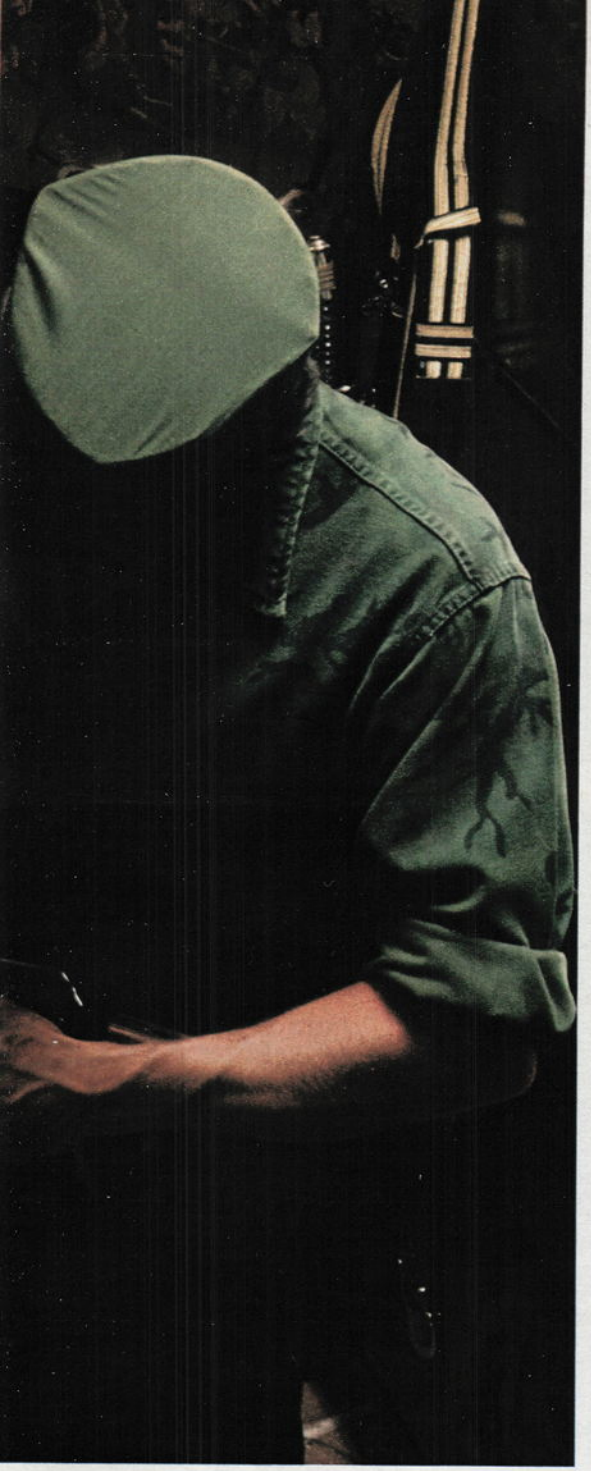
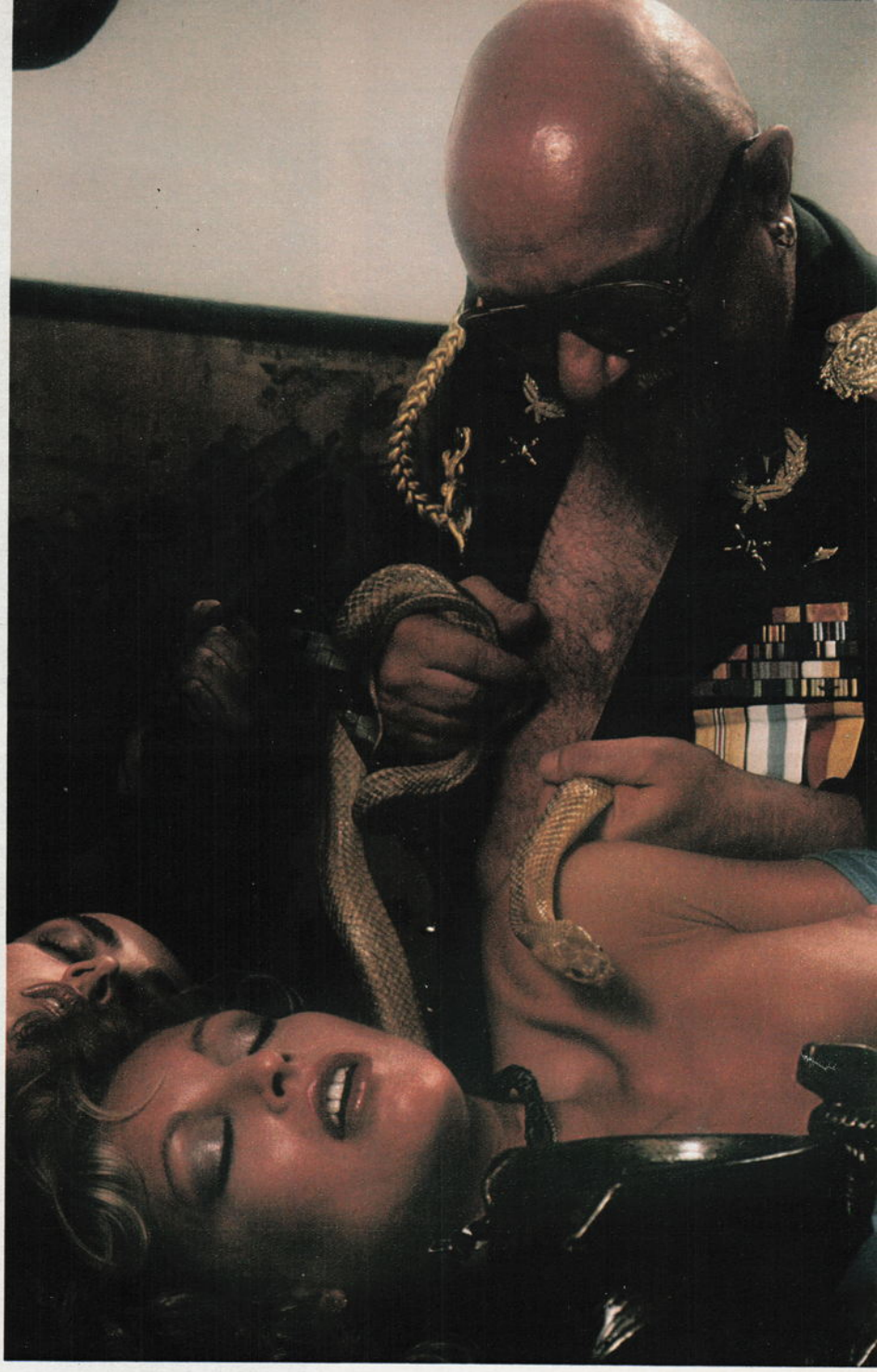
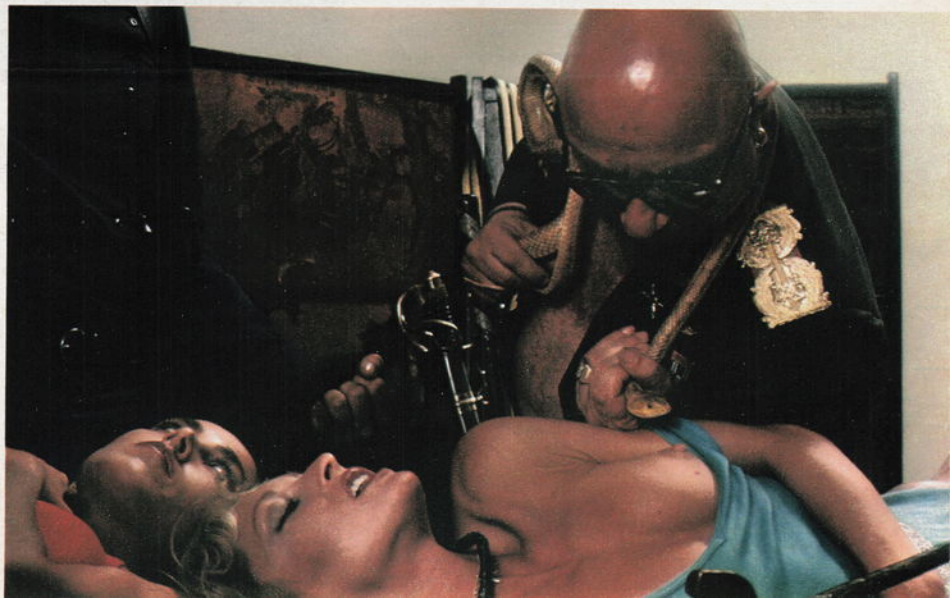
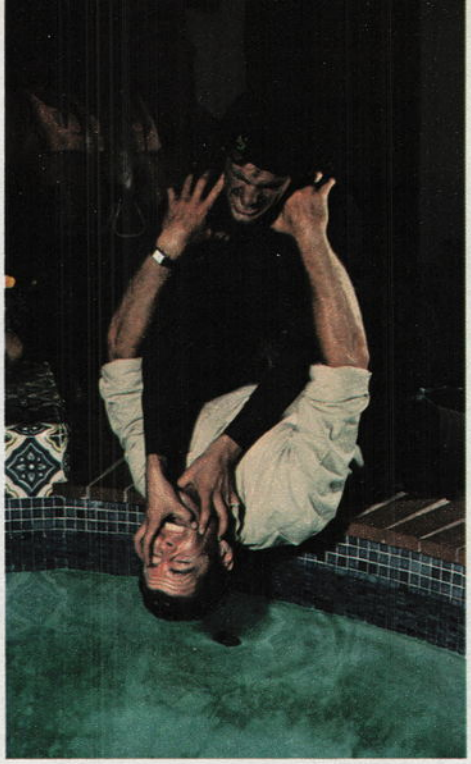


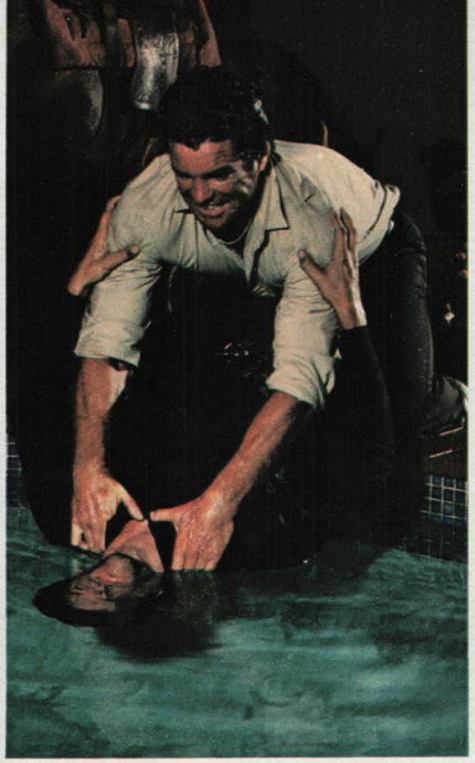


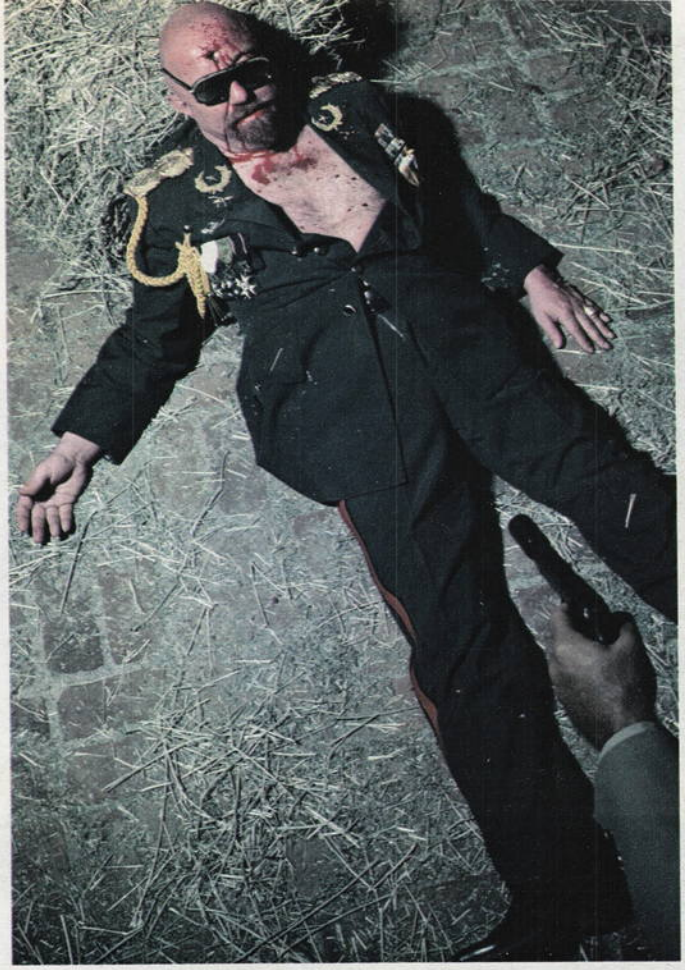
The heinous plot is simple. Get Bond by his two favorite balls: Barbara Black (the brunette) and Ursula Undress (the blond), the lady spies who love him. After kidnapping them in their sleep, arch-villains Dr. No-No and Coldfinger nudge them awake—allowing snakes to slither where Bond always touched them most . . . deeply.

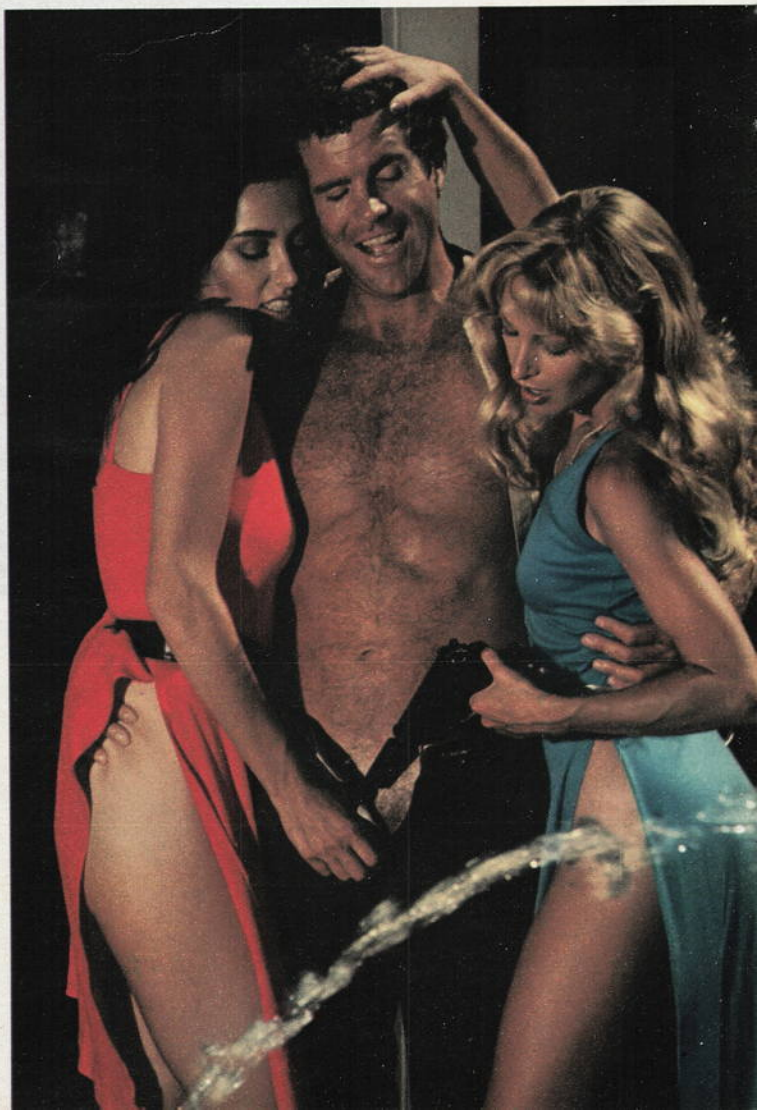


Finding both beds cold, 007 races to his ladies' rescue. Yet in his frustrated fervor, he becomes a bit of a . . . Blunderball. One guard stuns him with a vicious karate kick; another tries to drown him, though Bond is quick to turn the tide. Christening a sentry with a bottle, etc., etc. Bond has it made, till a rifle butt brings him down. Our hero's hands are tied . . . the island is his! Dr. No-No is dead, and everyone else has fled . . . Only Coldfinger remains.

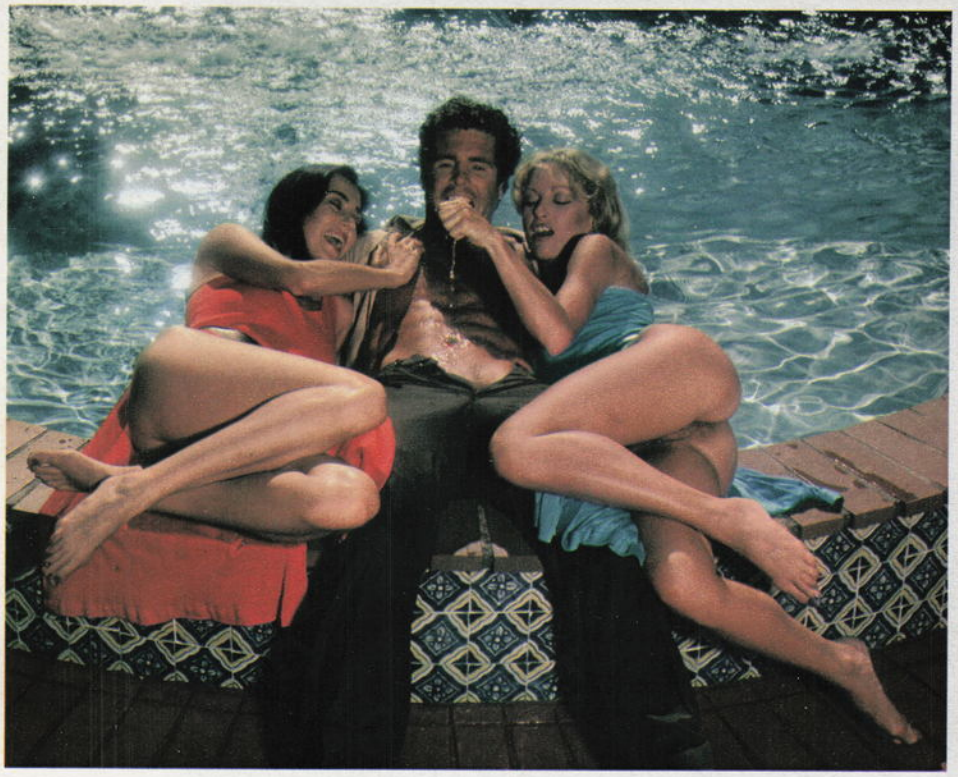


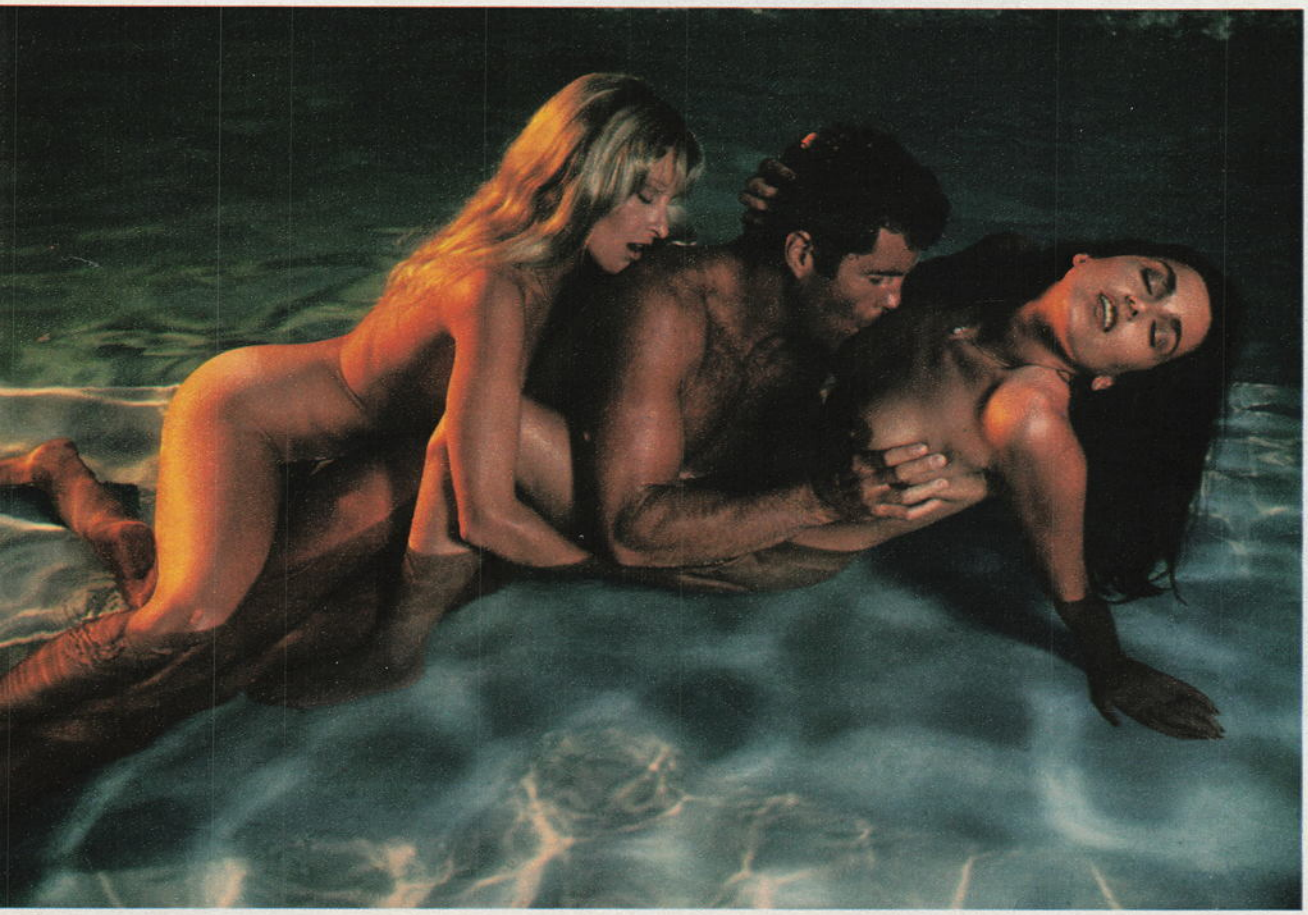






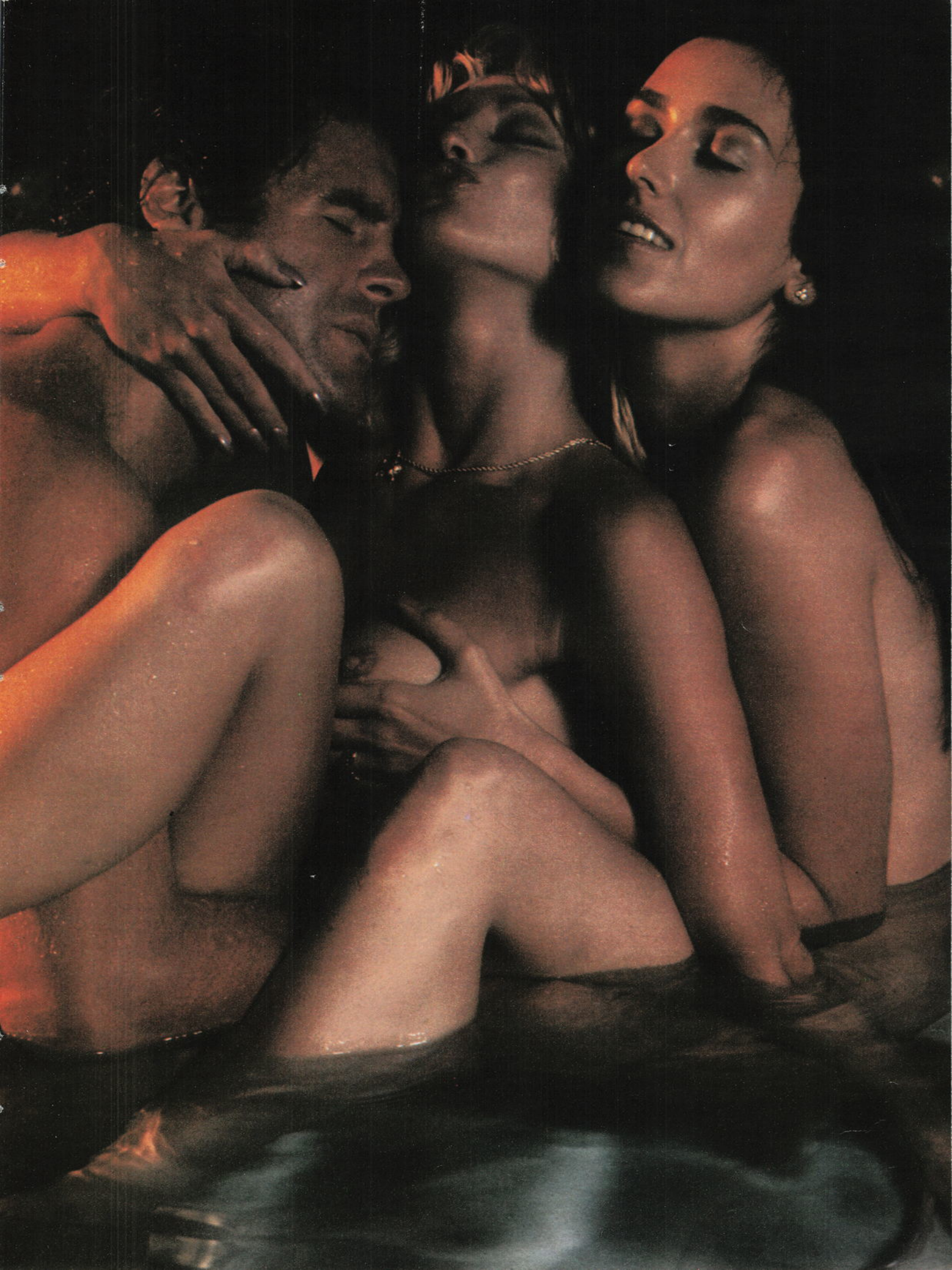
Meanwhile, the captives summon their inner resources, ply their softest secret weapons. Eager to rush in with love to save their savior, they bribe their guards with multiple delirious tremors, leaving them weak and breathless. Undoing the ties that bind them, Bond delivers the good news: Coldfinger is dead . . . blown away like an autumn leaf by Bond himself! Goodness vanquishes evil once again, sparing 007's soft 38-inch squeezes, saving the world for democracy and subjecting us all to the expanding universe of James Bond sequels —the price we pay for freedom! Relieved, the victors celebrate all night long, forming their eternal triangle: blond Venus and the black-haired bombshell show Bond their more than mutual appreciation . . .





Laughing, they strip away his final defense, exposing the legendary groin that makes them groan. Bond eagerly fondles the breasts that beat so hard for freedom. All three stroke the lovely asses that fate and ill fortune had put on the line . . .

After that unexpected slump, the sensuous spies know the Bond market never looked better. . . Neither girl can keep her soft hands off him—or, for that matter, off each other. "As members of Her Majesty's Secret Service," groans 007, giving Miss Undress a final, shuddering thrust, "we're all in this together. . ."



Thirsting as always for still more action-packed adventures, the girls take turns feasting off the staff of life. With expert deftness, their pearllike, moon-raking teeth bring back dulled sensations to a world-weary Bond. "It's all for

your eyes only," they coo, summoning more seeds of greatness from their living legend. Thanking his lucky stars for the thousandth time, Bond stands erect and braces himself for another secret emission.

FALWELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

al people looking for tax shelters and leased them to tourists. According to Max Morris, a former Falwell board member and another Menge associate, he was also involved in another tax shelter scheme involving Florida cattle. According to some interpretations of Missouri law, the sale of tax shelters is the same as the sale of securities and was therefore in clear violation of his parole, but Menge's disregard for the niceties of the law was becoming chronic and notorious. In an interview with *Penthouse,* Morris estimated that he, personally, was eventually taken by Menge for close to $380,000 and Menge also got the title to Morris's house. Additionally, he attempted to cheat Spicer out of a motor home by obtaining duplicate titles and selling the vehicle twice; Spicer estimates that at one time Menge had $750,000 worth of duplicate titles financed around the country. (Later he even stole Spicer's department store credit card.) Nevertheless, and for reasons that remain obscure, Morris and Spicer remained associated with Menge until almost the very end.

It was neither drugs nor motor homes that brought about Menge's Florida downfall but taxes. On October 25, 1974, he was arrested by federal agents on charges that he had failed to file quarterly employee tax reports for his Recreational Activities Corporation, and he was eventually given a year's suspended sentence and a $1,500 fine. The conviction was too much for Judge Stubbs, who was already alarmed by yet another of Menge's tax shelter schemes involving the sale of rare-breed cattle in collaboration with his father-in-law. He ordered Menge returned to Missouri, where he could keep an eye on him. Unfortunately, Stubbs was in Chillicothe, and Menge elected to settle down on his old stamping grounds in the Hannibal-Palmyra region, two-thirds of the way across the state, where he represented himself as an employee of Credit Control Service of Quincy, Ill. Perhaps so, but his fertile mind was already hatching another scheme that Stubbs didn't know anything about. Again in partnership with his father-in-law, he formed MacMen Financial Services, a computerized collection agency specializing in the past-due debts of members of the Strategic Air Command.

It is not entirely clear how Menge came to be associated with Falwell. Max Morris, a former Falwell board member, told *Penthouse* that they first encountered each other at a religious rally in Missouri, but it might have had more to do with money than religion.

Following the death of Menge's father-in-law, it occurred to his widow, a devout Christian and admirer of Falwell, that she might be able to do something for Falwell's ministry. At first, she seems to have wanted to make an outright gift of cash, but she was persuaded that this would not be a good idea because of the tax situation, and according to subsequent court testimony, she decided to present Falwell with an executive jet aircraft instead. The conduit for the gift was her son-in-law, F. William Menge. Soon, however, it appeared that the airplane belonged to Menge. Mrs. MacArthur was then apparently persuaded by Menge to lend the "Old Time Gospel Hour" $450,000 through the agency of MacMen, which obligation was later wiped out, replaced, and increased to $500,000 by means of a sale-leaseback agreement whereby Mrs. MacArthur bought many of the furnishings at Liberty Baptist College and leased them back for $65,000 a year. So far, so good; it is not an uncommon transaction. Mrs. MacArthur got some tax advantages, Falwell's ministry got money, and Menge got a seat on the "Gospel Hour" board. With the assistance of an additional $48,200 of his mother-in-law's money, he bought an estate in suburban Forest and moved his family to Virginia. These various transactions consumed the bulk of Mrs. MacArthur's fortune. Menge was ready to begin the scam of his life, capitalizing on his close relationship to Falwell's ministry.

> During the week before his death, Menge said that he was going to "tell all" and that people were "going to go to jail." Before he could explain his statement, he was found dead.

The details of Menge's subsequent peculations and eventual bankruptcy would fill a small but very dense volume, and the full story has yet to emerge. He blew into Lynchburg, the home base for Falwell's operations, declaring himself to be a Christian businessman with 17 companies and $70 million in assets. His air of association with Falwell gave him a degree of sanctity, and the banks gave him money. He obtained a portion of this money by establishing shell corporations, some of them capitalized with as little as $500. He then used them to float some handsome loans, made a few actual purchases (tractor-trailers for Venture Leasing and a medical center for the Jefferson Corporation), and pocketed the rest. It is a time-honored and relatively uncomplicated scam, but it worked; he got at least $322,449.79 out of the Bank of Virginia alone.

But shell companies weren't the half of it; once on the board of the Falwell ministry, Menge went nova. He had been experimenting with another scam since at least the time of his "conversion" in 1974, and his exploitation of Falwell was only his most successful version of it. It involved preachers, and it worked very simply. He would choose a ministerial mark and do a very considerable, no-strings favor for him, such as setting the impoverished pastor up in a comfortable office and providing him with a secretary. The minister was naturally very pleased by this act of selfless charity, and he talked about it. If things worked out properly, some of the people he spoke to were bankers and prosperous citizens, to whose capacious purses Menge thus obtained access. (Indeed, it was in just this fashion that Max Morris first made Menge's acquaintance. Menge immediately borrowed $15,000 and disappeared for several years only to reappear in the company of Jerry Falwell.)

As Menge refined his pitch, he would move in on both the church's pastor and its stewardship committee, holding out bright promises of vast sums of money from such untapped sources as corporations and foundations, with Menge showing them how to obtain it, but the object was the same: access to the church's money men. After he joined the "Gospel Hour" board and became close to Falwell, Menge added a further wrinkle to the scheme, trying it out in New Jersey.

Here's what happened: when Fidelity Plan's affiliate, Institution Finance, filed for bankruptcy in December 1973, one of the entities left holding the bag was the deeply troubled Saddle Brook Baptist Church in Saddle Brook, N.J. Its pastor, Paul Gelatt, became chairman of Institution's creditors committee, and in due time a plan for recovering some of the church's lost money evolved and was approved by the court. In part, the arrangement involved an assignment of $85,220 of the loan to Falwell's Thomas Road Baptist Church, which sum would now be paid to Saddle Brook by Thomas Road.

In what Saddle Brook's bankruptcy accountants later termed "an ingenious transaction," the money soon underwent dramatic shrinkage. Thomas Road paid off $53,293.75 of the note to Saddle Brook, leaving an outstanding balance of $31,976.25, which was then assigned by Saddle Brook to Windcrest Manor, a planned profit-making nursing home owned by the Saddle Brook church. Windcrest Manor, in turn, made a tax-deductible contribution of $31,976.25 to the Thomas Road Baptist Church, converting (in the words of the accountants) a "bad debt" into "a charitable contribution." On the surface it all looks very tidy. Thomas Road, struggling to strengthen its financial position, escaped a substantial obligation. Saddle Brook Baptist's nursing home received a handsome tax deduction. But there were a couple of things wrong. Saddle Brook, facing bankruptcy, needed every penny it could lay its hands on. And the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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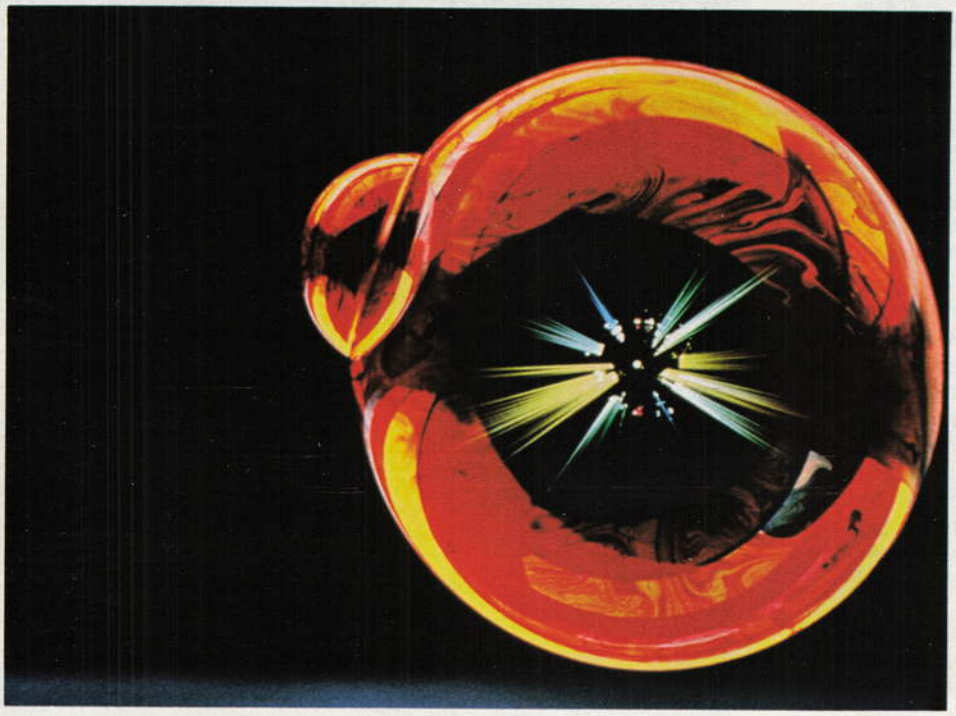

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OMNI
THE FUTURE MAKES A PERFECT PRESENT

Four years ago a sex scandal involving a thirteen-year-old girl forced the famed movie director to flee to Europe. The whole story is finally told.

ROMAN POLANSKI'S ESCAPE FROM HOLLYWOOD

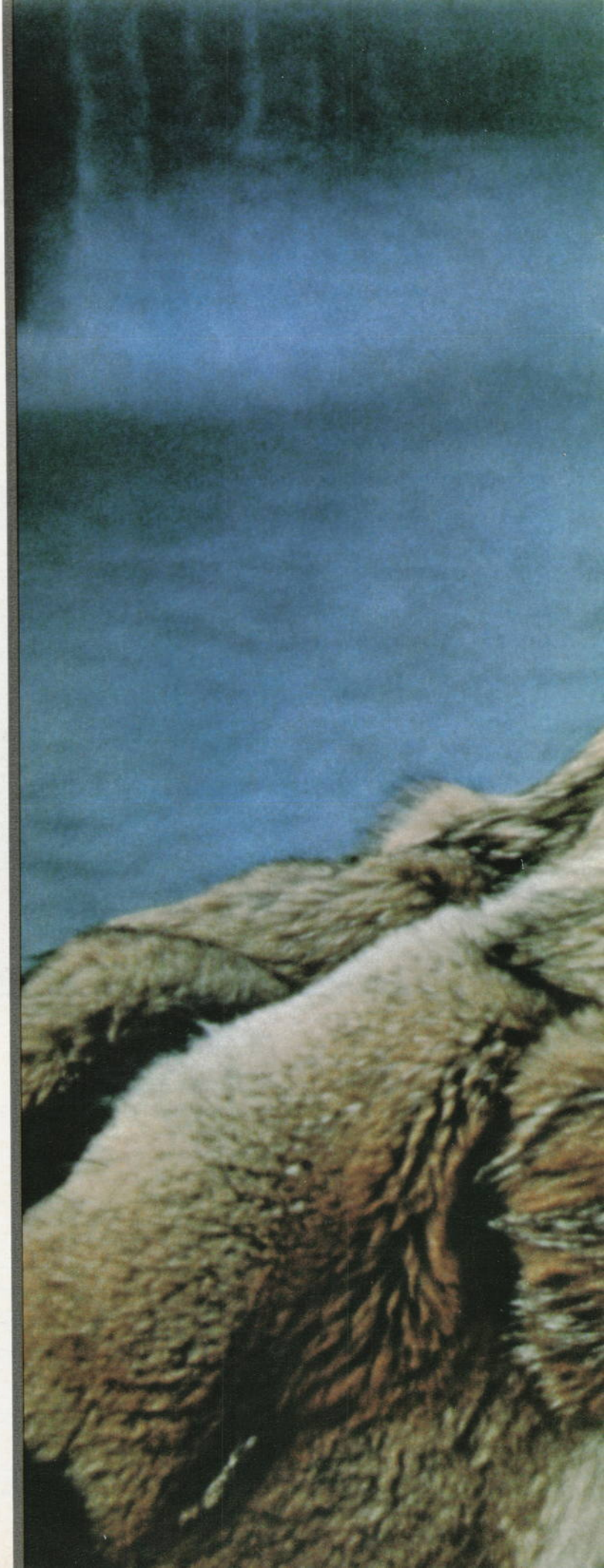
BY BARBARA LEAMING

Roman Polanski accepted an assignment from *Vogue Hommes*, a sophisticated French men's magazine, to shoot a photo spread on little girls of the world. It was 1977, and Polanski, still unable to secure financing for *Pirates*, signed a development deal with Columbia Pictures to script and direct an adaptation of Lawrence Sanders's *The First Deadly Sin*. He decided to work on the scenario and gather candidates for the kiddie spread in California. While Polanski was in Paris, his friend Henri Sera reminded him of a woman Sera had introduced him to the year before in a Los Angeles bar. A minor actress, she had two daughters. Sera was dating one of them and suggested her younger sister, then 13, as a potential model.

Arriving in Los Angeles, Polanski checked into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and telephoned the woman's home in Woodland Hills in the San Fernando Valley no less than 11 times. On February 13, Polanski drove his rented Mercedes to visit mother and child and make his pitch. Ushering him into the living room, the attractive woman in her thirties told Polanski that the child was waiting in her bedroom; so they could talk. As credentials, Polanski brought the issue of the French *Vogue* he had guest-edited. The photos of Nastassia Kinski had an erotic undertone, but she *was* fully clothed—and the mother got the impression that Polanski would be photographing her child for French *Vogue*, an exciting prospect because of the magazine's status and influence. But French *Vogue* is a fashion magazine *for women*, different in tone and audience from its often erotic counterpart, *Vogue Hommes*.

When Polanski mentioned that he was looking for an 11-year-old, the mother admitted that her daughter was 13, perhaps too old for his needs. Polanski said he would have a look anyway, and

From the forthcoming book, *Polanski: His Life and Films*, to be published by Simon & Schuster. Copyright © 1982 by Barbara Leaming



PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS STOCK

Photograph by Dennis Stock/Magnum

the candidate was summoned before him. Sera had been right; she was perfect. Polanski set a date, February 20, for a photographing session. Recollecting this initial meeting, the mother would hit upon an important fact: they had discussed the child's age. Polanski *knew* she was 13.

A week later Polanski was back, armed with cameras and equipment. The first session took place behind the house, but when the mother asked to watch, Polanski suggested that this would "inhibit" her daughter; so she left them alone. After a few routine shots, Polanski asked the child to remove her blouse but assured her that he would crop the photos to avoid showing her "boobies," as he called her breasts. Polanski didn't think topless photography improper, since it is common in Europe. But the child was dubious enough not to tell her mother. As far as the woman knew, her daughter had been clothed throughout.

Another photography session with the 13-year-old was scheduled for March 10, but this time Polanski wanted to take her to the home of a friend, Victor Drey, on Mulholland Drive. Polanski turned up at Woodland Hills to pick her up and to give the mother Drey's telephone number. A friend of the child's was visiting, and the mother assumed that Polanski would take the two of them, but as they got ready to leave, she saw that the friend wasn't getting into the car. She rushed over to ask what had happened. Polanski, the friend said, had told her she couldn't come. The mother watched as Polanski and her daughter drove off together.

Later, when she dialed Drey's number, a woman on the other end of the phone assured her that everything was all right. Other people were present, and Polanski was busy shooting pictures. As the light began to dim, Polanski decided to move to Jack Nicholson's house, also on Mulholland Drive. Nicholson, he knew, was in Aspen, Colo., and the house was being occupied by his girl friend, Anjelica Huston. Polanski phoned the Nicholson house and then the child's mother, giving her the new number and assuring her that Anjelica Huston would be present.

When Polanski and his model arrived at Nicholson's, only the caretaker, Helena Kallianotes, was there. Polanski asked for a drink, and she sent him to the refrigerator, where he found a magnum of champagne.

Later the young model would reconstruct the events that followed. She was confused about sequence and time because she and Polanski had been left alone by Miss Kallianotes and the champagne went to the 13-year-old's head. "I don't know how much, because I was drinking some of his, too. I just kept—I just kept drinking it for pictures and, you know." Polanski had begun to shoot more photos. Then he stopped and went into a bathroom. Following him, the girl saw that he had a container of pills, one of which was broken into three parts in his hand. "Is this a Quaalude?" he asked. She said yes, telling him that she had once taken a Quaalude that she had found; it belonged to her older sister. "Do you think I will be able to drive if I take it?" he asked. "Well, I guess I will." Then he swallowed it and asked her, "Do you want part?" "No . . . oh, okay," she replied. The champagne and the pill disoriented her.

Polanski photographed her in Nicholson's elaborate Jacuzzi, sometimes topless, sometimes totally nude. In a few shots she clutched glasses of champagne. Then Polanski began to take off his clothes to join her in the Jacuzzi. She was still alert enough to panic and told him they had to call her mother.

The telephone rang at the child's Woodland Hills home, and the mother answered. "Are you all right?" she asked her daughter.

"Un-huh."

"You want me to come and pick you up?"

"No."

After hanging up, the child had second thoughts and decided to fake an asthma attack—a condition from which she did not suffer—and asked Polanski to take her home, saying she was unable to breathe. Instead, he told her to go into a bedroom and lie down. She obeyed but would later

A month into the legal proceedings against Polanski, the parents of the 13-year-old victim hired attorney Lawrence Silver of Beverly Hills, Calif., to protect their daughter and preserve her anonymity. Normally a civil and business lawyer and previously chief of civil litigation for the state of Pennsylvania's Department of Justice, Silver was here undertaking his first rape case.

"I was not eager to handle a rape case," Silver stated. "I find it easier dealing with cases affecting people's pocketbooks rather than their lives." However, after meeting the girl's parents, Silver felt they needed legal help beyond that provided by the Los Angeles district attorney, since at the time it appeared that the case would become a media event.

Silver managed to preserve his client's anonymity and, unlike many prominent criminal lawyers, resisted seeking personal fame or fortune from the case. "I think another lawyer would have pursued a civil lawsuit against Polanski, because it would have been easy to collect," he said. In order to provide additional insight into the Polanski case, *Penthouse* sent Edward Rasen to talk with Silver. Portions of the exclusive interview follow.

Penthouse: What evidence do you have that the girl had sex with Polanski against her will?

Silver: When the police arrived at Jack Nicholson's house, they seized Polanski's film, the shots he'd taken of the girl, and they made proof sheets. As you look at this series of pictures, you see that Polanski has provided you with the sequence of events of the crime.

As I understand it, Polanski said to the girl, "I want to take some photographs of you in the Jacuzzi." She said, "No, I really don't want to get undressed." He says, "No, no, I really want to take photographs of you in the Jacuzzi," and she absolutely refuses. He then says, "What are you afraid of?" She says, "I don't want to take my clothes off." So he explains to her that when you turn on the Jacuzzi, the water bubbles and you can't see through the bubbles. I don't know if he added any soapsuds, but apparently that was true—you can't see through the bubbles. "Let's see your pretty tush," he said, and that sounded interesting to her. So he turned around, and she took off her clothes, got into the Jacuzzi, and kept her shoulders above the water as he started taking pictures.

He then says, "Stay there for a while," and he goes into the kitchen and gets this magnum or half-magnum of champagne which, apparently, Nicholson and Huston were saving for some special occasion. He gets out a champagne glass and opens the bottle of champagne and says, "Look, I'd like to take a picture of you holding the champagne glass to your mouth." There seems nothing wrong with that; so she says, "Okay." And then he says, "Well, anybody looking at these photographs of you pursing your lips and keeping them together can tell that you're not really drinking. I'd like you to open your mouth a little bit and let a little bit flow into your mouth so I can get a photograph of what it looks like when you're drinking. Oh—I didn't get a good shot. We'll have to fill it up again. I want to do that again." And the champagne tastes pretty good; she's had it on a few occasions. It was really good stuff.

And meanwhile, if you ever get a chance to see these pictures, you can see a full glass, three-quarters of a glass, full glass, three-quarters of a glass, full glass, three-quarters of a glass, empty glass, full glass, one-half of a glass, for almost the whole roll of film. After that, he said he found a Quaalude and would she like to try it? And she was feeling pretty good with that much champagne in her and says yes. And then, very shortly after she took the one-third of a Quaalude, she got panicky.

Penthouse: What was she panicky about?

Silver: You may recall that this was the time when Karen Anne Quinlan was in the newspapers—the girl who combined drugs with alcohol and lapsed into a coma. The fear that hit the girl in the Ja-

When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

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say, "I can barely remember anything that happened. . . . I was kind of dizzy, you know, like things were kind of blurry sometimes." Polanski had come into the room and began kissing her. After performing cunnilingus, he penetrated her vaginally, asking her, she recalled, if she used birth-control pills and when she had last menstruated. She didn't know how long his penis had been in her vagina, "but not a very long time." He withdrew before ejaculating. Then Polanski penetrated her anally, climaxing in her rectum. At this point, Anjelica Huston returned and knocked at the bedroom door. Polanski got up and went to talk to her. When he returned to the bed, he tried once more to have intercourse with the child. Finally the two of them got up and dressed, going out to speak briefly with Anjelica Huston before Polanski drove the girl home.

Back in Woodland Hills, she rushed into her house, ahead of Polanski, and as she brushed past her mother, she whispered, "If he asks, tell him I have asthma" and then closed herself into her bedroom. The woman's boyfriend and her elder daughter were in the living room, and she invited Polanski to join them. If the girl had acted strangely, Polanski was calm and controlled, offering them a look at the photos from the session in the backyard. Crude and poorly executed, the images weren't what the mother had expected. But when she spotted the topless shots, she grew really disturbed, although she knew Polanski couldn't publish them without a release. No one had the nerve to say anything about the poor quality of the images, and a meek attempt to get Polanski to turn over the topless shots was rebuffed. The encounter grew uncomfortable on both sides, and Polanski packed up his photos and left, after which it occurred to the mother that he had never produced a release form.

In her bedroom the girl called her 17-year-old boyfriend and told him what had gone on at Jack Nicholson's house. The boy wasn't sure whether to believe her, but her elder sister did, having listened to every word from the hallway. Shocked, she rushed in to tell their mother, who, when she finished listening, called her accountant, asking him to recommend a lawyer. But the lawyer he suggested wasn't at home, and next she dialed the police. Her daughter, she told them, had been raped.

She had called the police without consulting her daughter. The officers who responded escorted the child to Parkland Hospital for an examination. The 13-year-old, it seemed, had had two prior sexual experiences, one only two weeks before. She said that Polanski had performed oral sex upon her and then penetrated her vaginally and anally, climaxing in her rectum. No blood was found on her garments or perineum, and an anal examination turned up "no evidence of forced entry." There was, however, indication of semen on her panties. The tests were routinely undertaken to determine two things: whether there had been sexual contact and whether force had been used. But in the case of a 13-year-old in California, force was not technically an issue, since under the law of that state a child *cannot* consent.

The medical examination having been completed, the girl and her mother were questioned further by police. "What about the sodomy?" the teenager was asked. The child looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" When they defined it, she seemed to understand. "Oh," she said, "I just thought he was going in the wrong way."

Since the accused rapist was a public figure, the district attorney's office was called upon to monitor events. James Grodin, a young deputy district attorney, asked to question the victim alone while the mother waited outside with her boyfriend. Grodin found the girl's manner and appearance childish. As she related her story, she burst into tears several times. She told him that she had attempted to scream in the bedroom at Nicholson's house, but that she was so woozy from champagne and Quaaludes that no sound came out. Grodin came away from the interview convinced that she was telling the truth. But before he ordered an arrest, he wanted to be sure that the mother knew what she was getting into and wouldn't

cuzzi was "Oh, my God, I have just taken a Quaalude and all this liquor. The same thing that happened to Karen Anne Quinlan is going to happen to me." And at that point she said, "I want to go home." She wanted to tell her mother that she had better get some medical care. And Polanski wouldn't let her go home. He said, "Don't worry about it. You'll be all right." So the whole time she was afraid she was going to die.

This was pretty important, because her ability to . . . well, I don't know how champagne affects you, but two glasses not only makes me lose a little willpower but also makes me want to zonk out. And she had just enormous amounts of champagne. Plus she was in a hot Jacuzzi.

Penthouse: How could it be proved that she was raped by force?

Silver: In California rape by use of force is sort of a technical term, and it means, typically, rape by threatening somebody's life and overcoming their independent will by a physical fear. It can also mean that the person with whom you're having sexual contact does not have the will to say no, because they are overcome by force or the threat of force. If you use drugs or liquor to overcome their will, even though you haven't made an actual physical threat, the interference with the exercise of will is still called rape by force. And in this case Mr. Polanski had provided the police with photographic evidence of his plying the child with three-quarters of a magnum of champagne over a period of about half an hour.

Penthouse: And yet Polanski pleaded innocence at first?

Silver: Yes. We thought at first that there would have to be a trial, because Polanski maintained he was absolutely innocent. Indeed, he suggested that my client had fantasized the entire incident.

Penthouse: What changed Polanski's mind about his plea?

Silver: There was some hassle over the girl's underpants. There was something on her underpants, a stain of some sort, which the prosecution and the defense seemed to have a very peculiar and unseemly interest in. There was a rather lengthy meeting where several men sat over these pair of panties and finally cut them up, and then half was given to the prosecution and half was given to the defense. And about two weeks later I heard from Polanski's lawyer that, for the first time, Polanski might be interested in plea bargaining. But it was not until they got their half, or their portion of the stain on the underpants, that there was any talk of anything but a trial.

Penthouse: How did the plea bargaining go?

Silver: Van de Kamp, the district attorney, had a strong policy that a plea bargain to a multi-count complaint would be agreed to only if the defendant pleaded to the most serious of the offenses. And Polanski was not willing to plead to the most serious—rape by force.

Penthouse: Why not?

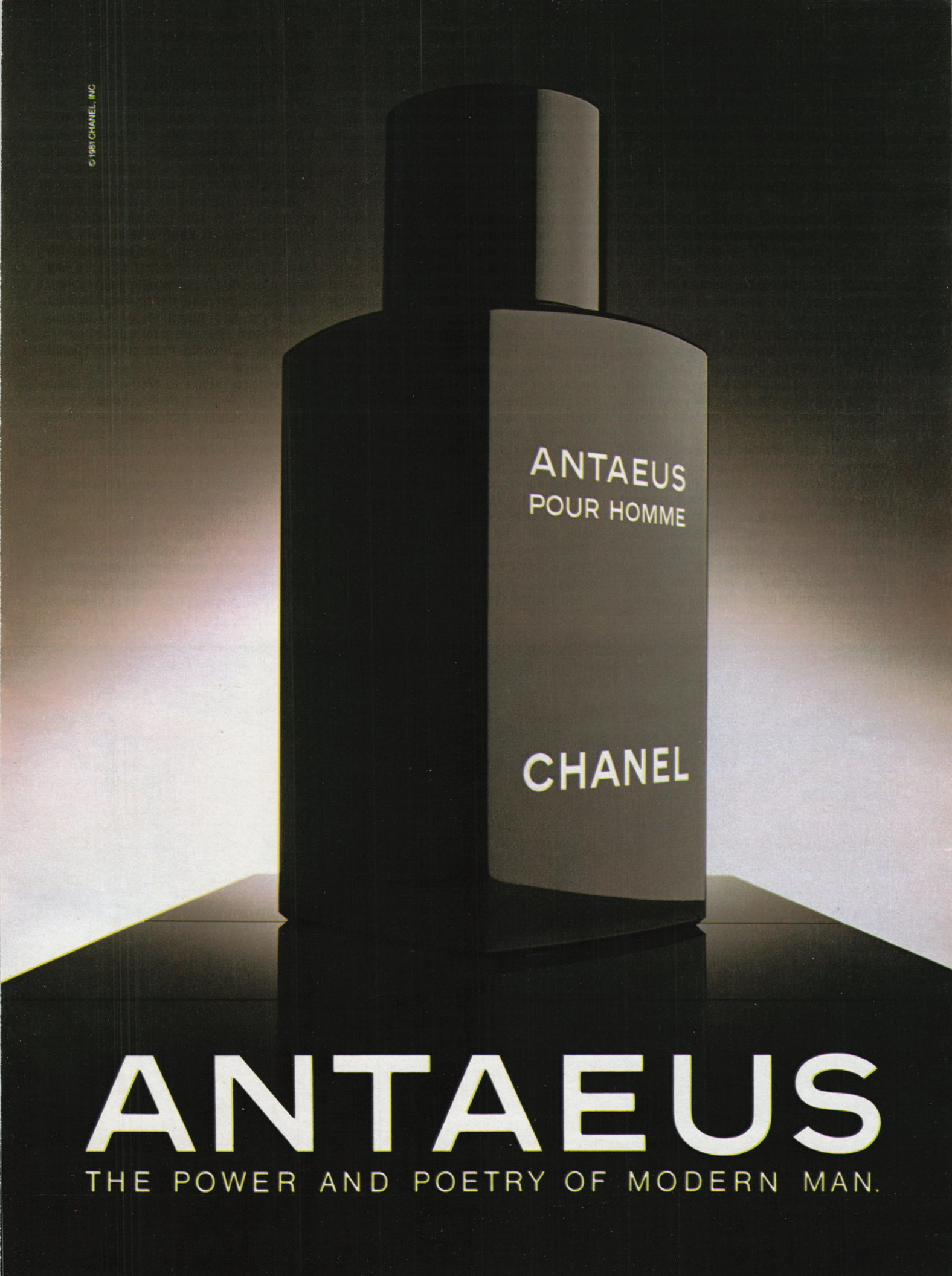
Silver: In the United States, a resident alien can be deported if he is convicted of rape by use of force. If Polanski had been convicted of this rape charge, his deportation would have been virtually assured. He had a fighting chance to fight deportation on a statutory rape charge.

Penthouse: Was your client willing to accept Polanski's plea to the lesser charge at this point?

Silver: Yes. My client wanted the plea bargain to go through, because it would protect her anonymity and also put the whole thing behind her. The plea bargain would have meant that Polanski admitted the offense and that the court would supervise his rehabilitation.

Penthouse: Does your client feel satisfied now?

Silver: The girl got exactly what she wanted. When she was initially asked by the probation officer what kind of sentence she wanted for Polanski, she said, "I'd like him to be deported." And in effect, that's happened. He can't come back to the U.S., and I think that pleases her. She got Mr. Polanski, in effect—he's gone.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back out. He carefully explained to mother and child that a case involving a world-famous director in Hollywood would unleash a flood of publicity. The mother assured him that she knew what they were getting into. The mother just wanted Polanski arrested. While the warrant was being sworn out, the mother and her boyfriend conferred with the little girl and agreed to take her to McDonald's for dinner.

The next night, as Polanski prepared to leave the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for the theater, two sets of policemen and two deputy district attorneys were waiting for him in the lobby. The number of police didn't mean that anyone expected Polanski to resist arrest. Extra men were needed for the planned search of Jack Nicholson's house for evidence. Deputy District Attorneys Grodin and David Wells were there to supervise the arrest. Because Polanski was a VIP, they wanted to make certain that everything was done by the book.

When Polanski emerged, accompanied by several friends, men and women, one of the policemen addressed him. "I'd like to speak with you, Mr. Polanski," he said, identifying himself as a police officer. "Is it going to take long?" Polanski coolly asked. Either he suspected nothing, or he was a terrific actor. When the police said that it would take a while, the friends around Polanski grew alarmed. "Go on to the theater," he told them, "and either I'll join you there or I won't." He was unruffled, in total control. When the friends protested, he calmly dismissed them, saying, "Go ahead. Go to the theater." As they walked off, chattering among themselves and glancing back, Polanski turned to the policeman. "Where do you want to talk?" he asked.

The policeman responded that they had a warrant to search Polanski's room and suggested that they go there. Eyeing the cops and deputy district attorneys, Polanski asked whether it was necessary for everyone to go up as a group. These were obviously cops, and Polanski wanted to avoid unnecessary gossip. The police agreed to split into two groups. As they walked toward the elevators, one of the police saw Polanski lift his hand to put something in his mouth. He grabbed Polanski's wrist and took a Quaalude from his palm, the same drug that the child claimed he had given her.

In his room Polanski acted like a host, inviting them to sit down. His face was expressionless, his manner polite. He had not yet asked for any explanation. Only now, with the door closed behind them and Polanski seated in an overstuffed easy chair, did he broach the subject. "What's this all about?" he asked. "You know what we're here for," one of the men replied.

Meanwhile, Grodin had spotted a selection of photos and slides scattered upon the dresser as if someone had been casually viewing them. On inspection, he saw that they all treated a single subject: young girls. "That's what we're here for," Grodin said, indicating the cluttered dresser top. "We had a report from a young girl that you photographed. She reported that you raped her yesterday." Polanski began to cross and uncross his legs.

Asked for his side of the story, Polanski inquired, "Are you going to arrest me whether I say anything or not?" But without waiting for the officer's response, Polanski smiled—for the first time. "Okay, here it is," he said and denied everything. The drugs, the rape, the sodomy. Nothing untoward had happened, he claimed. Grodin told Polanski they wanted him to accompany them for the search of Nicholson's house.

They proceeded to Mulholland Drive, where an electric gate barred access to the compound, which comprised three houses owned by Marlon Brando, the middle one rented by Nicholson. There was no response to the buzzer, although Polanski insisted that the maid must be there. "That's okay," he added. "I know how to get to the other side." At that, he leaped up and over the gate. "Oh, my God, where's he going?" muttered one of the police while another followed Polanski over the gate. By then Polanski was on the other side, pushing a button to release the

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lock to the electric gate.

After much banging on Nicholson's door, Anjelica Huston finally responded, visibly annoyed at the commotion and unfriendly toward Polanski. It seemed that she had quarreled with Nicholson and was packing her bags to leave when the cops turned up to search the premises. Interviewed privately in the kitchen, she said that Polanski was a "freak." It seemed obvious that she was trying to make sure that no one associated Nicholson or her with Polanski. Recounting her return to the house the night before, she said that she had walked about, calling "Roman, Roman, where are you?" until he responded from the bedroom near the pool. "We're down here!" he shouted. When she opened the door, she found them "going at it." Polanski got up and walked over, naked from the waist down. "We'll be out in a few minutes," he said. About 20 minutes later, the girl emerged, hastily dressed and clearly a little woozy. "Are you okay?" Huston asked her. "Yeah, I'm okay, but I want to go right home." Huston and Polanski talked, and then she turned back to the girl and asked again, "Are you okay?" She replied by asking to go home. "Roman," Huston asked, "are you going to take her home?" He said that he would and left with the child and his equipment. Telling the story in the kitchen, Huston seemed "really pissed that this had happened"—according to the law-enforcement officer who interviewed her.

Meanwhile, a cop had discovered a large container of hashish in a drawer in Nicholson's bedroom. Then, in Huston's purse, he found cocaine and announced he would have to "dust for fingerprints." But Huston stopped him. "I'll save you the trouble, because it's my stuff." Now Anjelica Huston, too, would have to be taken downtown for booking. Eventually, she was released on her own recognizance.

But Polanski was detained and became increasingly nervous. "Is this going to take long?" he repeated over and over. "Look," Grodin finally said, "you've got to realize that this is a very serious thing. It's going to take a long time." Finally Polanski was booked on suspicion of unlawful sexual intercourse with a 13-year-old girl and was released on $2,500 bail.

Polanski's personal crisis infected his professional life when a decision was made at Columbia "not to go forward" with him as director of *The First Deadly Sin*. Polanski had been depending on the deal, and its cancellation caused him serious financial problems. He was paying top dollar for his highly regarded lawyer, Douglas Dalton, but knew that he could not afford to economize on his defense.

The prosecution of the Polanski case was assigned to a young Mormon, Roger Gunson, known as one of the straightest men in the district attorney's office. When a 21-member Los Angeles County grand jury convened to hear secret testimony, included among the witnesses were the mother, the alleged victim, and the 17-year-old boy whom she had phoned and first told about the rape. Gunson was worried about the boy and the impression he would make on the grand jury. Although the girl's morals were not legally at issue in the case, any sentiment against her could undermine her credibility. Potentially, the admission of prior sexual experience could destroy the case even though, technically, such prior experience had no bearing on the present case. Gunson hadn't interviewed the boy before his grand-jury testimony and didn't know what he looked like. Unable to pick out a likely-looking 17-year-old in the waiting room the morning of the hearing, Gunson inquired and was told, "It's the young-looking one." The prosecutor was then introduced to the witness, a quiet boy, who looked no more than 12. Gunson was relieved, for the boy's childish appearance would deflate the threat that the victim's "prior sexual experience" with him presented.

At the hearing Gunson surprised some observers by quizzing the girl about her prior sexual activities. He later disclosed two strategic reasons. First, he raised the issue of the girl's sexual activities in order to obviate any subsequent claims by the defense that might lead to another hear-

TATTOO
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and RICHARD P. LEVINE Directed by BOB BROOKS Music by BARRY DeVORZON Read The PINNACLE Book
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ing. Second, Gunson felt that the information the girl would reveal would help her case by countering any rumors there might be of extreme promiscuity.

Another source close to the prosecution revealed that Gunson was concerned about the results of the medical examination at Parkland Hospital that had turned up no evidence of vaginal or anal damage. In a case of rape involving a 13-year-old, a juror might expect damage; so by revealing that she wasn't a virgin, Gunson would make such expectations irrelevant.

After a day of listening and deliberating, the grand jury handed down a six-count indictment, each count a felony: Count I, "furnishing a controlled substance to a minor"; Count II, committing "a lewd and lascivious act" on a child, a 13-year-old girl; Count III, "unlawful sexual intercourse"; Count IV, "rape by use of drugs," including Quaalude and alcohol; Count V, "perversion . . . copulating the mouth of him . . . with the sexual organ" of the child; Count VI, "sodomy." If convicted on all six counts, Polanski would face up to 50 years in prison.

Assigned to the case was Superior Court Judge Laurence J. Rittenband. The proceedings were moved from the downtown courthouse to the so-called celebrity court in Santa Monica.

Polanski moved out of the Beverly Wilshire and into the Chateau Marmont Hotel, where he and Sharon Tate had first lived together after their marriage. Shortly after his arrest he had made a deposit on the purchase of a house in Hollywood Hills, on Rising Glen Road, but the sale fell through. In need of money, Polanski signed a development deal with Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis, who was now operating out of Beverly Hills. Polanski was to script and direct a remake of *Hurricane*, the John Ford classic. De Laurentiis had attempted to acquire Polanski's services before, offering him the direction of *King Kong*. But Polanski had turned the project down, telling friends that he couldn't work up too much interest in a monkey.

Working again, Polanski appeared in court rarely, when motions had to be made in the pretrial hearings. His French passport hadn't been lifted, because it seemed unlikely that someone who had just accepted a contract to direct a multimillion-dollar movie was going to disappear. With the court's permission, Polanski was able to travel abroad, even making a trip to Bora Bora to scout locations. But Polanski was depressed and insecure. The rape charges had made him a pariah to some people, who seemed frightened in his presence and steered away from him.

Polanski insisted to friends that he had dated the mother of the 13-year-old, and that the mother had turned him in out of jealousy over his interest in her daughter. He had done nothing wrong, he claimed—at least not by adult European standards. Friends circulated stories about Polanski's having been set up—either by mother or by daughter.

Lazic/Sipa-Black Star

> I have never hidden from myself my love of young girls, naturally, they are the most beautiful. Now simply I will say that I love very young women."
> —*Polanski to* Paris Match

After a series of postponements and motions, both sides put out feelers concerning possible plea bargaining. But these early attempts failed. The problem remained for Polanski: if he were convicted of a crime of moral turpitude, which the charges involved, he faced the threat of being deported. Because his work as a director necessitated his having access to Hollywood, deportation was something he wished to avoid at all costs.

Dalton had sought to question the girl and to have her psychiatrically evaluated on the chance that she had imagined it all. He also moved to have her panties inspected, claiming that the semen found there might not be Polanski's. These defense motions were denied. Discovering that the press had gotten wind of the failed plea-bargaining attempts, Dalton was concerned, because he didn't want the public thinking that Polanski might be willing to admit any guilt in the case. He tried to get Judge Rittenband to issue a gag order forbidding public comment on the case. An alert reporter, Richard Brenneman, learned of the gag order attempt and wrote a story about it in the local Santa Monica paper, after which, citing the public's right to know, Rittenband denied Dalton's request.

After many postponements, a trial date was set: August 9, the eighth anniversary of Sharon Tate's murder. Gunson and the district attorney's office had accumulated substantial evidence against Polanski, but the girl's family—which included her mother, her adoptive father, and her sister—grew increasingly hesitant about having her testify in open court. In the months since the arrest, they had recoiled at public speculation even while her identity was secret. Although most reporters honored the agreement to suppress her name until the trial, there were exceptions. Within days reporters knew who she was and where she lived, and some turned up at her school to question her classmates, while others staked out her house. One free-lance photographer, using a telephoto lens, took a picture of the girl and her mother sitting in a car. He sold the photo for $500. Another photographer snapped a picture of the girl standing in the school yard with a group of friends.

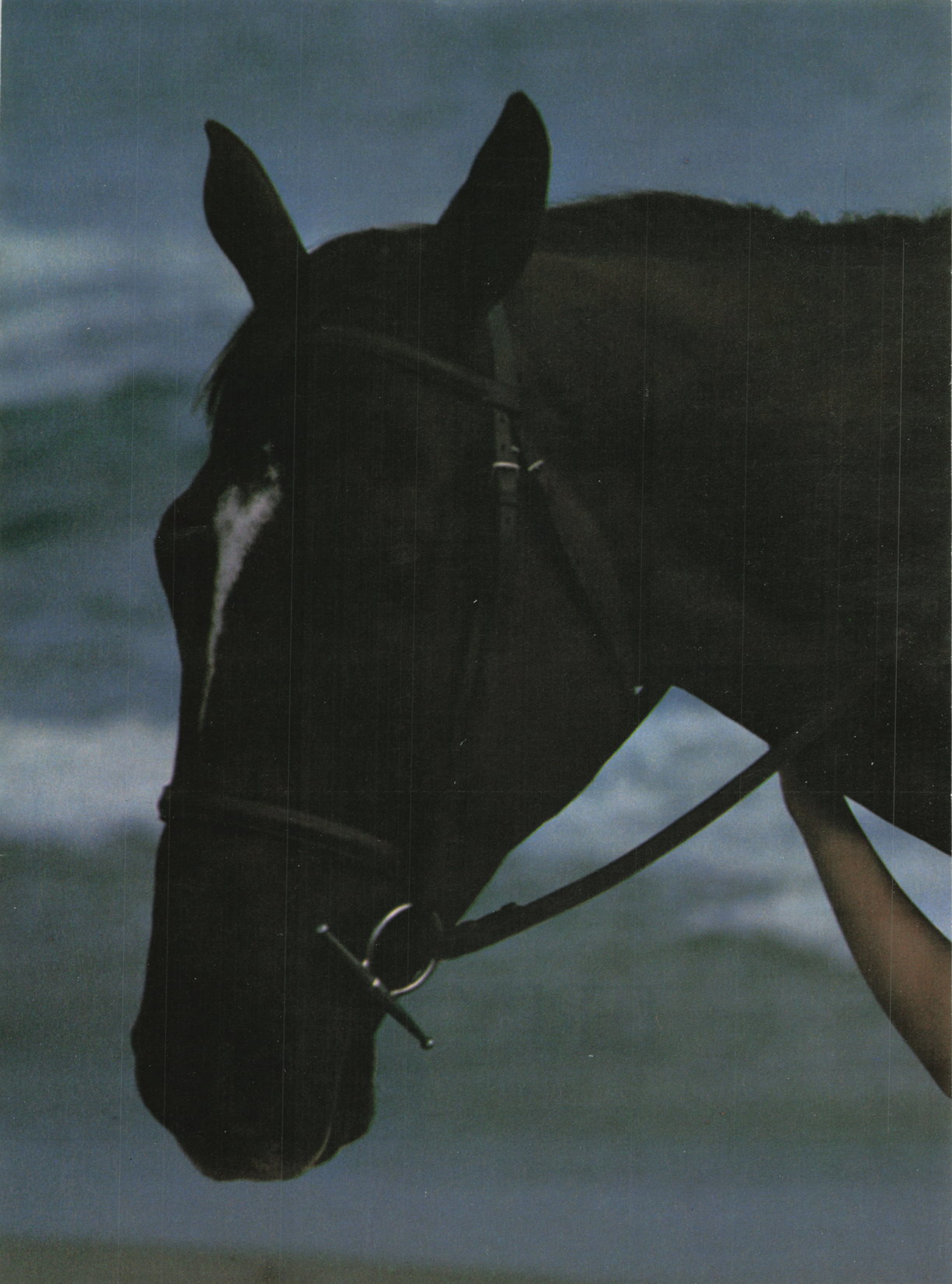
Lawrence Silver, the lawyer for the girl and her family, realized that her rapid physical development would pose a major problem should she be called to testify—another reason for keeping her out of court. He watched as his client grew taller by the week. What he had first perceived as two little "bumps"—as he called them—were now "clearly identifiable breasts." This might affect a jury's attitude, particularly with Polanski sitting in the courtroom looking boyish and small. In March, the 13-year-old girl was taller than her attacker; by August she would tower over him. The one hope that the prosecution had for counteracting her budding development was the set of photographs Polanski had taken, showing her appearance at the time. The prosecution would point out, however, that no matter what the girl's appearance—then or now—she had still been only 13, and Polanski knew it. Any other considerations were legally irrelevant.

Anjelica Huston had agreed to testify for the prosecution if the district attorney's office would drop the drug charges against her. Gunson's case was strong. There were photos of the little girl sprawled in a Jacuzzi as she sipped champagne. There were semen-stained panties. And there was Huston's promised testimony. Still, Gunson wanted the girl on the stand as a willing, not a reluctant, witness. Her family had now begun putting real pressure on the district attorney's office for a plea-bargaining agreement. But there was an immediate obstacle to this: the district attorney, John Van de Kamp, had made it public policy that no plea bargaining be considered unless it concerned the most serious of the charges leveled against a defendant. Polanski faced very serious charges and was unwilling to plead to the most serious.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

TERRY

"If I smile at a four-way stop, I always get the right of way..."

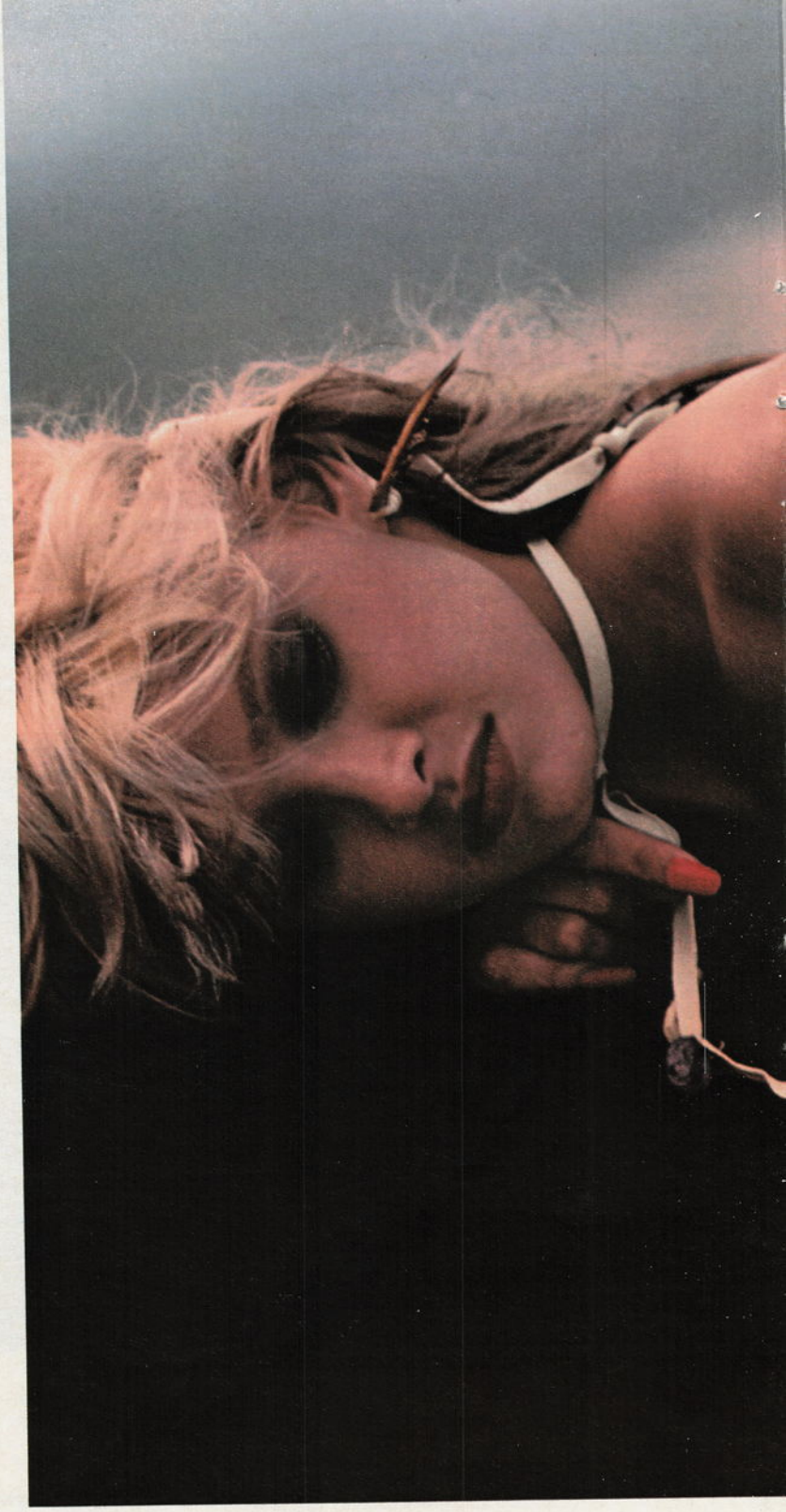


HOT TO TROT

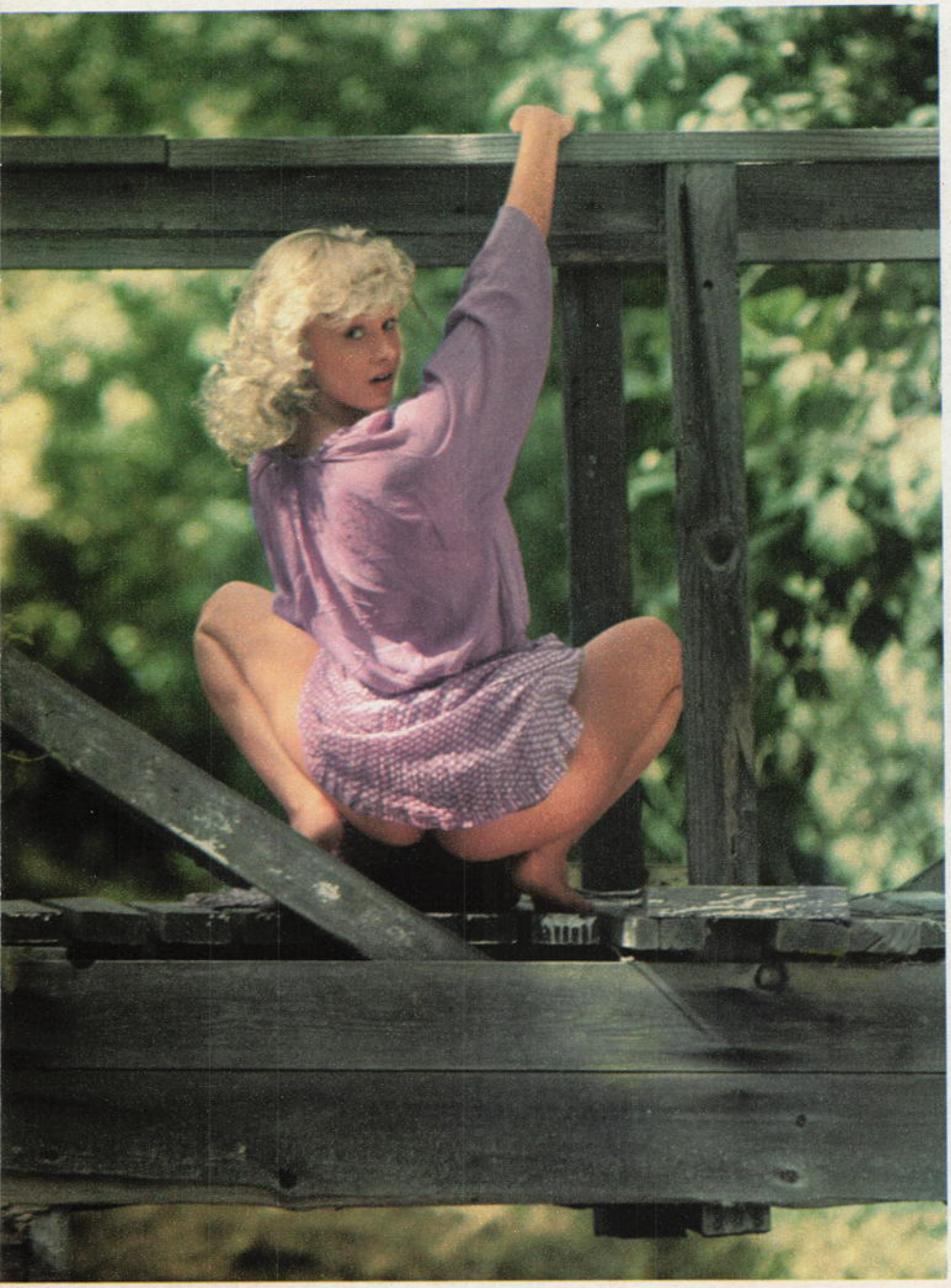
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALLAN J. WASH

Once a week every week, November Pet of the Month Terry Armstrong throws caution to the winds and runs off with her handsome Prince . . . the four-legged kind, she explains. Called Prince because "riding him is like being swept off your feet." Saddling up, she and several friends go on an old-fashioned trail ride up through the Hollywood Hills over to the Burbank stables. After stopping for "supplies" (Mexican food washed down with margaritas), they start back home again.

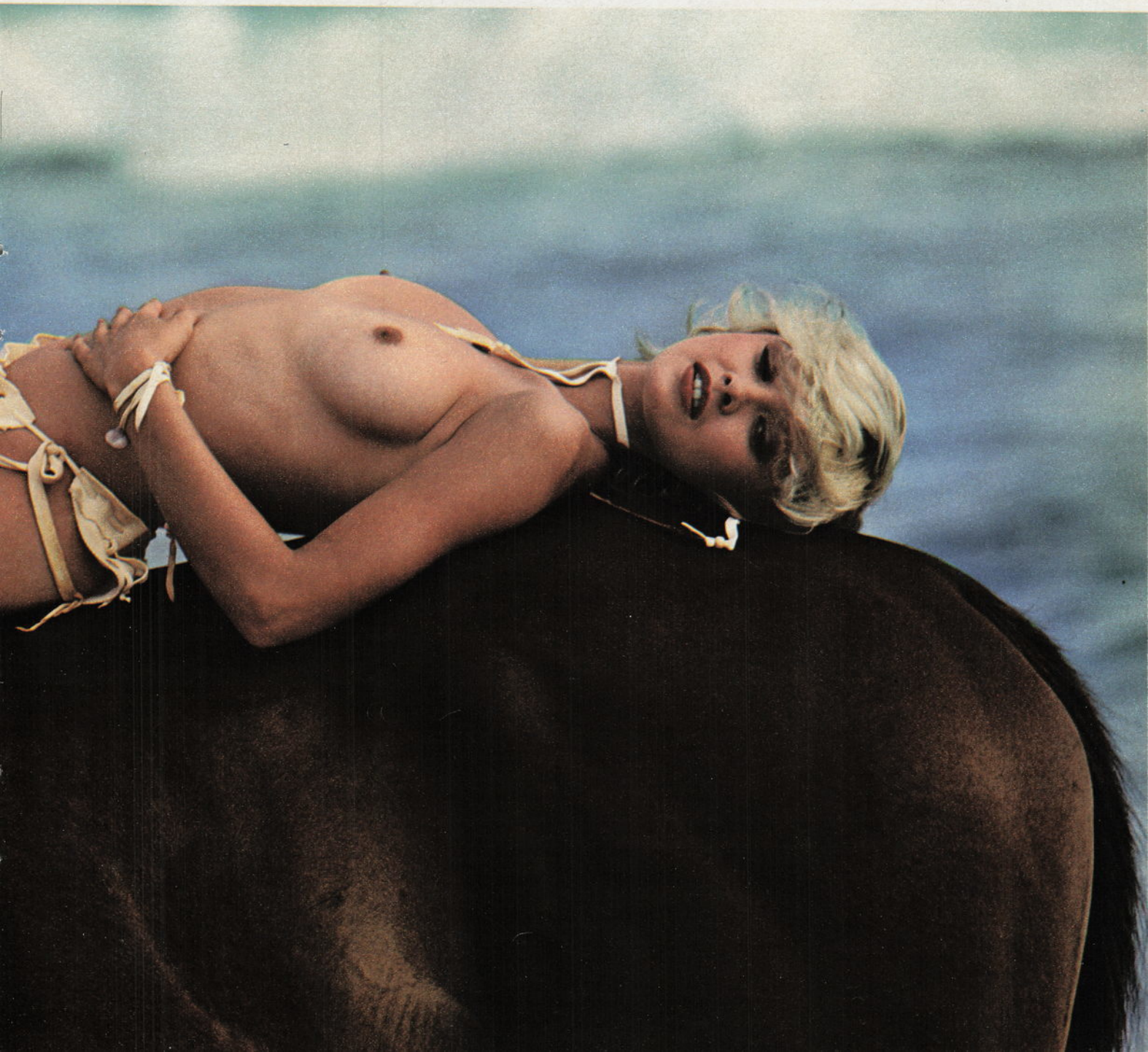
Normally, she doesn't ride baretopped, as she appears so delectably here, but she does ride *bareback* whenever possible. It's more graceful and natural that way, says she, and Prince seems to prefer it. So much for horse sense!



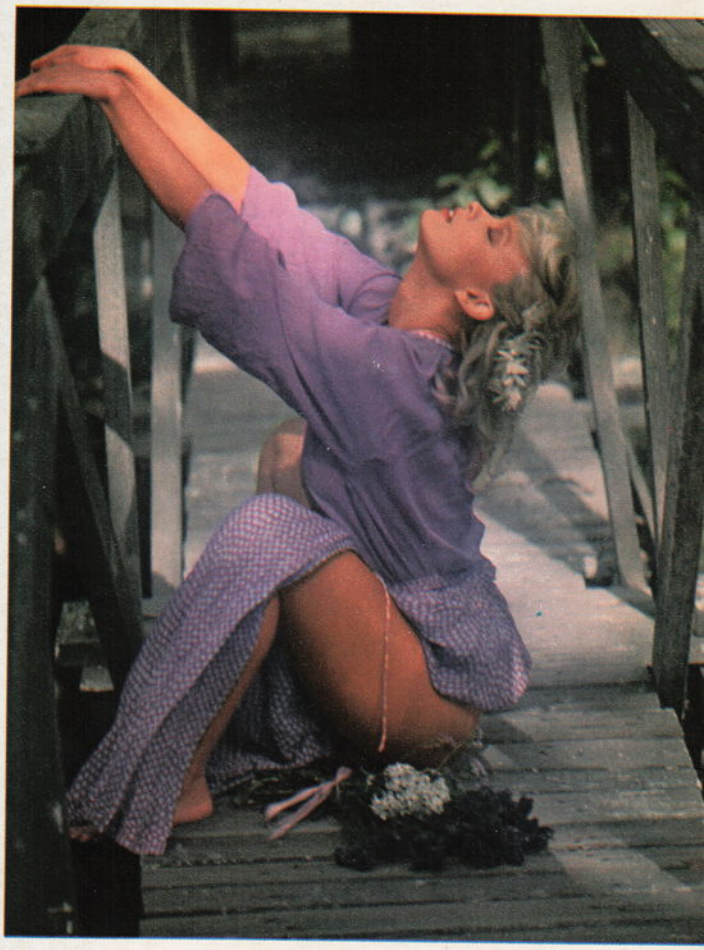
An army brat whose family was stationed in Germany, Michigan, Houston, and now California, Terry's seen enough of the world at the age of 22 to be cured of any tendencies to wanderlust. She's ready to settle down, get married, have at least two kids, and maybe even adopt a couple more.



The more people around to cuddle, the better, reasons our endearingly affectionate Pet. For, despite her sleek, racy 35-23-35-inch figure and wild good looks, Terry is basically domestic. Prefers staying home and cooking sumptuous seafood dinners for her man, complete with white wine and candlelight.



As you have doubtless guessed, Terry's an incurable romantic. Watching the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer brought a lump to her throat—even during the instant replays. One-night stands, she feels, are to long-term love affairs what riding a rocking horse is to racing the genuine article: fun but not at all fulfilling.



Another thrill, she admits, is the power her incredible sex appeal commands. Especially when she's riding around in her red MG convertible and comes to a four-way stop. One sweet smile to the other drivers, and she always gets the right of way.

Even with a regular partner, though, Terry thinks sex is best when it's spontaneous. Like the time she and her boyfriend swerved off a busy freeway and made passionate love right there in the car. No easy feat, since he is six foot seven and the car was a Mazda. . . .

Already riding high, Terry's aiming even higher. Hopes to act professionally someday. But even then she'll want the man in her life to always wear the dominant jeans. "I'd hate to turn into an overbearing woman," she says. We applaud her sentiments but, frankly, would not look askance at having Terry for a trail boss!

MISS TERRY ARMSTRONG/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In recent months, for a combination of reasons, public interest has been heightened in Vietnam veterans and their problems. The catalyst for this change in public interest seems to be connected with the return from Iran of our hostages. This event not only ended a long national nightmare; it also enabled Americans to show their gratitude to a group of men and women who had, quite simply, "done their job." Their imprisonment, like service in Vietnam, was one of the risks of carrying out their diplomatic or military duties.

At the time of the hostages' homecoming, responsible spokesmen, such as Bobby Muller of the Vietnam Veterans of America, made it clear that Vietnam veterans, like most Americans, were happy to join in the celebration. However, the contrast between the hostages' homecoming and that of Vietnam veterans became the subject of media concern. The results were surprising. It was as if the country collectively were saying: "Hey, wait a minute. We can claim equal pride in the sacrifice of those who served in Vietnam." The subsequent focus on Vietnam veterans set a number of things in motion. Veterans' legislation that had been stalled in Congress began to move toward final passage. The White House shifted gears, dropped its opposition to the Veterans Outreach Centers, and embraced their operations as an effective means for dealing with Vietnam veterans' psychological-readjustment problems.

> Vietnam veterans don't expect miracles from the White House, the VA, and Congress. But they have the right to expect these organizations to follow through on their promises.

All these positive signs have been gratifying—but confusing to many Vietnam veterans. Some remain skeptical, especially over the turnabout in the government's willingness to listen and deal with their problems. Their skepticism is well taken. Too often in the past, congressional and presidential Fourth-of-July rhetoric has turned out to be hot air. Even laws solemnly passed with the avowed intention of helping Vietnam veterans, such as those directing the Small Business Administration to conduct an "outreach" program and assist veterans in starting their own businesses, have been ignored by federal bureaucrats. Politicians have yet to learn that promises made to veterans without action to back them up are worse than no promises at all. In too many cases, unfortunately, the wartime adage of "Nothing's too good for the boys in service—so give them nothing" has characterized the VA bureaucrats' response to the needs of veterans. This attitude is inexcusable, and its eradication should become a matter of high priority for the new VA administrator, Robert Powers Nimmo.

One outrageous example of this neglect is the bureaucratic response to the Agent Orange controversy. Despite voluminous orders from VA headquarters concerning what should be done to help Vietnam veterans who may have been exposed to the chemical, an overwhelming number of veterans have been given short shrift by VA officials. When informed of this situation, former VA Administrator Max Cleland couldn't believe it. However, after Cleland made three phone calls to different VA hospitals, describing himself as just "a Vietnam veteran," he was shocked to find that, indeed, his orders were being ignored. This makes a mockery of VA and White House announcements about their concern and compassion over Vietnam veterans who may be carrying the Agent Orange "time bomb."

Furthermore, the partial success of the Veterans Outreach Center program obscures the fact that the VA's conventional medical-psychological bureaucracy failed to do its job, namely, to provide a genuine capability to treat Vietnam veterans for wartime stress problems. For years the VA pretended that these problems were figments of the Vietnam veteran's imagination, but today the so-called delayed-stress syndrome has been acknowledged in the courts and by the American Psychological Association to be real. Nonetheless, except for the work being done in the vet centers, the Veterans Administration itself has done little to address this problem. A vivid consequence of the VA's foot-dragging on delayed-stress syndrome was seen earlier this year when several veterans went on hunger strikes. Among other things, these men were crying out for real emotional and mental help for themselves and the estimated 500,000 Vietnam veterans who are suffering from delayed-stress syndrome. That help requires more than what the vet centers can provide. It requires a full-scale commitment by the VA to treat the mental-health needs of *all* veterans as a first priority.

Vietnam veterans don't expect miracles from the White House, the VA, and the Congress. But they have the right to expect these organizations to follow through on their promises. At present a substantial amount of legislation has been passed that directs the VA and the Reagan administration to actually *do* some things for Vietnam veterans. These are positive mandates that, to be met, require more than formation of another "presidential commission" or the ordering of irrelevant "studies." In the months ahead, *Penthouse* will report to you on how the VA and other government agencies are performing these tasks. Some time is needed to unscramble the mess in Vietnam veterans' affairs caused by the Carter administration, but not too much. The need to remedy past failures cannot be used as an excuse for delay in moving ahead on Vietnam-veteran programs.—*William R. Corson*

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THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

DEATH BEAM

The ultimate weapon of mass destruction is being readied for use against the United States at a secret location deep inside the Soviet Union. There is no known counterdefense.

FICTION BY ROBERT MOSS

Zhukovka, U.S.S.R., Sept. 7
Ushinsky marveled at the steadiness of Marshal Safronov—the unruffled evenness of his voice, the sure motions with which he raised one jigger of vodka after another to his mouth with the surprisingly versatile hooks on the stump of his left hand. After all the wine, brandy, and vodka that had washed down the banquet of caviar, sturgeon, and wild boar, Ushinsky was reluctant to speak or even stand up for fear of making a fool of himself. He wondered what was Marshal

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL KATZ

Safronov's motive for inviting him to enter into a new degree of intimacy with the Soviet elite. His wife's family had been allowed a dacha a few miles from Zhukovka, in the forests of Nikoline Gora, but he had never set foot inside the hidden world of the village built by Khrushchev—amid a deceptively bland and bucolic landscape—for the supreme rulers of Russia to indulge their secret pleasures.

Ushinsky had been surprised to find that most of the other dinner guests were men of his age and rank. Only one general was present: the commander of the Kantamirovskaya Armored Division, which, together with the KGB's own troops, composed the Moscow garrison. Twice since Stalin's death, the Kantamirovskaya Division had acted to thwart an attempted palace coup by the chiefs of the secret police. In any power struggle whose outcome depended on force, the loyalty of the division's commander would be a critical factor.

Marshal Safronov positioned himself, ramrod-straight, in front of the fireplace.

"The stewards will now leave," Safronov ordered. He seemed to be grinning, but because of the surgery that had been conducted on one half of his face, only the right side of his mouth turned up.

Alone with his officers, Marshal Safronov began a short speech. "Each one of you," he commenced, "has been selected to be here for a reason. From my observation of all of you, you share a devotion to the security of our socialist motherland, the *rodina*."

Safronov paused for dramatic effect. "The correlation of forces in the world today," he resumed, "has never been more favorable for our socialist cause. This was the unanimous conclusion reached by the Defense Council in its review of our military resources, and our political assets, around the world. The moment is rapidly approaching when we will be able to rupture and destroy the NATO alliance, just as we destroyed the two other aggressive alliances founded by the Anglo-Saxons—SEATO and CENTO—in the past.

"However," Safronov was saying, "we also face unparalleled dangers. Washington is bent on an aggressive course. Notorious warmongers like General George Brennan, the Defense Intelligence chief, have the ear of the American president. If we waste any more time, we may forever lose our opportunity to guarantee our own security and the triumph of socialism on a global scale."

He means war, Ushinsky realized. *He is talking about a Soviet first strike.*

"It will not shock any of you to learn," Safronov continued, "that not all my colleagues in the Defense Council or the Politburo have as yet found within themselves the resolution to attack. The general secretary is befuddled trying to work out where to begin now that he is in a position to line his pockets from the wealth of the whole country instead of that of a single ministry." There was derisive chuckling from several of the others. Manilov's corruption was an open scandal among the Soviet elite; he was even reputed to have demanded—and received—kickbacks from Western corporations in return for arranging contracts that were on a scale worthy of a Saudi middleman. Manilov's venality had not harmed his career in Brezhnev's time, since so many top Party officials were involved in the system of kickbacks and universal graft. But it was now a weapon in Marshal Safronov's hand. In this respect, Safronov was generally considered above reproach. His corruption, Ushinsky reflected, chilled by the logic of the defense minister's speech, was of a different kind: a disease of the spirit.

"We have two months," Safronov announced.

Two months? Why two months? Ushinsky mentally counted the days. Of course. It was two months until November 7. The anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Gigantic military parades would be staged, as usual. The leaders of Russia's satellites and client states and hosts of fellow travelers from the West and the Third World would flock to Moscow to pay tribute.

> "We should all be scared of you, Osipov," the marshal joked. "No man before you will ever have held so much power under the tip of his index finger."

"I will ask Chief Designer Berzin to give you some of the details."

"Some of you," Chief Designer Berzin began in a dry, academic tone, "will be familiar with the project named Razrukha. I can report that our latest tests at Sarova and Sary-Shagan were entirely successful. We are able to generate a neutron beam with the concentrated force of a giant lightning bolt. It can be fired from a space battle station at approximately the speed of light. It can block out a window in space and destroy any enemy missile entering an area of four hundred square miles through blast or molecular disintegration.

"That isn't all," Berzin went on, warming to his topic. "Our latest tests have verified that the new beam weapon could be directed against targets inside the earth's atmosphere from a platform in space. The beam would have the power to deliver intense irradiation over an area of many hundreds of square miles. For example, it could wipe out the population of greater New York without smashing a single window or unsettling a single brick."

"Like a giant neutron bomb," Safronov commented.

"There's really no comparison, Marshal," the chief designer said smugly. "We have evolved the most efficient weapon of mass destruction ever known to man."

My God, thought Ushinsky. *To think our propagandists persuaded the Americans to put off production and deployment of the neutron bomb by caricaturing it as "the perfect capitalist weapon—the weapon that kills people without harming property."* If Project Razrukha were to succeed, the blackmail power of the Soviet Union would be irresistible. Assuming the Americans believed in it. If not . . . Ushinsky recalled the film of the hooded men, creatures of nightmare, advancing across a wooded test range in East Germany. That was his answer.

The code name was as terrifying as the vision. In Russian, *razrukha* means total disintegration, the breakdown of everything into chaos.

"May I ask a question, Comrade Marshal?" Ushinsky ventured.

"Surely."

"What countermeasures could the Americans take against our beam weapon—against Razrukha?"

"Countermeasures?" Safronov's lopsided smile was broader than before. "Would you care to answer that, Berzin?"

"There are no known countermeasures."

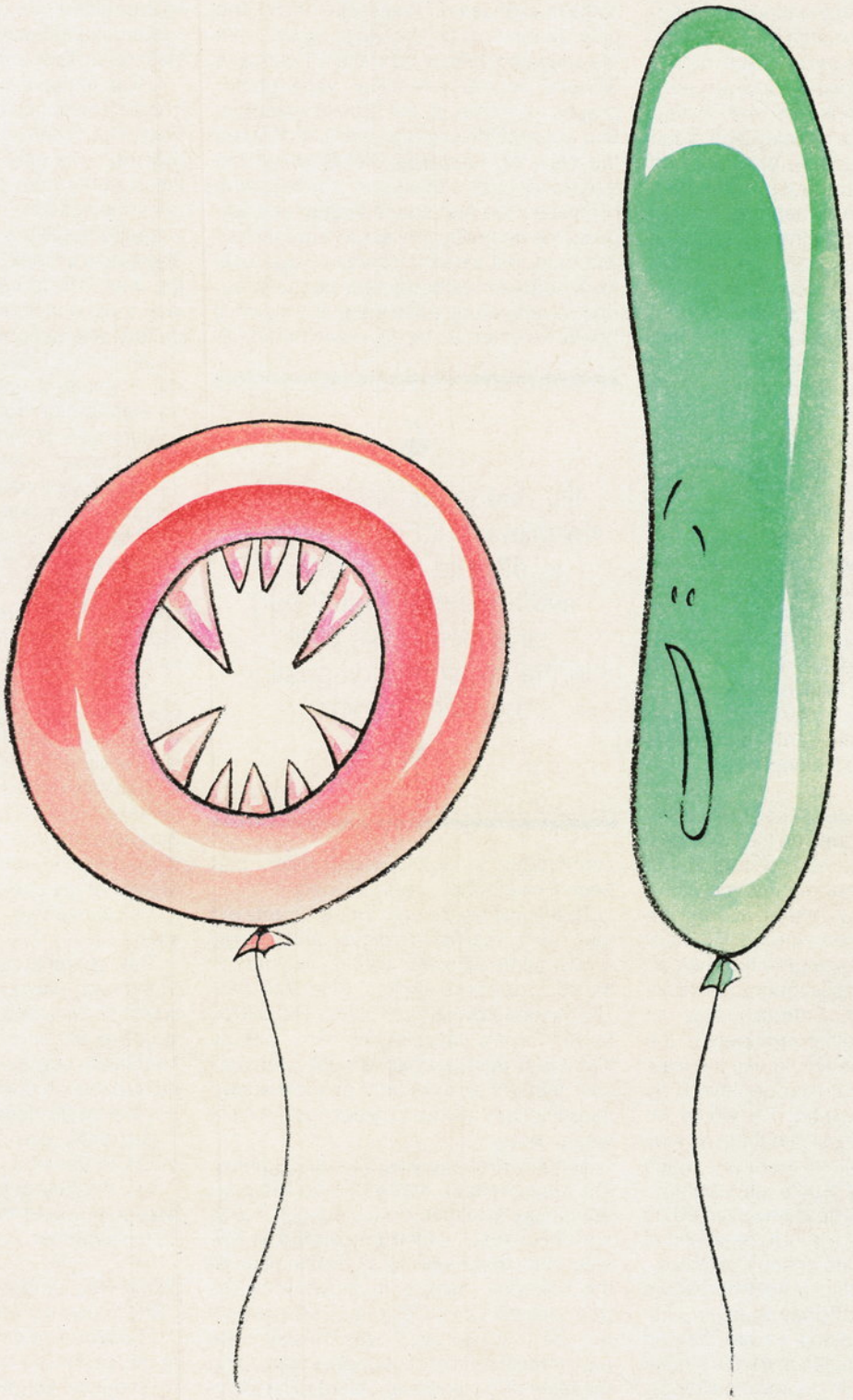
Baikonur Cosmodrome, Kazakhstan, September 28

Marshal Safronov looked down over the gray brown steppes of Central Asia as the Tupolev 134 began its slow descent toward the Baikonur landing strip, near the village of Tyuratam. Away to the west was the misty blue of the Aral Sea. Farther away, to the east, was the secret center at Sary-Shagan, where the seminal discoveries in the beam-weapons program had been successfully tested. It was from Sary-Shagan that the weapon the marshal called Razrukha had been carried to the cosmodrome on a special armored train, the precious components carefully camouflaged on their platform cars to hide them from the spy cameras of the Americans' orbiting satellites thousands of miles above.

Here, in the wilds of Kazakhstan, in a province of the Russian Empire that the czars stole from China, Soviet scientists had been working for decades to turn the unthinkable into usable tools of war. Shut up in secret laboratory complexes whose names were never published, working under semimonastic conditions, the best graduates of the scientific academies had been assigned to extend the frontiers of the possible, not for the sake of knowledge or to improve the human condition, but to enable the Soviet Union to inflict

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"As a feminist, you're a mixed blessing, Charlotte."

total defeat on the United States. At Sary-Shagan and at Semipalatinsk, the marshal's scientists were perfecting ground-based particle-beam weapons intended to shoot down American missiles and planes. From Baikonur Cosmodrome, where he now headed, small killer satellites had been put into orbit and successfully tested in space. They were designed to destroy their targets by converging on them and exploding into a thousand fragments. They were no match for the Americans' Blue Savior program. Blue Savior was no secret to Safronov—or to any serious newspaper reader in the United States. A report on the acceleration of the American space-weaponry program had appeared on the front pages of the East Coast press, and well-meaning columnists had been fulminating against the "militarization of man's last frontier." But in a matter of weeks, Blue Savior would be only a memory, a scrap of paper torn from the drawing board. Razrukha was the vindication of an excursion along the wilder shores of science that had continued for decades and cost billions of rubles. After November 7, when it was put into orbit, Razrukha would change the world. Marshal Safronov had no doubt of it. Safronov mentally rehearsed the ultimatum he would issue to the United States. He would order the Americans to dismantle their own Blue Savior project and withdraw their forces from West Germany. That would be the first installment. If the Americans submitted further, more difficult demands would follow. Adding up to total surrender. If the Americans refused the demands, he would demonstrate what Razrukha could do to the population of the Eastern Seaboard.

The marshal had not discussed all of his plans with his colleagues on the Politburo. They knew about Razrukha, of course. His rival, Strokin, the chairman of the KGB, had actually helped—indirectly—in the project. Disinformation spread by KGB double agents in Washington had helped to keep the Americans in ignorance about Razrukha. However, Safronov saw no need to consult the other members of the leadership on how he would use the Razrukha weapon once it was deployed. By that stage, he calculated, he would be strong enough to hire or fire them at will.

The marshal and his entourage—which included a squad of Spetsnaz commandos, a personal bodyguard he insisted on maintaining, over the mild protestations of some of his colleagues on the Politburo—deplaned and boarded a fleet of waiting olive-drab cars. Safronov's driver followed the lead car along a road that led away from the launch pad toward a cluster of anonymous, heavily guarded buildings. They stopped before a pair of huge, twelve-inch-thick steel panels that, once the visitors' identities had been verified, slid noiselessly back on rails at the push of a button by someone inside. Inside was an asphalt-covered forecourt, surrounded by blank walls, with no visible exit once the steel panels had slid shut behind the visitors' cars.

Then a panel in the wall ahead slid open—downward, into the ground, not sideways—and Chief Designer Berzin appeared.

Berzin led the marshal and his aides into a modest, airless room with bright-green walls and cheap, cream-upholstered furniture that was the headquarters of the final phase of Project Razrukha. The only decoration on the walls, apart from the obligatory official portraits of Lenin and General Secretary Manilov, were photographs of some of the Soviet inventors and apparatchiks whose work had paved the way for Razrukha: Tsiolkovsky, the legendary rocket designer; Korolev, who organized the first space flights; and Kapitsa, the scientific adviser to Khrushchev who had first won the Kremlin's approval for a huge secret budget for beam-weapons development. All of them, the marshal briefly reflected as he sat down on an uncomfortable straight-backed chair, had been Soviet. Impeccably Soviet.

> No one in the KGB or the Kremlin would have the guts to dispute the physical evidence that Krylov had drowned in his bath in the midst of a disgusting orgy with a minor.

That could not be said for the fidgety old man in a mauve cardigan and baggy brown pants who was waiting for them in the chief designer's office. Klaus Milstein. The senior adviser to Project Razrukha. Milstein was a native of Germany. And as if that that were not bad enough, the marshal thought as he curtly acknowledged the scientist's awkward greetings, Milstein was a Jew.

There was no denying Milstein's genius. The superweapon that would go into orbit on its space station on November 7 was the direct result of the research that Milstein had done with M. S. Rabinovich at the Lebedev Institute in Moscow in the early sixties. Chief Designer Berzin would get the medals, but it was Milstein who had made the project happen, supervising the tests of his beam accelerator at Sary-Shagan. Even now, it was Klaus Milstein, rather than Berzin, who was in charge of the final delicate operation of readying the huge killer satellite for the launch.

"I want to see the control center," Safronov announced.

As Marshal Safronov entered the control center, followed by Chief Designer Berzin and Air Force General Osipov, the chief of staff of Strategic Rocket Forces, there was a general clatter as technicians jumped from their stools and stood to attention. The marshal waved them back to their places.

"This is the tracking room," Berzin commented gratuitously. From here, we'll be able to monitor every detail of Razrukha's docking procedure. The pictures are relayed instantaneously from our tracking stations at Talsi and Kirzhach."

It was the last room that interested Safronov. The sanctum sanctorum of Project Razrukha. There was no air of bustle in this room. Its only occupants, apart from the security men at the door, were two communications technicians manning what looked like a futuristic switchboard. There was a single large video monitor on the wall. The dominant item of furniture was a big semicircular desk, fitted with a battery of telephones and a miniature television. Inset at the center of the desk, under a shield of unbreakable plastic, was an eight-button command console.

Marshal Safronov gestured toward the empty swivel chair behind the desk.

"That's your seat, General," he said to Osipov. "Why don't you try it out?"

Obediently, General Osipov lowered his heavy frame into the chair. Then, with the chief designer as his instructor, he practiced the procedures he would follow if the order came from Moscow to unleash the weapon called Razrukha.

"We should all be scared of you, Osipov," the marshal joked. "No man before you will ever have held so much power under the tip of his index finger."

Safronov noted that one man in the neon-lit, surgically white room did not appear to approve of his casual remark. Klaus Milstein shuffled and twitched and tugged at his carroty wisp of a beard.

"Is something wrong with you, Milstein?"

The marshal looked into Milstein's frightened, watery eyes and knew. The scientist, watching General Osipov's sausagelike finger poised over the button, had finally begun to understand that what he had invented was not a laboratory toy. Nor the white dove of peace.

Razrukha was ultimate terror and was made to be used.

Marshal Safronov resolved that the German Jew would have to be removed before November 7.

Zhukovka, October 23

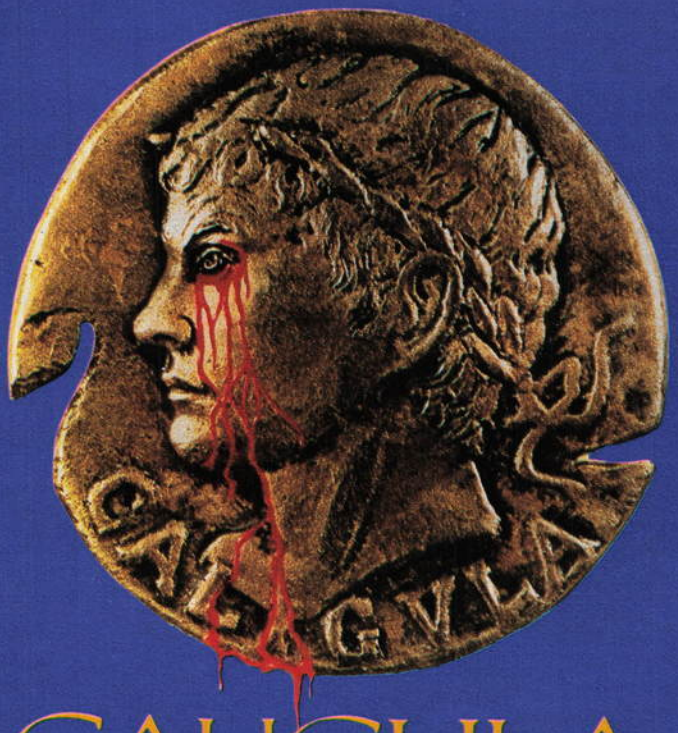
"Stalin shot his generals."

The blond colonel sitting nearest the fire in the vast living room of Marshal Safronov's dacha laughed politely. The sound shrank to a nervous waver as the colonel corrected himself, noting that the marshal's expression had hardened.

"This is no joking matter," Safronov reproved him. "History can be repeated."

His guests were now perfectly immobile, as if frozen in a movie still.

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

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PRESENT
MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA

WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO

FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
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PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
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"I have positive proof," he told the assembled military men. "There are traitors in high places, in Dzherzhinsky Square and in the Politburo itself. Men who do not share our vision of the historic destiny of the Soviet *rodina.* Men who do not understand the responsibilities of greatness and are willing to forsake our chance to bring the United States to its knees. Men who are even willing, in their self-seeking jealousy and ambition, to play the game of our enemies and to collaborate with Western intelligence services."

"Give us the names of the traitors, Comrade Marshal!" The eruption came from the blond colonel, anxious to make up for his earlier faux pas.

"The worst of them," Safronov indulged him, "is that geriatric pedophile Krylov."

There were audible gasps of astonishment. Among the few men in Moscow who were privileged to know the true role of the head of the special KGB department known as the Beacon, Krylov's name inspired awe. He was widely believed, within that narrow circle, to have been the mastermind behind the greatest coups of Soviet espionage over a period of many decades.

"There is irrefutable evidence," the marshal assured his listeners, "that Krylov has betrayed Russia to the Zionists and to American intelligence. In the interests of our enemies, he has conspired to weaken state security and to jeopardize the success of Project Razrukha. I have proof that over many years, Krylov has been transmitting our secrets to the Americans through a member of his service employed by the Beacon."

There was now a rumble of anger around the room. It satisfied Marshal Safronov. He had not selected his dinner guests this evening because of their powers of reasoning. He had no need of intellectual skeptics to execute the plan that he had in mind. Rather, he needed men who would follow his instructions unquestioningly, because they looked to him as the natural leader of the *rodina* and because their careers depended directly on his favor.

"Krylov is not alone," the marshal went on, clacking his steel hooks against the carved mantelpiece for dramatic effect. "There are men more powerful than Krylov who are involved in this anti-Russian plot, men whose names are household words. We will deal with them in the fullness of time. For the moment we must act with caution. We will commence with Krylov."

With his surviving eye, the right one, Safronov scanned the faces of the eight men in the room. They were all hewn from the same oak: vigorous, athletic young officers from elite units. Superlative killers. There was no need to share with them the reason why he had decided that Krylov had to be dealt with immediately, before the rest of Safronov's plan had come to fruition, and the marshal had no intention of doing so.

The defector, Stepan Ushinsky, was at the center of the scheme that Krylov had spun from his convoluted, arachnid brain. The marshal recalled with bitterness that only two months before he had played host to Ushinsky in his own dacha. He himself had singled out the broad-shouldered young GRU officer as one of the select band to be made privy to the secret of Project Razrukha. For once his instinct about men had failed him; it had been the worst error of judgment the marshal had ever made. He had expected that Ushinsky would feel exalted by his vision of a Soviet empire greater than any the world had known. Instead, Ushinsky had fled from it as a man hides his face when he has looked into the eye of the midday sun.

Marshal Safronov's misreading of a man had given Krylov the tool for which he had been searching. The marshal had been informed that a secret report, prepared by Krylov, had reached Strokin's desk at the headquarters of the KGB. The report accused Safronov of being personally responsible for the defection of his protégé, Stepan Ushinsky. Worse, the document made out that the marshal and his Russophile supporters were themselves a threat to state security. Krylov claimed, with fabricated evidence of the kind that he was skilled in manufacturing, that Safronov's faction was heavily penetrated by the Agency and other organs of Western intelligence. The implied conclusion was that Marshal Safronov should be removed from the Defense Ministry immediately. Safronov could imagine the rest. On a dark night—perhaps a night like this, when he was isolated on his dacha outside Moscow—KGB gunmen would push through the door and he would hear the shout that was feared by all of Russia: "Hands behind your neck!"

> On a dark night . . . KGB gunmen would push through the door, and he would hear the shout that was feared by all of Russia: "Hands behind your neck!"

"Krylov's the only one who's got balls," he said aloud. This tribute to his enemy was felt. In drafting his accusations against the marshal, Krylov had knowingly placed his own head on the block. Safronov wondered what had inspired the veteran spy chief. He'd always been a Jew-lover, of course. Witness Krylov's relationship with that *jid* Misha in East Berlin. It would be no surprise if Misha was somehow mixed up in this conspiracy, too. When he had made himself master of Moscow, the marshal resolved, the last vestiges of Jewish influence would have to be rigorously weeded out. For now, there was Krylov to attend to.

But a successful coup depends on exactitude of timing more than on any other factor. It would be premature to risk everything now, the marshal had decided, so close to the success of Project Razrukha. His moment would come after November 7. No one would be able to stand against the man who had finally brought the United States to its knees. That would be the time to settle all the outstanding accounts.

The Krylov account, however, would not wait. The elimination of Krylov would accomplish two ends: it would remove the brain and the driving force behind the conspiracy, and it would terrorize and divide the rest of the conspirators.

The marshal explained to his young officers, their faces flushed with vodka and brandy, what he had in mind for the rest of the evening's entertainment.

Krylov spent the weekends, when he could detach himself from the grueling demands of his special department, in a lodge barely a mile away, through the woods, from Marshal Safronov's country retreat.

That night he was suffering from a diffuse melancholia. It came, in part, from the sense that his body was failing him. The KGB doctors had diagnosed angina and warned him to give up his horseback rides and his hunting expeditions.

It was mostly the effect of waiting. Since he had placed his bombshell on Strokin's desk that morning, nothing had happened. *Nothing.* Perhaps instead of using Strokin he should have gone higher, direct to Manilov himself. But things would probably have moved the same way. They all hated Marshal Safronov but were paralyzed by fear.

After dinner Krylov called his Georgian valet, Vissarion, into the library.

"You've been a good friend," Krylov said. "There is something of mine that I want you to have." He pulled off his heavy gold watch, a Swiss Rolex, inscribed on the back with a dedication from Misha. "Take it," he ordered his valet.

The man held back, puzzled and embarrassed.

"Go on, take it," Krylov urged him.

Vissarion held out his palm and felt the heaviness of the gold watch.

"I don't understand," he protested.

"I won't be needing it anymore."

At that moment they both understood. The handsome young Georgian looked as if he were about to burst into tears. Krylov, who had offered the present from a man who was close to him to another who had served him loyally without considering the meaning of the gesture, now realized what he was doing. He had understood, in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

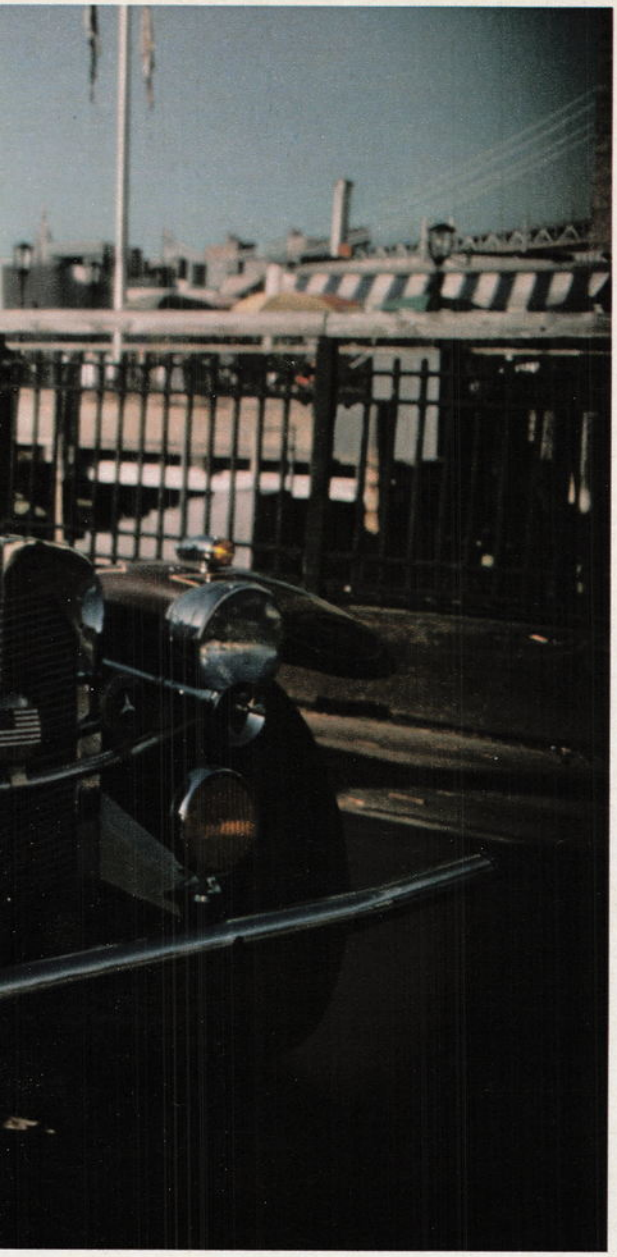
Pet of the Year

DANIELLE

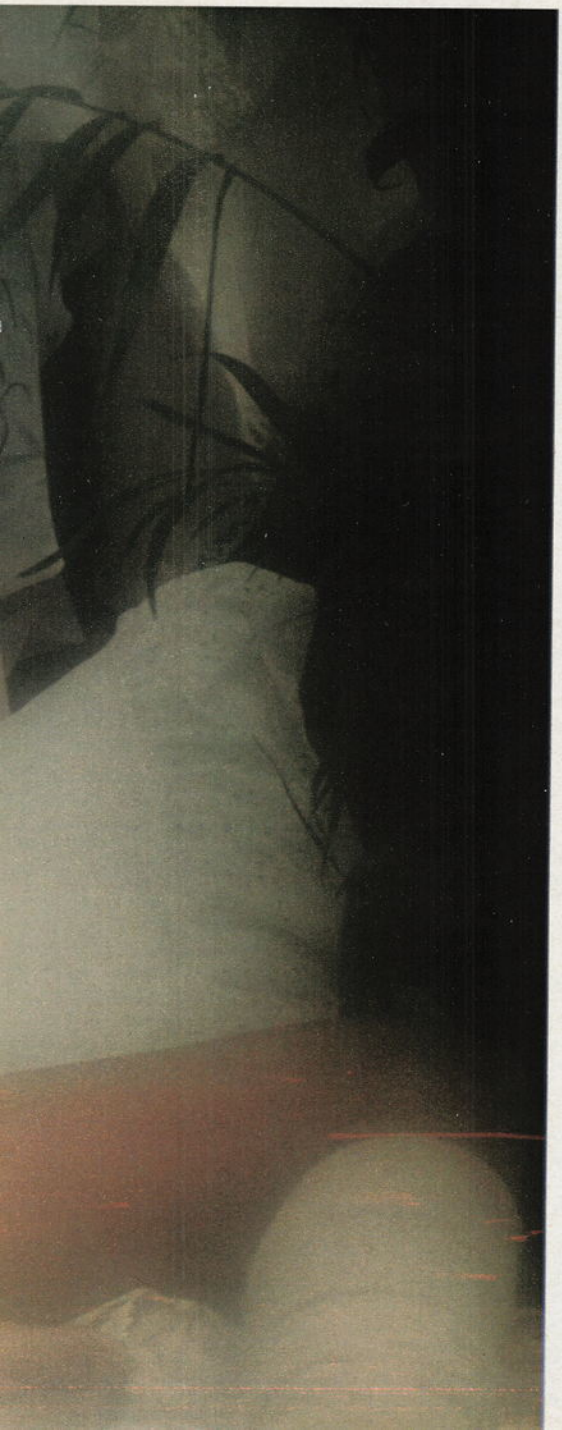
Danielle Deneux, our rapturously rounded (38-20-36-inch) 1981 Pet of the Year, has learned that time really flies when you're having fun—especially if you're actually flying. Since her memorable appearance as Pet of the Month (June 1980), Danielle's been doing nonstop promotion tours for *Penthouse* and thriving on every hectic minute. "I've flown around the U.S. so much I feel like I'm on automatic pilot," she says. Keeping the magazine's circulation thriving has done the same for hers, it seems, though she occasionally takes a short "pit stop" in Florida to visit her family.

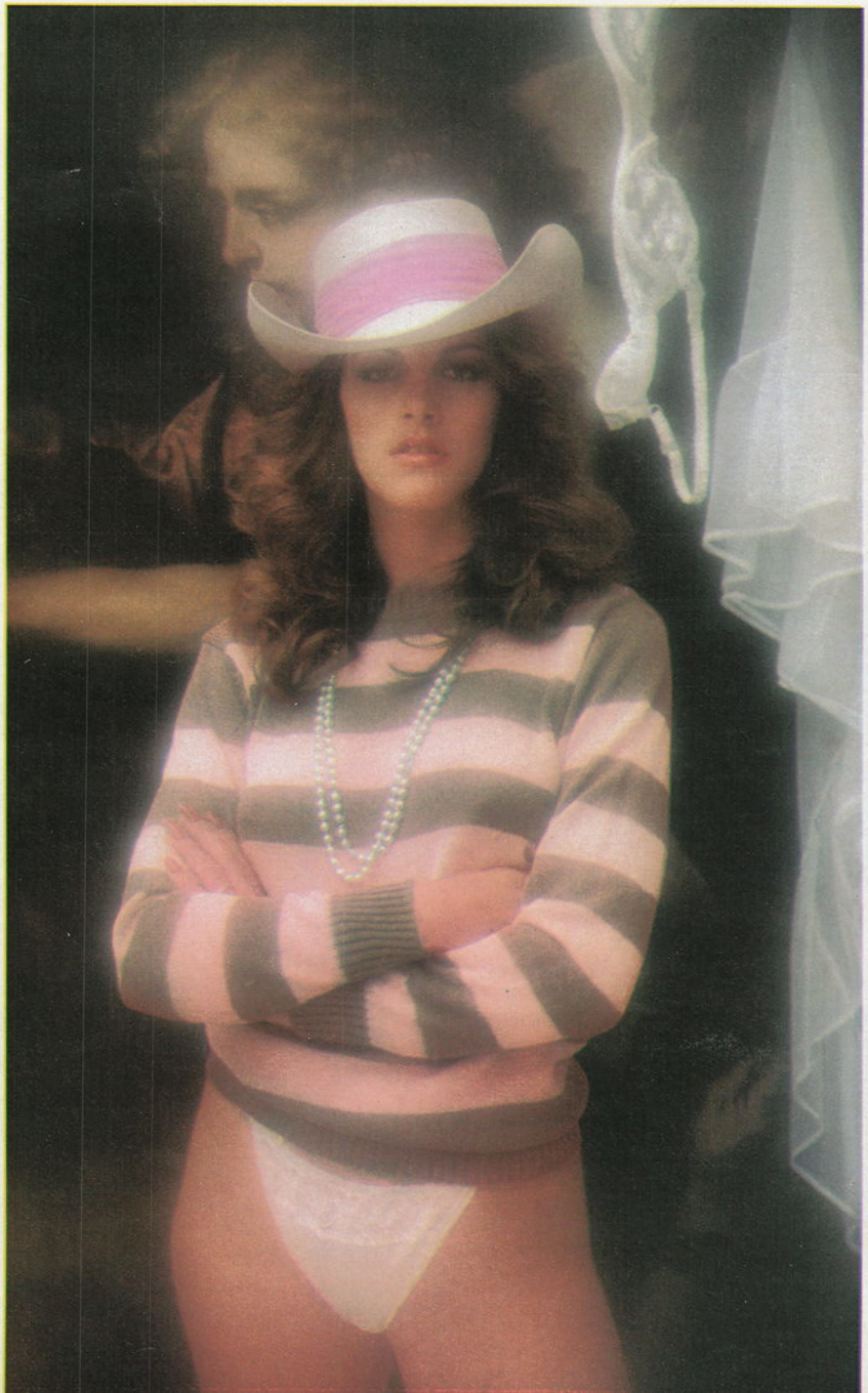
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

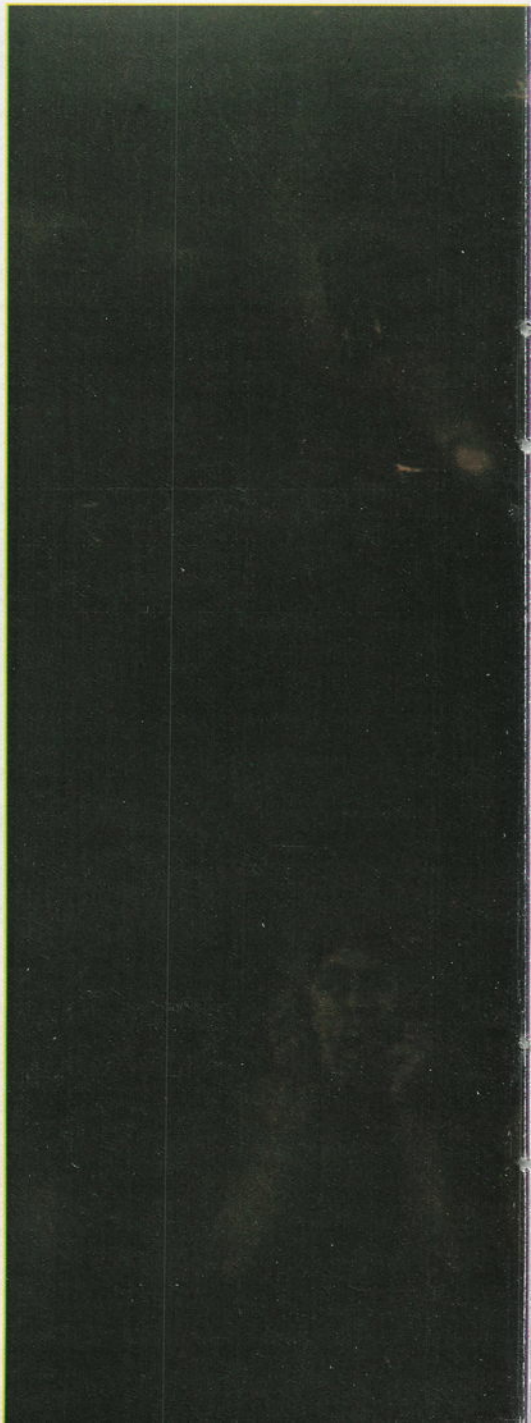
"My dad's a professional golfer," our nubile five-foot-nine-inch enchantress says, smiling, "but, he says, I've got more 'drive' than he does." In this case, a drive for the green: as Pet of the Year, her queen's ransom totals approximately $200,000 in cash and prizes. Including (above) a deluxe Gazelle, custom-made by Classic Motor Carriages, Inc., and a 52-inch sable-dyed Norwegian fox coat from Flemington Fur Company.



The slinky, black evening dress seen on the previous page, designed by Scott Barrie, is another prize. But Danielle feels the best Pet prize of all is her enduring relationship with "Bob Guccione (pictured here) and the whole *Penthouse* family. They look after me and care for me as if I were the most important person in the world!"







It was Bob, along with Kathy Keeton, Danielle adds, who talked her into leaving L.A. and coming to New York–a smart move, she believes. "California was so full of phonies–garbage men who drive Rolls-Royces and one 'oil sheikh' I met who turned out to be a grease monkey. L.A. is Plexiglas City...New York is Tiffany glass!"

She's got a point. In New York the arts are eagerly cultivated, whether it's a Renaissance masterpiece or a thoroughly modern one like Danielle. Along with her artful ways, our Pet is equally crafty. "Like all Capricorns, I'm a determined social climber, and being Pet of the Year will catapult me to the top of the ladder."

It has also surrounded her with suitors, including a New York Yankee ballplayer and a well-known male model. Doesn't this cause a bit of...tension? "Not at all," says she, "half a loaf is still better than none," especially when sharing such a movable feast.

Danielle's many professional accomplishments have included stints as a tax accountant and an airborne disc jockey and modeling jobs for such prestigious magazines as *Vogue* and *American Photographer*.

But career-wise and every other wise, Danielle's heart belongs to Daddy. "I know that my reign will only last a year, but I intend to become a permanent part of the *Penthouse* family." The reason for her devilish loyalty? Simple. "It's a class act ... *nobody* does it better!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, BOBBI, DEE, CHERYL AND LISA

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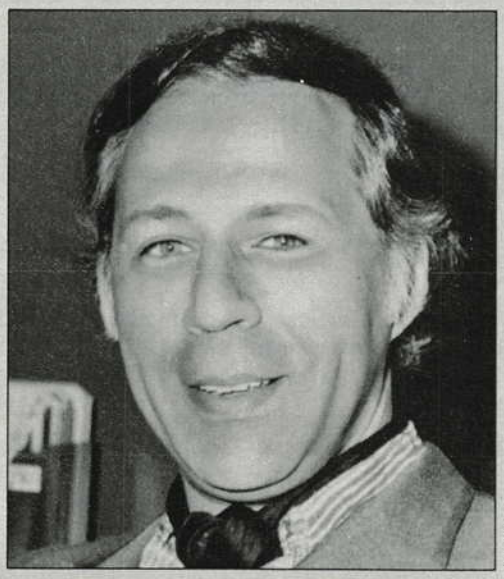


John Muth

BY BEN BOVA

The author is the editorial director and vice-president of *Omni* magazine, a *Penthouse* sister publication. His latest book, *The High Road*, from which this essay was adapted, has just been published by Houghton Mifflin. He has written more than 50 works of both fiction and nonfiction. Among his novels are *Kinsman*, *Millennium*, and *Colony*.

THE NEW SPACE RACE

A new space race has begun, and most Americans are not even aware of it.

This race is not merely between two nations jockeying for political prestige or military power. This new race involves all mankind in a contest against time. We, the people of Earth, are in a desperate race against global disaster.

The end of civilization is in sight now, in the smoking streets of London and Belfast and Tehran and Miami. In the assassins and terrorists who haunt Washington, Rome, San Salvador, West Germany. In the starving masses of the Sahel and Cambodia. In the nuclear arsenals and imperial ambitions of nation after nation after nation.

Only by raising our sights above the problems of the moment, and only by reaching outward to orbital and interplanetary space, can we avert the collapse of civilization as we know it!

To save the Earth, we must look beyond it. We must understand that our planet does not exist in isolation but is part of a much larger solar system, incredibly rich in energy, natural resources, and the wealth and raw materials needed to build a flourishing, fair, and free global society.

Some Americans understand that space can be used to solve many economic, social, and political problems. Across the nation, new space-activist organizations are forming constantly. There are hundreds of such groups: the L-5 Society, the National Space Institute, the Planetary Society, the World Space Federation, and many, many others. Like the earliest stirrings of the environmental movement, the space movement has started at the grass-roots level. It is growing and seeking to make an impact on the Washington establishment.

Spurred by the picture-perfect first flight of the space shuttle *Columbia*, space activists are drawing up plans, operating think tanks, and drafting position papers. Late last January, even before *Columbia* flew, the American Astronautical Society and the L-5 Society jointly hosted a meeting of some three dozen aerospace executives, consultants, writers, and activists in California. Calling itself the Citizens Advisory Council on National Space Policy, the group produced a plan for U.S. space activities for the next two decades and later presented the plan to the new administrators of NASA and to top advisers in the Reagan White House.

Meanwhile, another citizens' group, composed of scientists, environmentalists, businessmen, and writers, met in New York under the auspices of Bob Guccione, *Omni* magazine, and the Omni Foundation. They drafted a "Prospectus for Space Development." More of a summary of the benefits to be obtained in space than a detailed policy plan, the Prospectus shows the impact that space development can have on national prestige,

> "It would be the cruelest irony in human history if the Russians find prosperity and freedom in space while we, the entrepreneurs and the capitalists that people 'the land of the free,' miss the infinite opportunities that space offers us."

education, defense, the economy, foreign trade, the environment, and scientific knowledge.

The Prospectus is being endorsed by individuals and organizations from all levels of American life, from space activists to environmentalists, from business organizations to engineering societies, from educators to political leaders. It will be presented to the president in the White House, its thousands of endorsements showing that there is a large and growing constituency of citizens who want a stronger, more effective space program.

Space enthusiasts feel that it is particularly important to convince environmentalists that the long-range goals of the space movement are essentially the same as those of the environmental movement. Both groups want a clean, green planet Earth, a safe and fitting home world for humankind.

By seeking extraterrestrial raw materials for industry and eventually moving factories into space, space technology can help to transform the Earth into a strictly residential zone, safe from industrial pollution, strip-mining, seabed mining, and other forms of environmental degradation. The environmentalists, whose hard-earned political clout is diminishing in the face of the Reagan administration's emphasis on supply-side economics, can help their own cause by joining forces with the space advocates.

Space exploration has already helped the environmental movement, in a way that most environmentalists do not fully appreciate. When the first Apollo astronauts began to photograph the Earth from the distance of the moon, all of humankind saw our world as a beautiful jewel of life set in a black velvet void. Men and women who had never thought about their environment before saw our home world as "the big blue marble" and realized that this lonely island of life must be protected and preserved against pollution and ecological disaster.

If we expect to see the next century, we must adjust our vision for the long view. We must begin building the twenty-first century now. We must join the thousands who are already at work, striving to win this new space race.

This new space race is, in reality, a crucial struggle against our most ancient and remorseless enemies: hunger, poverty, ignorance, and disease. We must win this race, for one brutally simple reason: survival!

Other nations understand this and are acting on it. In Western Europe the European Space Agency is building its own rocket booster, Ariane, which will loft payloads into orbit in competition with the U.S. shuttle. ESA is also constructing *Spacelab,* an orbiting research facility that will be carried aboard the shuttle. Japan has a strong and growing space program, while China and India have both launched their own satellites with their own boosters.

In Soviet Russia it is fashionable to quote the words of the late Sergei Korolev, who was the shadowy "master designer" behind the early Russian space triumphs. Korolev once said, "The Soviet Union has become the seacoast of the universe."

Think about the significance of that statement. Think of the psychology behind the metaphor. Since the time of Peter the Great the Russians have sought warmwater ports to link their landlocked, backward country with the rest of the world. Korolev revealed an important subconscious component of the Russian emphasis on space exploration when he spoke those words.

In 1977 the Soviet Union launched its 20-ton *Salyut 6* space station into orbit. Over the next four years hardly a day went by when *Salyut 6* was not occupied by at least two cosmonauts. Many of the missions lasted for months at a time; Valeri Ryumin has spent almost a full year in space, on two missions of 175- and 185-day durations. "Guest cosmonauts" from Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, Vietnam, Cuba, and Mongolia have served aboard *Salyut 6.*

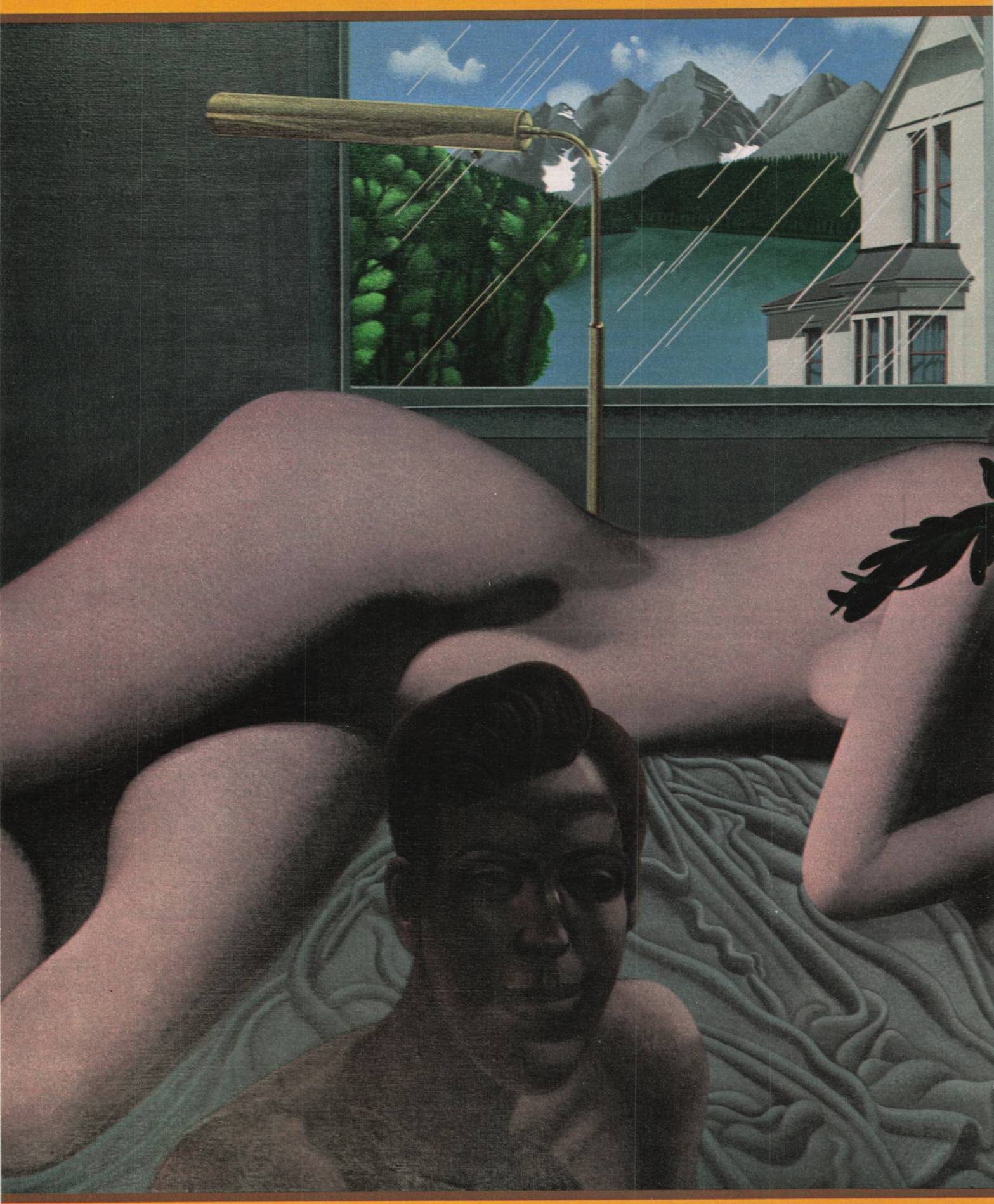
In May 1981 the Russians announced that they were "retiring" *Salyut 6.* As you read these words, they are probably constructing a new, permanent space station in orbit, capable of housing at least 12 people at a time.

Kremlin watchers claim that part of the Soviet Union's long-range plans for political and economic domination of the West includes cornering the world's supplies of strategic minerals, such as cobalt, chromium, and manganese. For years the Russians have worked hard to penetrate the Middle East and the Horn of Africa in an apparent attempt to cut off the vital petroleum supplies on which Western industry depends so heavily.

Surely the Soviet leaders understand that energy and key raw materials for industry can be obtained from space. Every indication is that they are moving calculatedly to obtain access to these resources—and perhaps deny access, if they can, to the West.

The Russian civilian space center at Tyuratam (near Baikonur) has an estimated 80 to 85 *working* launchpads. The Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral is a comparative ghost town, even with its two shuttle pads active. And the Soviet military space base, at Plesetsk, has still more working launchpads.

The future belongs to those who build it. Neither Americans nor any other people has an assured birthright to tomorrow. It would be the cruelest irony in human history if the Russians, of all the tyrannized people on the face of this Earth, find prosperity and freedom in space, while we, the entrepreneurs and the capitalists that people "the land of the free," miss the infinite opportunities that space offers us.



Sixteen-year-old Gerard Morell has made a habit of sleeping with his girl friends' mothers. But he never bargained on falling in love.

Teenage Casanova

FICTION BY BEN STEIN

December 1980

Isn't it great! Jeanie Fleming is back at the dance class at the Aspen Community Center after all these months. She hops out of her white Jaguar XJS and runs up the stairs in her leotard and ballet skirt. She's out of practice, at first, while the class does a barre exercise to a Chopin waltz. Florence, the teacher, has to talk to her a little more than usual, but after all, Jeanie hasn't been in class for a while. Jeanie catches sight of herself in the mirror as she does her pliés.

"Not bad," she has to admit. "Not bad even if I do say so myself," she tells herself. Jeanie Fleming may be forty-two years old, but she's a goddamned good forty-two. Thin, even on her inner thighs, which is where nine out of ten women fall down. Firm on top and no boob job, either. A few wrinkles around the neck—there's no use denying that, but a hell of a lot fewer wrinkles than any of her friends at the Aspen Club have, and some of them have a few less miles on them than Jeanie Fleming. No tummy bulge at all. Flat as a board. And at the end of the hour-and-a-half intermediate class, Jeanie Fleming is hardly even breathing hard.

Florence makes a few announcements about the next class. She tells Jeanie that she's

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN

glad to see her back. "We've missed you," Florence says, wrinkling her Oriental face around the eyes as she smiles.

Jeanie bounces back down the stairs and into the white Jag. She has only five minutes to get across town to the Ute City Banque, where she is meeting Shirley Burton for a late, light lunch. Cheryl will save her a table in the good room, but only if she's there before two.

Jeanie zips through the traffic on Hyman Avenue like a fox running away from whippets. At the lights she looks into an antique shop. She catches a glimpse of her face in the mirror. Thin. Too thin. Ever since the divorce she has hardly been eating more than a grapefruit at breakfast and yogurt at dinner. Frankly, for a while there, she wasn't even eating that. A salad at the Mother Lode (she would eat three bits), and that was that. But since she started getting the letters from Gerard, since her lawyer assured her that the alimony payments would come as regularly as clockwork, since she started seeing the new shrink, the Kohutian therapist, she had been able to keep down a little capellini pasta from Abetone's.

She passes a jeep that looks like Claudine's, but she does not look to see who is driving. Who cares? Jeanie has other things to think about. She has a whole new life to make. She has to start enjoying the freedom that Gerard forced her to have. She has to forget about Ron and the computer business and the devastatingly empty life of a housewife on Hallam Street on the West Side of Aspen.

And, frankly, she's pretty proud of the job she's doing. She, who had always lived under the wing of a man, either her father or her grandfather or Ron, was now out on her own, and if the truth were to be told, she was doing okay. Sara wasn't starving. There were no roaches in the bathrooms. The bills were getting paid as they came in. No one had scurvy in her household. The maid, Daybreak, was not threatening to go back to Telluride. Ron was respectful to her whenever he ran into her at Andre's or anywhere else. She had even started to date a few men who had been friends of hers and Ron's before the divorce. No big passionate thing, but then she was pretty much burnt out for a while after Gerard. All in all, things were pretty near perfect. Smooth sailing. No problems.

Well, maybe there was one little problem. Every ten minutes or so, she thought of Gerard with a wistfulness, a longing, that she could have used to cut glass; that's how hard it was, how sharp the edges were. As Jeanie pulled the XJS up to a space on Hyman, right in front of the the Ute City Banque, she took a deep breath and tried to think clearly, to put the tidal waves of memory somewhere else. The last time she had been to the Ute City Banque had been with Gerard, late one afternoon after he had cut school to come over to the house on Hallam. They had spent the whole morning in bed and then had come over for a late lunch after the dining room was empty. That was only last spring, and she was still a Stepford Wife. Jeanie looked at herself in the mirror. She put on Fire and Ice, by Revlon, not new, but still dynamite, and she thought. Could it be that Gerard had only been sixteen and sat behind Sara in advanced math at Aspen Country Day? It could be and it was. Jeanie Fleming walked into the Ute City Banque and tried to think what came next in her life.

September 1979

Johnny come lately. The new kid in town. Gerard Morell looks out of the window of the big, modern house on North Starwood Drive, the one that cost $1.2 million, just like all the other houses in Starwood. The street is slightly hilly in front of the house; the lawn is green and bright. There is a huge tree right smack in the middle of the yard. Its branches are so immense that they almost reach the driveway. That's not too cool, because Gerard's new 280 CE is parked right there in the driveway, and Gerard doesn't want an oak branch to fall on it. That car is a hot little item for a sixteen-year-old, and Gerard does not want it dented. His parents were awfully nice to get it for him. He's going to make sure it's shiny for the first day of school.

> Gerard happened to like older women. . . . For one thing, they didn't make him do all the work. They helped out. A lot.

Charles Morell, Gerard's dad, calls him downstairs to help move a few boxes. Charles, tanned and lean in a tennis outfit, is in the center hall, struggling with a wrought-iron chandelier. "Could you take a few boxes of those dishes in to your mother?" he asks, pointing at some cardboard boxes.

"Sure thing, Dad," Gerard says. It's the least he can do. How many parents would give him a car after finding out about what he'd been doing all those afternoons in Wesley Heights?

In the kitchen Eve Morell is supervising the movers in unpacking. She wears her nightgown from Adolfo (just like Nancy Reagan). When she sees his little-boy face with its tousled hair, its cool blue eyes, and its smiling, friendly lips, she puckers up. "You haven't kissed me this morning," she says. "Don't you like me any more?"

Gerard kisses her on the cheek. "Good morning, Mom," he says.

"You can kiss me on the lips, Gerard," she says. "You can do anything. I'm like putty when I see you." She smiles. Her eyes are so blue that they light up the room. "I hope you make a lot of friends at school this morning," she says. "But if you don't like it at public school, we'll send you to boarding school next semester."

"I'm sure I'll make friends," he says. His mother winks at him. She knows he will.

He does. Let's face it. Gerard Morell is personality nitroglycerin. He's got those eyes, just like his mother, like porcelain blue with sodium vapor lamps behind them. He has a smile that makes Robert Redford look like Woody Allen. Plus, he's a great guy. A friendly guy. He's had this year's chem class already; so he knows all the answers, but he never makes anybody feel, you know, really *dumb*, just because he knows more than everybody else.

Look at the way he helps people. Like Misty, the girl who sits behind him in English lit and can't analyze Tennyson's poetry or anything, and Gerard spends all his time at lunch giving her answers so that she won't look like she's totally dropped out when Mr. Gross calls on her.

By the end of the first month of school, Gerard has two really close friends, Steve and Mark, who are loaded, too, and have their own cars—A Jeep CJ 7 and a Mercedes. They are all pals, but Steve and Mark look up to Gerard, sort of. The guy grew up in Paris, after all, and that's a lot more suave than Pitkin County. Mark and Steve and Gerard go everywhere together. Down to the Jerome Hotel Bar, to the Paragon, to Andre's to have soufflé, everywhere.

Well, not quite everywhere. Because by the end of the third week of school, Gerard Morell, death to mothers of high-school girls, has struck again. See, Misty was wearing these really tight Sassons, and she kind of asked Gerard whether he would come over and help her with her paper for English lit. She looked really cute in her jeans, and Gerard said yes. That night he spent two hours telling Misty what "The Eve of Saint Agnes" was really about. He spent an hour and a half talking to Misty's mother, Elaine Hamlin. Elaine was a little better looking than Misty, even if she was forty, if the truth had to be told. Mr. Hamlin was out of town at a conference in Dallas on multi-unit apartment-dwelling tax shelters. He spent a lot of time at those conferences. Usually at airport hotels. Sometimes he took his secretary along. You get the picture? Elaine (Mrs. Hamlin) was wearing Sassons, too. She liked the way Gerard obviously admired the trouble she had gone to to keep her figure.

She also liked the way Gerard looked. Almost French, but with a little-boy quality that really did something to her. Misty got sleepy after a while. Gerard said he would leave in a minute. He just wanted to tell

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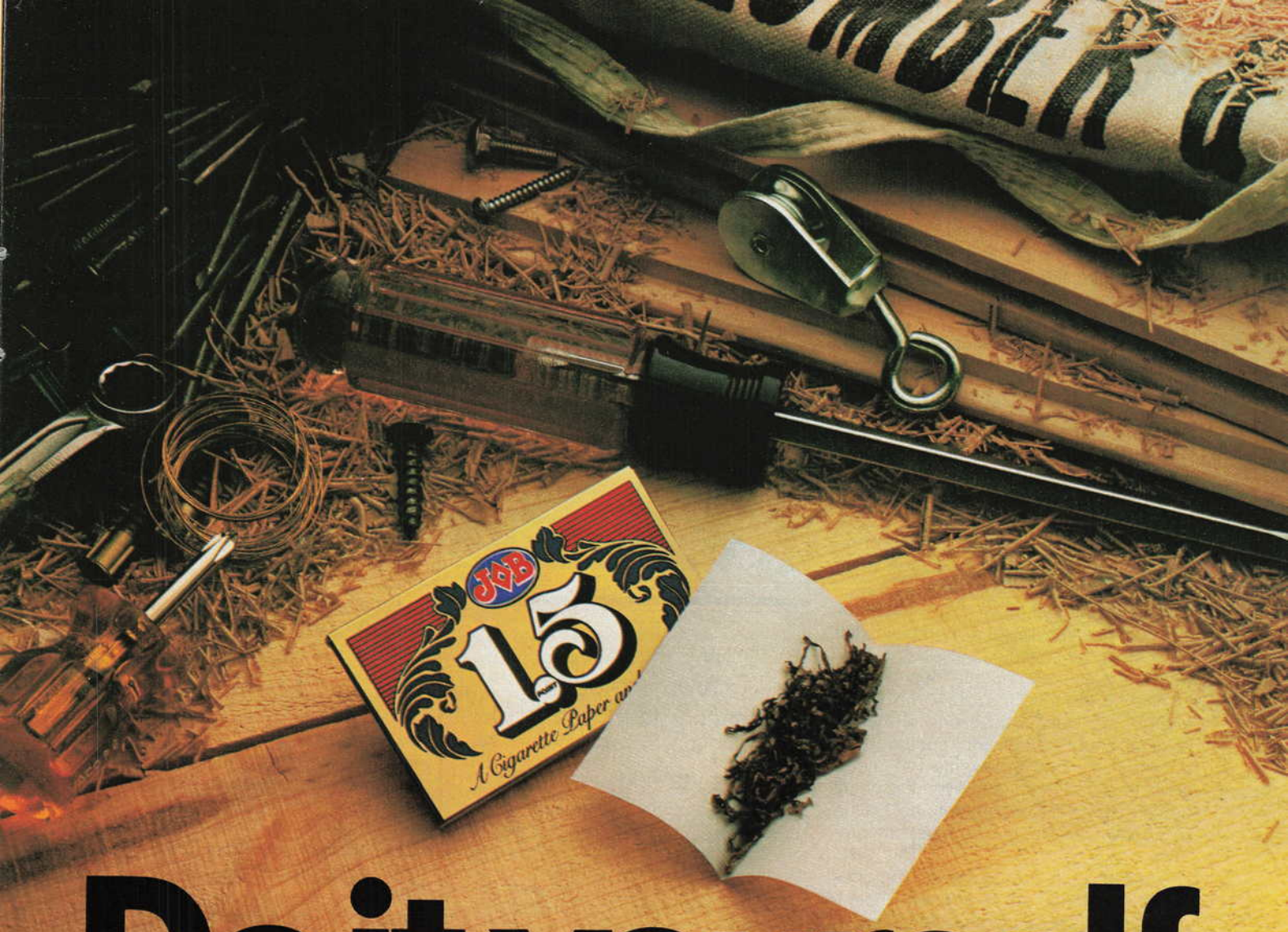

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POLANSKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Gunson was not happy about accepting a plea bargain: he believed in his case and wanted to go to trial, provided that the girl and her mother would testify. Sources close to him later said that he had wanted to drop the whole thing if the victim wouldn't take the stand. It was evident, though, that Polanski was too public a figure for this to be possible.

Both sides reluctantly pressed to win the best terms they could. In the course of plea-bargaining negotiations, Dalton twice privately repeated an offer whereby, as part of the rehabilitation process, Polanski would voluntarily found and fund a theater-arts school for disadvantaged children, where he would also teach. "That would be a nifty place for a child molester!" grumbled a member of the prosecution team. Dalton's offer wasn't taken up.

By early August, however, a plea-bargain had been arranged. On August 8, the day before the scheduled start of his trial, Polanski appeared in Santa Monica court to change his plea to guilty on a single charge: the *least* serious one of the six original counts, "unlawful sexual intercourse." He had not wanted to plead guilty to any of them, and even this count could result in his deportation, but Dalton had convinced him that he must compromise.

Gunson wasn't happy either. The girl's family threatened not to appear if Polanski's plea was not accepted. Gunson went into court determined that the girl's story would not be forgotten or tossed aside. He had made up his mind that Polanski would not be able to walk out of the courtroom and say afterward that he hadn't done anything. It had to be made clear that Polanski had ravished the child and had admitted it publicly. For this reason, the conditions under which Polanski's guilty plea was accepted were unusual. First, he was required to enter the plea *under oath*—an unusual step—specifying precisely to *what* he pleaded guilty. Gunson wanted no ambiguity. So, after taking the oath, Polanski stood before Judge Rittenband and said, "I had sex with a female person, not my wife, under the age of eighteen. She was the complaining witness."

When he had finished, Gunson read Polanski a long list of questions, each of which he answered. "On March 10, 1977," asked Gunson, "the day you had intercourse with the complaining witness, how old did you believe her to be?" "I understand she was thirteen," Polanski said. "Did you *know* she was thirteen years of age then?" Gunson continued. "Yes." Polanski also said he knew that his plea of guilty carried a possible sentence of 1 to 50 years in state prison and that he could be deported.

Silver, the family's lawyer, read a three-page letter to the judge, expressing the family's wishes that the court accept Polanski's plea and their hope that he would not be incarcerated. Both Silver and the prosecution team knew that this was a calculated risk, for the letter might create a suspicion that the girl was afraid to appear publicly because she was lying. "My primary concern," said Silver, "is the present and future well-being of the girl and her family. Up to this point, the identity of my clients has been protected from public exposure." Fearful that the child would be stigmatized by the case, the family had decided that the guilty plea by the defendant was a sufficient act of contrition.

The district attorney's office was determined that it would not appear as if Polanski was getting special treatment because he was famous. Given the fact that Van de Kamp's office was accepting a plea to a lesser charge, in violation of its declared policy, a statement was issued outlining the reasons for making this exception—and making it clear that no sentencing deal had been included in the agreement to accept the plea: "Should we prosecute the defendant to the fullest degree," asked the DA's office, "yet victimize the 13-year-old girl through the mass of publicity and exposure which we all know this trial would bring, and which would conceivably follow her for the rest of her life?"

In his more detailed official recommendation, Van de Kamp cited fears that scandal and publicity would further aggravate the traumatic effect the young victim had already suffered.

Before sentencing, Rittenband would have to secure various recommendations, including those of a team of psychiatrists which would be appointed to determine whether or not Polanski was "a mentally disordered sex offender." If the psychiatrists ruled that Polanski was mentally deranged, he could be committed to a state hospital for treatment and forced to register afterward as a sex offender. Once the psychiatrists' reports came in, they would be included in a comprehensive report prepared by a probation officer, a crucial factor in Rittenband's decision on the sentence.

Polanski's legal team went in to plea-bargaining negotiations determined about one thing: as a condition of their client's pleading guilty, they wanted a guarantee that Polanski would *not* be assigned to the female probation officer who would normally have handled the case. If Polanski was to be observed and a lengthy account written of him, they did not want a woman to do the job. The prosecution accepted this request, and the task of composing the probation report was turned over to a man named Irwin Gold.

Assier/Gamma-Liaison

> I want to be at peace with myself. . . . I wanted to be judged fairly, without hysteria. For this affair to be finished. Let me live my life."
>
> —*Polanski to* Paris Match

In the end, Polanski did not deny that he had had sexual intercourse with the little girl. But he was angry about being accused of rape. His predilection for youth was well known. Surely this was not the first time he had been sexually involved with a young girl. He felt that he was being persecuted and persecution was a nightmare he had done nothing to deserve. But no matter how physically developed or how available they are, the very young are legally off limits in our society. A child cannot consent to perform sexual acts, for she cannot make decisions with the authority of an adult.

Since the probation report would affect Polanski's fate, he worked on his probation officer, Irwin Gold, for whom he painted a picture of a tragic past, a compliant girl, and remorse for anything he might have done wrong. Polanski had stepped in front of a camera before and knew how to act a part. As the probation report shows, he managed to win Gold's sympathy—as well as that of the court-appointed psychiatrists. It is a testimonial to Polanski's ability to manipulate a situation that the probation report was so favorable to him.

Gold began with a capsule narrative of Polanski's troubled life, sketching wartime Poland, self-imposed exile from communism, and the Manson murders. Mention of two head injuries—in a Krakow bunker and in an automobile accident—led Gold

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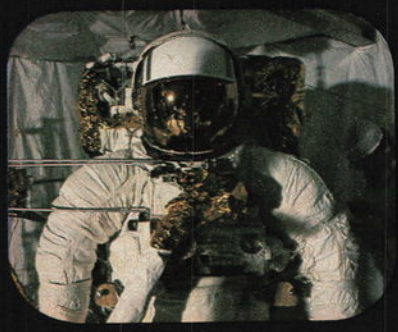
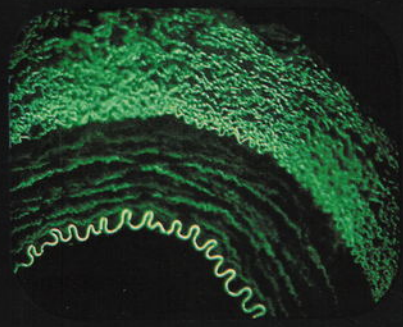
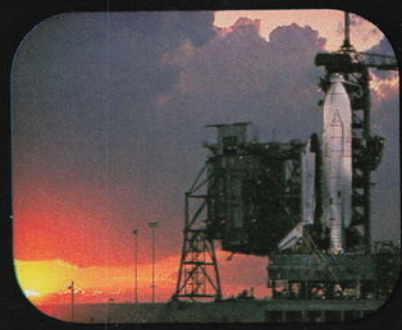
OMNI: THE NEW FRONTIER COMES TO TELEVISION







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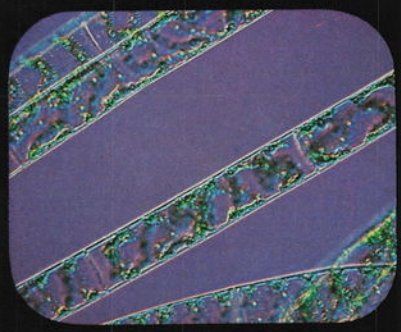

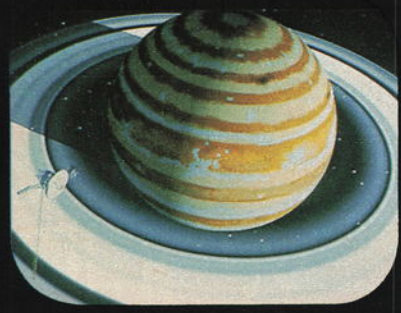

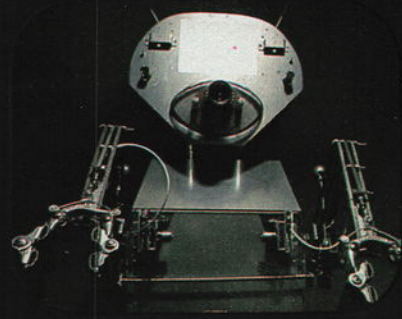

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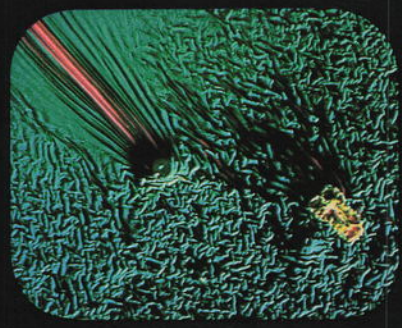
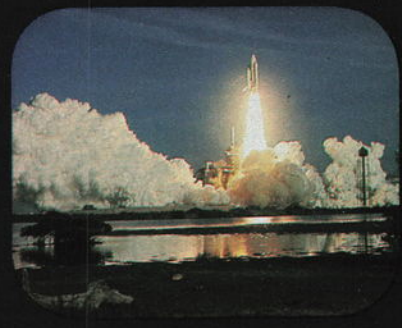
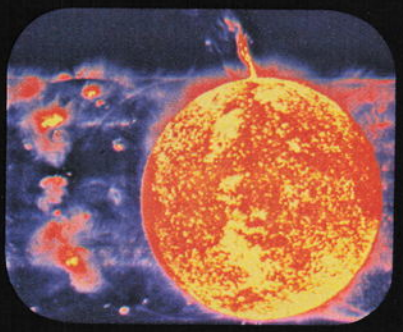
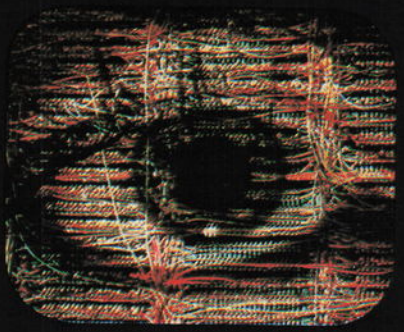




WITH A BREATHTAKING WEEKLY LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

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to comment: "Although defendant has been under abnormal periods of stress throughout his life, he has never sought psychiatric or other professional assistance, implying that any psychiatric care could, conceivably, interfere with the creative process."

After detailing the allegations, the report moved to Polanski's confession. Now, for the first time, Polanski offered *his* version of what had happened on Mulholland Drive, stressing the 13-year-old's initiative. More than just a compliant partner, the child was almost a seductress. In Polanski's narrative she began to assume control in the car: "She mentioned that she liked champagne. . . . She once got drunk at her father's house. . . . She talked about sex. . . . She said she first had sex at eight with a kid down the street and later her boyfriend."

Inside Nicholson's house the little girl had taken "her blouse off." Although he didn't mention the child's being groggy with alcohol and drugs, he suggested that he had been worried about his own condition. Having been drinking, he now claimed, he feared taking a Quaalude. He denied any "actual offer" of drugs to the girl but did corroborate her having claimed to be asthmatic. The faked asthma attack posed a problem for Polanski's story, since he claimed the child had been a "willing" partner; so he quickly cut away from it: "I heard a car coming. I was apprehensive. Some maniacs used to come to the compound."

This veiled allusion to his own prior victimization preceded the point in the story where he "told her to rest in the bedroom." The montage of the "maniacs" and the bedroom scene made Polanski a more sympathetic character. As to what went on inside the bedroom, he was strategically laconic: "I went to the bedroom. She never objected." The sole information offered is that he "withdrew before climax," another well-calculated detail. What happened between her consent and his withdrawal was simple: "The whole thing was very spontaneous. It was not planned."

The girl had told a different story to the grand jury, to the district attorneys, and even to Gold—but from this moment, it was Polanski's version that would determine the probation officer's conclusions. A groggy 13-year-old who didn't know the word *sodomy* was no match for this brilliant actor, director, and screenwriter. Gold wrote:

"During the subsequent interview with the defendant, he expressed great remorse regarding any possible effect the present offense might have had upon the victim. He expressed great pity and compassion for her, stating that he knew the legal proceedings have been extremely difficult for her. He stated that because of the many tragedies that he himself has known in his own life, he feels great empathy for a young person in distress."

This passage registered events not explicit in it: the impassioned exchange between Gold and Polanski as the defendant recounted how often he had been kicked in life. "Haven't *you* kicked someone, Roman?" asked Gold—at which Polanski broke down and wept. This moment, sources indicate, was the turning point for the probation officer, who became unusually involved in the case, fascinated by the possibility of comprehending and socializing with Roman Polanski as no one had done before.

In the course of the "mentally disordered sex offender proceedings," Polanski became the object of psychiatric scrutiny and was deemed to be neither mentally ill nor sexually deviant. One psychiatrist even remarked on his "good judgment"—an odd assessment in a rape case. Accepting Polanski's account, as Gold had, the psychiatrist characterized the offense as "an isolated instance of transient poor judgment and loss of normal inhibitions in circumstances of intimacy and collaboration in creative work." Compassionate with regard to Polanski, the psychiatrist scored the mother's "permissiveness and knowledge of circumstances." Even the rape victim herself was called to account for her "physical maturity and willingness and provocativeness," as if the child were to be blamed for her physical appearance, her natural endowments. In this light the psychiatrist commended Polanski for his "lack of coercion" as well as for "his solicitude concerning pregnancy." He felt that Polanski was unlikely to "reoffend" and saw no need for psychiatric treatment.

> "She talked about sex . . . ," said Polanski. "She said she first had sex at eight with a boy down the street and later her boyfriend."

Finally, Gold concluded his findings with all the authority of an observer sanctioned by law to interpret what he had seen. He recommended probation, on the basis of Polanski's assertion "that the act was not premeditated, that it was spontaneous." He noted that Polanski showed "sincere remorse" and that he was a foreigner with different "manners and mores." Gold wrote: "It is believed that incalculable emotional damage could result from incarcerating the defendant, whose own life has been a seemingly unending series of punishments." This was the victimizer as victim: a role Polanski had played to the hilt.

Despite these recommendations, Judge Rittenband was against probation for Polanski. Having once stated that "sometimes trying to diagnose a psychiatric condition is like trying to get a black cat on a dark night, in a coal cellar," Rittenband didn't place much stock in the psychiatric reports—and thought the entire probation report the worst "whitewash" he had ever seen. If Gold and the psychiatrists had been convinced by Polanski, Rittenband was not.

On September 16, Rittenband called the principals in the case to his chambers. There he laid out his decision, which would be announced publicly on September 19. He informed Defense Attorney Dalton, Prosecutor Gunson, and Probation Officer Gold that he planned to send Polanski to the state facility at Chino for 90 days, ostensibly for more extensive diagnosis, but in fact, the judge intimated he would consider this as the defendant's entire punishment. Both Gunson and Gold objected, reminding the judge that Chino was supposed to be used solely for diagnostic purposes, not punishment. Rittenband refused to be swayed, insisting that Polanski would be safer at the state prison than in county jail. At this point the central—but unspoken—issue in the case wasn't jail but *deportation.* This was what Dalton had fought to avoid and what the judge seemed increasingly determined to ensure. If Rittenband couldn't deport Polanski—that was the province of the Department of Immigration and Naturalization—he *could* make deportation virtually inevitable. A term in state prison rather than the county jail would help provide a sufficient ground on which the Immigration authorities could move.

Rittenband told Dalton that he would grant a 90-day stay to allow Polanski to complete *Hurricane.* He was unwilling to announce a longer stay because of public reaction, but—instructing all present to keep quiet about it—the judge said that he would be willing to come back to court at the end of the first 90 days and grant additional time. Finally, Rittenband issued a set of instructions for the court session on September 19. Dalton was to argue for probation; Gunson was to ask for imprisonment. Then Rittenband would rule, sending Polanski to Chino for "diagnosis."

On September 19, Dalton rose in court and addressed Rittenband. He stressed two points. First, he contended that, rather than gaining Polanski preferential treatment, his celebrity was leading to his being treated with "extra animus." Dalton attempted to limit the consideration of the court to the single charge of unlawful sexual intercourse—one that he tried to make seem as benign as possible. Painfully trying to differentiate unlawful sexual intercourse from rape, he remarked that "this particular offense doesn't have the connotation of rape"—a misleading contention if

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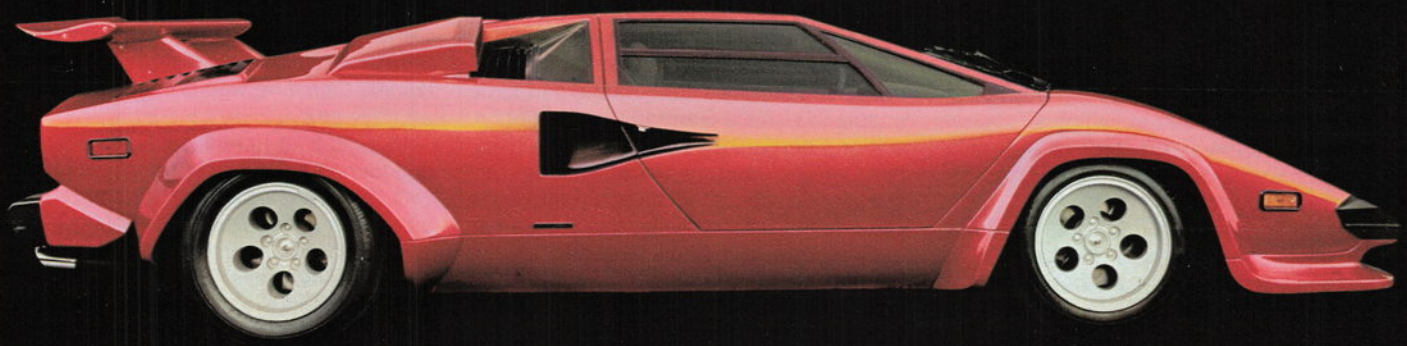


one examines the California criminal law, in which the two are explicitly linked.

Conscious of the threat of deportation, Dalton stated that he wished to "remind" the court that "this is not a crime that is *malum in se*" ("evil in itself"). Whether or not a crime is *malum in se* is one of the criteria for determining whether moral turpitude is involved, and if Polanski was convicted of a crime of moral turpitude, he would be immediately subject to deportation.

Having cited the probation and psychiatric reports, Dalton asserted that Polanski "is a criminal only by accident; that there are many complex social and psychological factors that were involved in this situational event which otherwise was a complete departure from his normal mode of conduct." Avoiding mention of alcohol or Quaaludes, the defense suggested the child's consent. By denying that unlawful sexual intercourse was rape, Dalton implied that the difference involved consent.

Next to address the court, Prosecutor Gunson strenuously objected to Dalton's remarks. While not reminding the defense that consent in a case involving a child is immaterial, Gunson recalled that there had been factors that would have rendered consent difficult if not impossible: the champagne and the Quaaludes. Gunson said that he had been particularly disturbed by the implication in both the probation report and the psychiatric evaluations that "the sexual activities occurred naturally and mutually." Testimony offered by the girl to the grand jury had indicated otherwise. Gunson argued that far from being an unfortunate accident, there were signs "that this is more than a normal course of action, a situational event. It appears that it was almost planned." Thus Gunson urged that the defendant be sentenced to time in custody.

Having heard Dalton and Gunson state their positions for the public record, Rittenband was ready to rule:

"Although the prosecutrix was not an inexperienced girl, this of course is not a license to the defendant, a man of the world, in his forties, to engage in an act of unlawful sexual intercourse with her. The law was designed for the protection of females under the age of eighteen years, and it is no defense to such a charge that the female might not have resisted the act."

As indicated in advance, Rittenband ordered Polanski to Chino for 90 days of diagnostic testing, and at Dalton's request, a 90-day stay was granted, allowing Polanski to continue work on *Hurricane* before reporting to prison.

When Polanski left the courtroom, major misunderstandings remained. What was the purpose of the stay at Chino and its relation to the final sentence? The judge had privately agreed that the only time Polanski would have to serve was that required for the diagnostic study—however long that took to complete. This was what Dalton assured Polanski. But Rittenband expected the diagnostic study to last the full 90 days, and if it didn't, he would insist that any remaining time be served.

Although Rittenband granted a stay so that Polanski could work on his new film, the judge had been disturbed because the director had signed the contract to direct *Hurricane*, implying confidence on his part that he would get off scot-free or at worst be given probation. Now Rittenband grew increasingly agitated by what he perceived as Polanski's blasé public demeanor. The arrival of then-16-year-old Nastassia Kinski to visit Polanski infuriated the judge, despite the director's claim that she was there for professional reasons and had brought her mother as chaperone. To the judge, this man facing rape charges was acting in a contemptuous manner when he publicly flaunted his relationship with yet another teenager.

But the decisive provocation came just ten days after sentencing when the *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* published a photograph of Polanski in Munich, seated with several lovely women at a table covered with beer steins.

> A group of friends gave Polanski a going-away party. He was anxious about prison and the possibility of being raped himself because of his small size.

Enraged, Rittenband announced that he was going to send Polanski to jail immediately. Dalton was asked to get Polanski back to Santa Monica for a hearing on October 21. But Polanski had already left Munich for Tahiti, where an airline strike caused him to miss the court date in California. The hearing was rescheduled, and on October 24 Polanski and his producer, Dino De Laurentiis, informed the court that the director had been in Munich on business. De Laurentiis said that he had been unable to visit the German distributor himself and had asked Polanski to represent him. At the hearing Polanski was also questioned about Nastassia Kinski. He claimed that although she had visited him in California and Munich, it had always been in the company of a chaperone. Finally, Rittenband agreed to permit Polanski to remain free, but it was obvious he would grant no further stays as originally indicated.

Polanski was due to report to Chino on December 19, but to avoid the crush of reporters, the court permitted him to arrive three days early. The night before he left, a group of friends, including Kenneth Tynan and Jack Nicholson, gave Polanski a going-away party. He was understandably depressed and ill-tempered, anxious about prison and the possibility of being raped himself because of his small size.

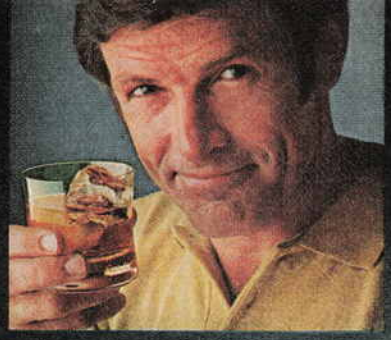
The diagnostic tests took 42 days to complete, during which Polanski was incarcerated with fellow inmates whom he described as "the scum of society." Meanwhile, De Laurentiis announced that Polanski wouldn't be directing *Hurricane*. His status was too uncertain to be bankable.

On January 27, Polanski was released from prison. Badly shaken by the experience, he left assuming that at least he had now completed all of the time he would have to serve behind bars. But on January 30 Rittenband called Gunson and Dalton to his chambers in preparation for the final sentence on February 1 and informed them that it was his intention to send Polanski back to prison for an additional 48 days—to make his incarceration total 90 days. Worse still, Rittenband indicated that he would consent to the 48-day limit *only* if Polanski would agree to deport himself voluntarily upon release. Otherwise, he would leave him in jail.

There was a second meeting the following day. By now even Gunson was in disaccord with the judge, arguing that Rittenband should sentence Polanski to 90 days in the county jail—with credit for time already served—rather than send him to state prison if he insisted on the additional 48 days. The judge refused, as Dalton later recalled, arguing that "the appearance of a state prison sentence must be maintained for the press." Gunson felt that hard as he had fought for time in prison for Polanski, a commitment had been made to the defendant for one sort of sentence and that it should be kept. But nothing swayed Rittenband, who was determined to force Polanski's deportation.

Apprised of Rittenband's decision, Polanski drove to the Los Angeles airport and booked the last remaining seat, a first-class ticket, on British Airways flight number 598 to London, which departed at 5:57 P.M. and arrived in London the next morning, at 11:40 A.M. London time. Due in Rittenband's courtroom that day, Polanski called Dalton and said not to expect him there. He had had enough. Why serve additional time if he was going to be deported anyway?

Months after Polanski's flight, when the question of his possible return was raised with the U.S. Department of Immigration, an officer pointed out that Polanski's return was no longer entirely up to him—even if he was willing to serve additional time in prison. As a foreign national who had pleaded guilty to a felony charge, now that he was outside the country, he could be denied a visa should he attempt to return.



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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JACOBO TIMERMAN

I don't understand why many
Jews say that I am jeopardizing the lives
of Argentinian Jews while at the
same time they say that there is no anti-Semitism.
How can I jeopardize the lives of
the Jews if there is no anti-Semitism?

An Argentine editor in exile became, in 1981, a figure of high drama in American politics and intellectual life. Jacobo Timerman was applauded in Senate hearing rooms and savaged in conservative living rooms. He was blamed by right-wing commentators for the collapse of President Reagan's nomination of Ernest Lefever, a critic of U.S. human-rights policy, as assistant secretary of state for human rights. He was cheered by liberals for reviving the public's commitment to human rights in all countries, regardless of politics.

It is extraordinary at any time for a foreigner to have that kind of impact in Washington and New York: the more so when his ideas oppose the current of a new and popular president. And Jacobo Timerman was a man without office, without political influence in any country, one whose name was scarcely known in the United States when the year 1981 opened. How did he have such an effect?

Timerman did it by words. He wrote a book about his experience as a victim of state terrorism, of the Argentine military government's torturers. Random House published the book, called *Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number.* And we learned that in the television age, words can still touch the conscience of a country. Thousands of Americans saw Timerman's life as a metaphor for the inhumanity of a brutal world, and his book quickly became a best-seller.

He is a Jew: a fact that he lets no one forget, in the book or in conversation. He was born 58 years ago in Bar, a small town in the Ukraine. The Timerman family had come to Bar in the sixteenth century, in flight from the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands. The Jews flourished in Bar despite cossack assaults. In 1717 they built a Great Synagogue; Jacobo Timerman remembers worshiping there as a child.

In 1928, when Jacobo was five, his father, Nathan, took the family to Argentina. By doing so he escaped the Nazis, who came to Bar in 1941 and burned the Great Synagogue—with many Jews in it. But the Timermans did not escape anti-Semitism.

Jacobo (the name is pronounced "Ha-co-bo," with the accent on the second syllable) grew up in Argentina as many Jews of his age did in the United States: not observant in religion but committed to the Zionist idea of a Jewish state in Palestine. He was a phenomenal success as a political writer and editor. He founded, then sold, Argentina's first news magazine. In 1971 he founded a daily, *La Opinión,* and as its editor and publisher made it a liberal-intellectual newspaper.

Argentina entered a time of political savagery. First left-wing guerrillas, the Montoneros, carried out murders; Timerman and his paper condemned them. In 1976 the military took over in a coup; Timerman welcomed it. But then the military began kidnapping and murdering people by the thousands without charges, without trials, without reason. *La Opinión,* virtually alone among the press, printed the names of those who "disappeared."

On April 15, 1977, at two in the morning, 20 armed men in civilian clothes raided Timerman's apartment in Buenos Aires, handcuffed him, threw him on the floor of his own car, and drove off. He was held in secret prisons for six months, subjected to fearsome electrical torture, humiliated. And again and again hatred of Jews came from the guards and interrogators. They had been taught, at a military school, that Jews were going to take over the south of Argentina and turn it into another Zionist state; they asked Timerman about Menachem Begin's role in the plan.

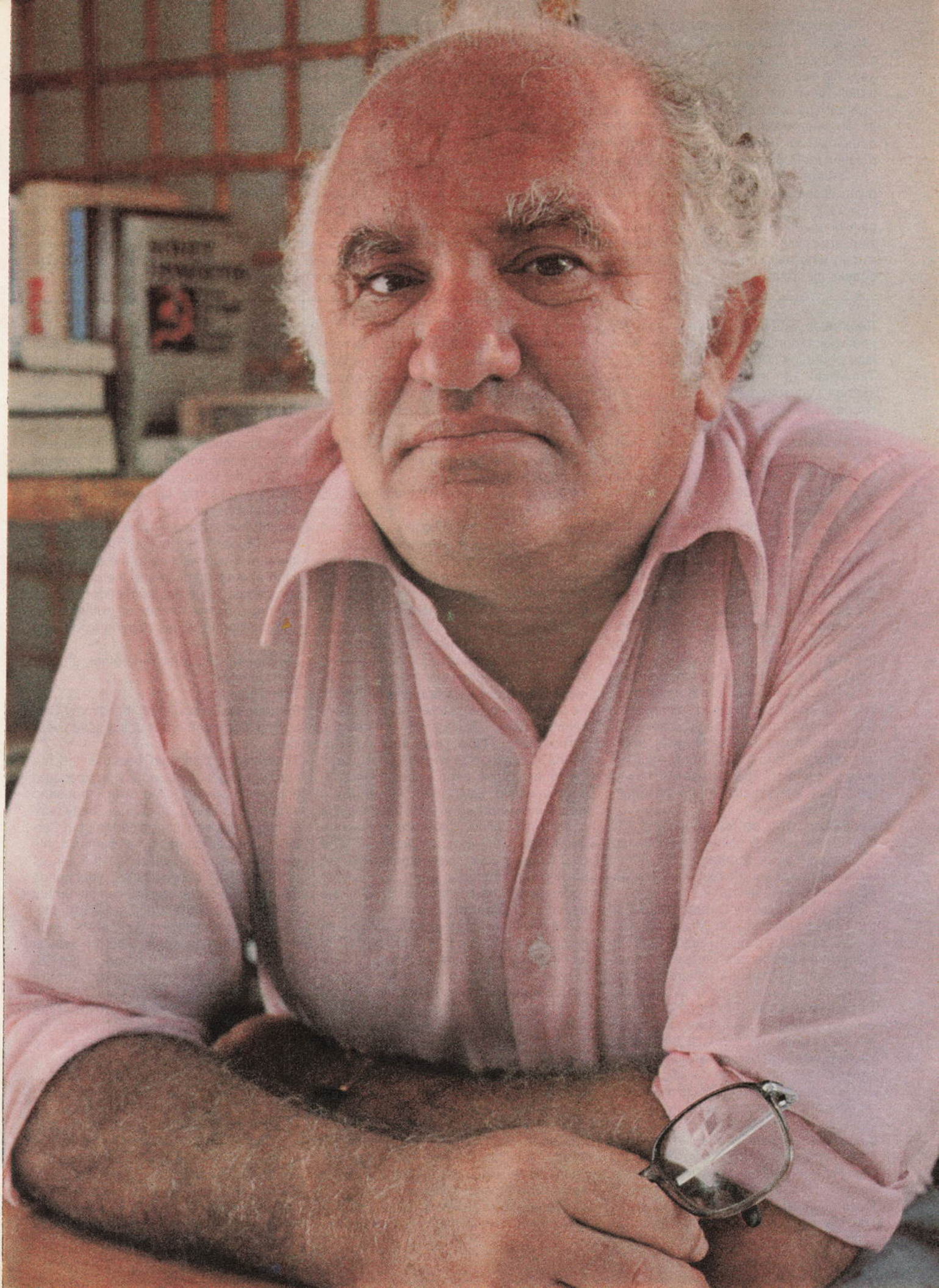
Once he was seated in a chair and blindfolded, and the electrical shocks were applied. One of the torturers shouted a word, and the others took it up: "Jew . . . Jew . . . Jew!" And then: "Clipped prick . . . Clipped prick . . . Jew . . . Clipped prick . . . Jew!"

In the course of those months Timerman learned about the inescapable burden of being Jewish. He learned about anti-Semitism. In his book he warned—warned himself—against feeling "sorry for ourselves as Jews." He emphasized that most of the victims of state terrorism in Argentina were not Jewish. But the Jews in prison suffered more; the women were raped more often, the men more frequently kicked and beaten. "It is so sad to be beaten for being Jewish," he says. "There is such despair when they torture you for being Jewish. It seems so humiliating to have been born."

In October 1977 he was taken before a military tribunal. It found no basis for charges against him, but he was not released. In April 1978 he was taken to his home and held under house arrest. That June the Argentine Supreme Court ordered his release; nothing happened. In September 1979 the Supreme Court again ordered his release. The generals, divided on whether to comply, finally decided to expel Timerman and—without any legal authority—strip him of his citizenship and all his property. On September 24, 1979, he was put on a plane for Israel.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BENAMI NEUMANN

Photograph by Benami Neumann/Gamma Liaison



He lives in Tel Aviv now and writes a column for the newspaper *Maariv.* He is writing more books, more articles. He travels often to the United States, where he enjoys the combat of life. But he says his home will always be in Israel. His grandchild, the first Israeli Timerman, was born there in 1980. He says in the book: "Nahum (he who brings solace), son of Nathan, who is the son of Jacob, who is the son of that other Nathan in Bar. . . . We have completed our voyage." Jacobo Timerman was interviewed in Jerusalem for *Penthouse* by Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times.*

"There is something besides the power of his words that has given Jacobo Timerman such an impact in the United States," Lewis told *Penthouse.* "That is the force of his personality. People who meet him, who hear him speak, who watch him on television, are bowled over. There is a bravura, perhaps the courage of a man who has suffered and no longer cares how bluntly he speaks the truth.

"That is the way he treated the attacks from the American right: as pinpricks. Irving Kristol, the neo-conservative intellectual, and William Buckley, the right-wing columnist, had to admit that Timerman had written the truth about his suffering. But they suggested darkly that he must have done something wrong to be seized by the Argentine military in the first place—though the Argentines were never able to invent a charge.

"Mario del Carril of the English-language *Buenos Aires Herald* said that some knowledge of the Spanish Inquisition helped to understand what was being done to Jacobo Timerman—and his response. The Jews who repented under torture by the Inquisition were forced to wear a special dress of shame called the *sambenito.* But, del Carril wrote, 'this contestant, this Zionist Jew, refuses to wear a *sambenito,* whether it be offered by his anti-Semitic tormentors in Argentina or by Irving Kristol and William Buckley in the United States.' "

Penthouse: Much of your book concerns your being tortured in Argentina. What kind of person could do a job like this?

Timerman: You think of these people as strange, unusual people, and you are wrong. They don't see themselves as unusual. For instance, a torturer will say, "I don't understand a doctor. He is in a hospital, performing an operation, and then he goes home and has dinner. How can he eat after an operation?" A man who tortures feels very normal. He is just doing a job. He likes his job; he believes in it. It gives results. Many times he gets a confession. He believes in the war. He believes ideologically in what he is doing.

Penthouse: Do you think he derives physical pleasure from torture?

Timerman: No. There is a feeling of omnipotence, of being God. You know this by the way they give you an apple when they don't have to. You know it by the way they say to you, "Okay, go to the bathroom." They have a feeling of being so important, so strong. And always when you are badly tortured, some of them say to you, "It *is* a bit painful. But okay, don't worry—you are not going to die." They advise you how to feel! This is all normal for them. It is a life; it is the way they are.

Penthouse: What do you think of the concept of "the banality of evil." Is evil banal?

Timerman: For the torturers, evil is an instrument of war; for the rest of us, it is banal—because we *accept* it.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, your ambassador to the United Nations, and Mr. Podhoretz, the conservative Jewish editor of *Commentary* magazine, are certainly not torturers. But they think that if there *is* torture in Argentina, then it is part of a pragmatic, normal, political life. *This* is the banality of evil. An Argentine general who is a torturer—he is doing his job with a sense of destiny, with a sense of ideology, with a sense of commitment. He is killing and torturing because he wants to save Argentina from the dangers of Freud, Marx, Ché Guevara, Carter, Roosevelt. For him, torture is not the banality of evil. It is something extraordinary, because he is in a war. For Podhoretz, it is part of normal life. For him it is the "banality of evil."

Penthouse: Do you think that, under certain circumstances, *anybody* could become a torturer?

Timerman: It is a tricky question. I can answer in this way. Suppose somebody came to you and said, "I have kidnapped your son. If you torture a certain man and make him confess, we will free your son." How would you react?

Penthouse: You're saying that for any of us there is some point at which you might do it?

Timerman: I don't know. I'm not saying it, but it might happen. And it is very dangerous. Consider something that happened here in Tel Aviv. A policeman arrested an Arab terrorist in the city at the moment he was planting a bomb in a place that would have killed 20 people. The police defused the bomb and interrogated the terrorist. They soon realized that this man had placed two other bombs. They needed to know very quickly where the bombs were. Were they in stations or buses or markets? How many people could be killed? So the police tortured this man, and in five minutes they discovered where the bombs were. Now, was this right or wrong? I think it was wrong. Of course, if the other bombs hadn't been found, 20 people would have been killed. But I would have preferred that, because the police now believe that torture is a very good instrument to solve problems. The next time the police will commit an error, and then another error, and torture will become part of our lives. So I prefer the death of 20 Israelis to this.

It is painful, what I am saying. And I am going to be attacked by all the Jews of the world. But the moment we accept torture to save lives, who is going to decide if it is the moment to apply torture or not? Who is going to decide—God? The Supreme Court? Who is going to decide?

Listen, your ambassador in the United Nations is accepting this theory that torture might be in the best interests of the United States. How can this be? I don't accept it even to save Israeli lives.

Penthouse: Many people think that Ambassador Kirkpatrick's distinction between "totalitarian" and "authoritarian" countries is really just theoretical, that it has no relationship to human lives.

Timerman: Yes. I think at some point, at some point, it is just theory. The real problem is decency. For example, it is said that there are 800 babies born in the jails of Argentina. Why? Where are the babies? It is said that they are given away. And where are the mothers and the fathers and the grandparents? I said to Mrs. Kirkpatrick, "Mrs. Kirkpatrick, if the president of Argentina calls a press conference and says, 'I admit we killed twenty thousand people after kidnapping them. I admit that the babies born in jail are given away. I admit that we have tortured.' What will you say, Mrs. Kirkpatrick—is that *authoritarian* or *totalitarian?* Go to your State Department, and you will find in the files everything about Argentina and the concentration camps." It is an *abstraction* they are working on, this theory of authoritarian and totalitarian. It has nothing to do with life.

Penthouse: Did Mrs. Kirkpatrick answer your question?

Timerman: No.

Penthouse: Do you think that Jimmy Carter and his human-rights policy saved your life?

Timerman: I think that because the human-rights policy of Carter was open and not quiet, I was not killed. With a thousand others I was saved. Of course, many people were involved in my freedom, but Carter's sustained campaign on human rights was the basis on which all the others worked. I think that you have in your hands the most important ideological instrument to fight against the ideology of communism, because all the people of the world believe in human rights. And the idea is appealing to the Soviet Union, to the Cubans, to Argentina, to everybody. Why are you giving that up?

Penthouse: Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has said that his methods of "quiet diplomacy" were more effective in saving lives than Carter's campaign.

Timerman: I think it is very important to speak loudly. When you say something loudly, then you can negotiate, but the other side knows what you mean. When Carter said, loudly, that he was for human rights, the American ambassador in Argentina was quietly discussing case by case with the Argentine government. Many lives were then saved, case by case, because Jimmy Carter, openly, was

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But when you *don't* have the open diplomacy, when you have only the quiet one, the negotiation goes this way: "Listen, you have to release these people." The other one says, "Yes, but I cannot now." This is how Henry Kissinger worked. Kissinger goes to some Argentinian minister and says, "Listen, what are you doing with Timerman? There is an outcry in the United States. What goes on?" And the minister's answer to him: "Well, don't worry, don't worry. He's in the legal process. He's in the hands of justice." So Kissinger says, "Okay, if he's in the hands of justice, I am not going to say one word openly."

This "quiet diplomacy" is just what the dictators need, because it is their accomplice. If you don't make a scandal, the dictators have an open hand to do whatever they want. And remember that you are not having negotiations with normal people; you are having negotiations with crazy, irrational criminals. They don't feel obliged to you. They don't feel obliged to Henry Kissinger. And if somebody is not obliged to you, and he's a criminal, he's not going to do anything. So when a crazy criminal says to Mr. Kissinger or Mrs. Kirkpatrick, "Don't worry—it is all legal," and the answer is "Okay, I am not going to say anything outspoken, in the open," then they are accomplices.

Penthouse: Why have you decided to settle in Israel?

Timerman: That question is very easy. I am a Zionist. That's it. To tell the truth, I was born to live in New York. But I am going to live in Israel, because from an historical point of view the Zionists are right, and Israel is right, and the Jews have to be a normal people and the Jews have to have a state, and I want to be in the path of history.

Penthouse: Many people think that Zionism is a right-wing phenomenon. What do you say to them?

Timerman: I explain that it is a movement of national liberation, and like all the movements of national liberation all over the world during the last 50 years, there is a leftist side, a rightist side, and a center position. I think that because Zionism is a movement of national liberation, it is democratic, because *any* movement looking for the liberation of a people is democratic. It has nothing to do with the country that will emerge finally after the liberation. A country can be anything. So people ask, "What do you think about what Begin is doing on the West Bank?" We begin to discuss the occupation of the West Bank. I am against it. I am also against a military government. I am for a Palestine state discussed peacefully with Israel. But these kinds of questions and discussions always come to the same point—where the leftists use any argument to deny Israel's right to exist. And this is something that I will never accept.

I once said to a leftist, "Israel has the right to be a fascist country and not to be destroyed because of that." We didn't destroy Germany, and Germany was Nazi. People proposed it, but this is something I

When they broke into the house, they didn't find the one they were looking for, the father. They placed hoods over the others and took them away—the mother, both sons, the daughter-in-law, and the servant. A few days later the servant was released. They began torturing the mother, the sons, and daughter-in-law. Whereupon the father appeared before a judge to testify that it was he the police were after and he was turning himself over to the hands of justice. The judge turned him over to the police, and the police released his wife.

The father, the sons, and the daughter-in-law were incarcerated at Coti Martínez, the clandestine prison. For a while all four were tortured. Then only the father. Before each of the father's torture sessions, his sons were ordered to prepare food for him and take care of him so that he'd be fortified for the torture. The father was tied to the bed with an iron ring and ate with his other hand, assisted by his sons and daughter-in-law. The three would then say good-bye to him, trying to bolster his spirits for the torture session.

The scene actually took place in Argentina and involved the Miralles family. The father had been minister of economics to a provincial Peronist governor and had fought alongside army moderates against leftist Peronist guerrillas and in support of Isabel Perón's overthrow. This governor, Victorio Calabró, might become in the future a leader who was favorable to a moderate military that wanted to win the Peronist vote. The most probable candidate, General Roberto Viola, then chief of the Army General Staff, was guaranteeing Calabró's security against kidnapping. The hard line, pursued by Generals Ibérico Saint Jean, Guillermo Suárez Mason, and Ramón J. Camps, sought to destroy Viola and his potential future aspirations, and thereby Calabró as well, whose leadership had its origins in the union world. Since kidnapping Calabró was impossible, the other alternative was to put him on trial, accuse him of some crime. Hence, a charge had to be found, and nothing certainly could serve this purpose better than questioning his minister of economics in order to prove illegal profiteering.

I was imprisoned with the Miralles family at Coti Martínez and afterwards at Puesto Vasco with the father and one of his sons. Many times I heard the father, after prolonged torture, crying out that he would sign whatever was demanded, pleading to be killed. But the fact remained that he couldn't provide any incriminating evidence against Calabró, for there was none. Several months later he was released.

Of all the dramatic situations I witnessed in clandestine prisons, nothing can compare with those family groups who were tortured often together, sometimes separately but in view of one another, or in different cells, while one was aware of the other being tortured. The entire affective world, constructed over the years with utmost difficulty, collapses with a kick in the father's genitals, a smack on the mother's face, an obscene insult to the sister, or the sexual violation of a daughter. Suddenly an entire culture based on familial love, devotion, the capacity for mutual sacrifice, collapses. Nothing is possible in such a universe, and that is precisely what the torturers know.

The father's glances: of desperation at first, then of apology, and then of encouragement. Seeking some way to mutually help one another—sending an apple, a glass of water. Those fathers, thrown on the ground, bleeding, endeavoring for their children to find the strength to resist the tortures still in store for them. The impotence, that impotence that arises not from one's failure to do something in defense of one's children but from one's inability to extend a tender gesture. From my cell, I'd hear the whispered voices of children trying to learn what was happening to their parents, and I'd witness the efforts of daughters to win over a guard, to arouse a feeling of tenderness in him, to incite the hope of some lovely future relationship between them in order to learn what was happening to the mother, to have an orange sent to her, to get permission for her to go to the bathroom.

Those family groups, destroyed and crushed together, without the hope that comes from thinking about others on the outside, as I was able to do with regard to my wife and children. Those fathers, devoid of heroism, desperate to provide the answers the torturers were after but often uninformed about the matter, ignorant of the intrigue that was unfolding around them with them at its center. It was the true end of the civilization I'd been reared in, because it marked the disappearance of what was once the family; consolation was impossible, tenderness untenable, protection violated in every form. The old protective, tender family was vanishing, to give way to a group that was unable to express anything toward one another that possessed any force, validity, or semblance of utility. It all wound up in a fresh moan from a beloved person being tortured, and once again only madness provided some escape from the collapse of a life that had begun with love, was based on tenderness, and ought to have been enveloped in solidarity.—*Jacobo Timerman.*

From *Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number* by Jacobo Timerman, translation © 1981 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., reprinted with the permission of the publisher.

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cannot accept. So if Begin is a fascist—let's suppose that—that doesn't mean that Israel has no right to exist. I don't say that Begin is a fascist, just that if he is, we still have the right to exist as a country.

Penthouse: Will there ever be peace in the Middle East?

Timerman: We can only have peace if, through democratic ways, democratic feelings, democratic understandings, we have the strength to build up peace in the Middle East.

And without accepting the existence of the Palestinians, with their own rights, we cannot have peace. People think I'm a leftist when they hear that I recognize the right of the Palestinians to have a state. But it's because I am a Zionist. I recognize their right to be Zionists for their cause.

These are very complex problems. But it is easy to recognize the people who are for the survival of Israel and the people who don't care for its survival. And I have always, always, seen that democratic people are for survival—even when they are critics—and that reactionaries, like Mrs. Kirkpatrick or any of them when they say they are supporting Israel because Israel is an asset in the Middle East, can give us away at any moment. The pragmatic people like Mr. Haig and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are so pragmatic that they can accept the nonexistence of Israel for a broad understanding of the Arab world; this is something a democratic critic of Israel would never accept.

Penthouse: In what way are these people pragmatic?

Timerman: It's the way they look at the world. Their view of the world includes the possibility of the disappearance of any people of this world. Their pragmatic understanding of the world includes the war in Vietnam, as well as that in El Salvador, as well as that in Israel. They have destroyed Salvador now. It depends on what, at any point, they think is in the best interests of the United States.

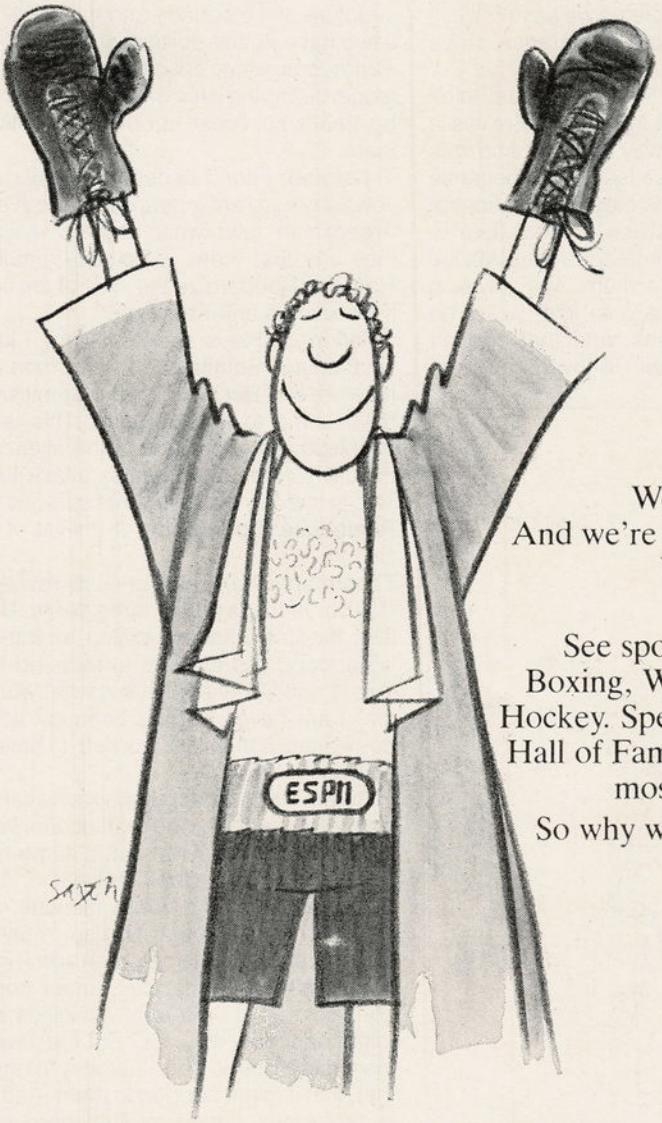
Penthouse: It would be pragmatic for Ambassador Kirkpatrick to consider the significance of the Jewish vote in the United States.

Timerman: Now it would be. But in the next ten years, my dear friend, in the next ten years, the Jewish vote will not exist, practically, in a meaningful way, because the Mexican vote and the Latin vote will be much stronger. There are 20 million Latin people in the country now, but they don't vote the way the Jews vote. But the new generation will vote. Then the Latin vote, the Mexican vote, will decide elections in California, Arizona, Texas, and Florida—all of the South of the U.S. What are the Jews going to do then?

The only guarantee for Israel—the only guarantee—is to be a democracy living in peace in the Middle East, because the support of the United States might change.

Penthouse: Some prominent conservatives—Norman Podhoretz, Irving Kristol, William F. Buckley, Jr.—criticize you se-

Meet the Champ



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verely. Among other things, they accuse you of calling Israel a fascist country.

Timerman: I said that Israel is becoming an intolerant country, with many totalitarian pockets. For instance, the existence of the Gush Emunim—a fanatic group that has the means and the ways, sponsored by the government, to occupy land that doesn't belong to Israel. I think that this is a very dangerous trend, because it means that you are giving a group impunity to act. At some point in the future—5 years, 10 years, 20 years—we are going to have peace in the Middle East and an agreement with the Palestinians. At that point the Gush Emunim will not try to occupy the West Bank; they will try to occupy Tel Aviv.

You say that in the United States, and they might kill you; you say it here, and it is part of everyday life. You can find it in all the newspapers, in all the statements on television, everywhere. Podhoretz and Kristol and Buckley never discuss my ideas; they only accuse me. This is the way the Soviet Union reacts.

But I said much more than that. I said to Eli Weisel, "Listen, you live in New York, and I live in Israel. Let's suppose that this state becomes a fascist country. For me it is very easy. I live in Israel, and I will fight for democracy. The horrible situation for you—the Jews of the Diaspora, outside Israel—how are you going to support Israel? Jews of the Diaspora cannot accept a critical view of Israel, because their whole ideological life is based on the support of Israel—that Israel is a beautiful dream. For me, I don't need Israel to be a beautiful dream. It might be a fascist country, and I will try to survive anyway, fighting for democracy.

But what is going to happen to the liberal Jews in New York? What are they going to say? This is the real problem. The liberal Jews of the United States are always asking everybody to accept that the Jews are normal and that Israel is a normal state. If Israel is a normal state, it might happen that something abnormal will happen! But they never accept that. This is why I decided not to give any more lectures to Jews in America.

Penthouse: Why?

Timerman: Because there is no way to talk to people. They need two things: to see a Jewish martyr who is explaining that Israel is beautiful. I am not a martyr, and Israel is not beautiful. And that's it. I cannot help it. People keep asking me, "Do you like Israel?" I say, "No, I don't like it." "Why don't you like it?" "For many reasons. We have many problems. I would like something beautiful, something better, something richer. We have many problems. Why should I like the problems we have?" But I love it, and this makes a difference. I love Israel. I don't like it, but I love it.

Many Americans who love Israel think that love is to accept everything. But this is the most negative way of love. And it is dangerous. They love Israel, and because of that love they think they have to accept Israel, whatever Israel is. Real love is when you criticize somebody and at the same time you love them. The Jews in America have to learn to love Israel no matter what happens, and that doesn't mean justifying Israel. To love Israel is to help Israel become a democracy. And they are not helping. They are not helping in any way.

Penthouse: Kristol, Buckley, and Podhoretz also say you were not arrested because you are a Jew.

Timerman: In my book I say very clearly that I was not arrested because I am a Jew; I was arrested because of my human-rights campaign. But I was treated like a Jew in jail. It is quite different. It makes all the difference in the world.

There is no country in the world that will arrest a Jew and say that he's arrested because he is a Jew. The Soviet Union will never announce, "We have arrested Shcharansky because he is a Jew." They would say anything except "because he is a Jew." Not even Qaddafi will arrest anybody and say, "He's arrested because he is a Jew." On the contrary, they will always say, "The Jews can live here, quiet, peaceful; but of course they shouldn't do this or that." So to understand anti-Semitism, you have to understand the political structure of the country and the place that Jews have in that political structure.

Penthouse: Many critics think that you are jeopardizing the lives of Jews in Argentina by being so vocal about anti-Semitism there.

Timerman: I don't understand why many Jews say that I am jeopardizing the lives of Argentinian Jews while at the same time they say that there is no anti-Semitism. How can I jeopardize the lives of the Jews if there is no anti-Semitism?

Tell me, what is anti-Semitism? I know what an anti-Semite is—it's a person who hates Jews. But what is anti-Semitism? I have come to a conclusion. This is my definition: anti-Semitism is the silence of the Jews when anti-Semites attack them. This is the only definition that satisfies me.

Penthouse: Do you fear a revival of Nazism?

Timerman: There has been a revival of Nazism in the last two, three years. Up to now the Jews haven't called an international congress of Jews to respond to it. This is anti-Semitism. This is what worries me. I am never worried because somebody attacks me. I am worried if I have no answer.

So am I worred about the revival of Nazism? No. I am worried that the answer of the Jews to this revival is the same as in the thirties—they don't believe it. They don't believe in the consequences. And they don't believe that Nazism means a Holocaust. Here in Israel, I can admit in my mind that it might happen, under certain conditions, that the Arabs will kill us all. It might happen—why not? But the Jews of the United States don't admit a thing like that, that it might happen to them. And this is dangerous. I don't say that there is going to be a Holocaust in the United States. Probably not, because the world is changing. But to not admit the idea that it might happen means that they are not going to fight the anti-Semites of today. And this is very dangerous.

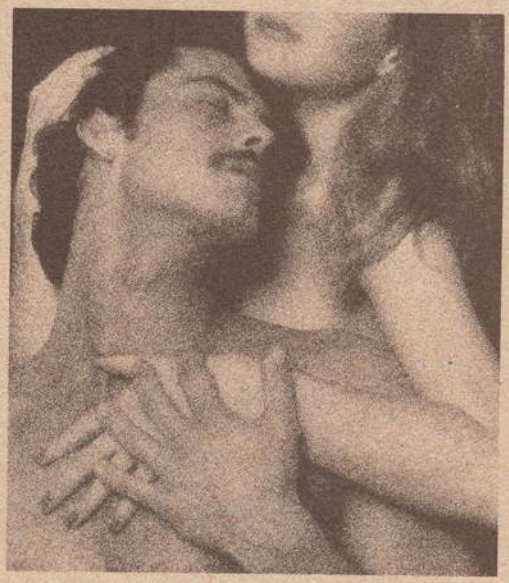
"You'd have shot him, too, if he'd pulled your pussy hair!"

A ground-breaking study examines men's intimate responses to show how sex can be practiced in many more ways than are traditionally acknowledged.

THE HITE REPORT ON MALE SEXUALITY

The above article is adapted from *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*. Copyright © 1978, 1981 by Shere Hite.

In 1977 my questionnaire on male sexuality appeared in *Penthouse* magazine. Many readers of all ages and from all parts of the country responded, providing a very important sample (nine percent of the final report) and offering many interesting viewpoints. These answers are included throughout the book—along with the answers of men from other samples—and are not treated separately.



Following is a section from the book in which men discuss their reactions to sexual intercourse. Some of these men do not find stereotyped behavior the most satisfying to them personally. Is there only one basic way to have intercourse? Many answers show that intercourse need not be the stereotyped activity we have often thought—and that there are many more options open to men than are usually realized; in fact, there are as many individual ways men can express themselves during intercourse as there are individual men. It is also important that men question sex stereotypes in order to make intercourse more mutually fulfilling with a woman, even though this does not mean women "should" orgasm during intercourse: my 1976 study of women showed that most women said they did not regularly orgasm simply as a result of intercourse but need specific clitoral stimulation, such as manual or oral stimulation.

My hope for this study is that men reading it will have a chance to reexamine and reevaluate their lives, including their ideas of sexuality, what sex means to them, who they are as men, and how they see women. I also hope they will feel less pressure to "perform" and will feel freer to express all their feelings in their relationships.

BY SHERE HITE

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER

"Orgasm by fellatio is an extremely sharp, almost painful pleasure, with well-defined, powerful contractions and the pleasure of being watched or tasted or swallowed, etc. It's a "trip" in itself. Orgasm by intercourse is more of a well-balanced meal."

1. Do men have their best orgasms during intercourse?

"Do you have your best orgasms during fellatio, masturbation, intercourse, or some other activity? Which activity do you find overall the most enjoyable?"

Although stereotyped thinking would lead us to believe that men have their strongest orgasms during intercourse, this is not true for many men. Although most men enjoy their orgasms during intercourse the most overall, most men usually have their strongest orgasms during masturbation because they can give themselves exactly the stimulation they need:

"Fellatio is fun, intercourse is rewarding in many ways, but the strongest orgasm still comes with masturbation, as you control it entirely and are best able to fantasize during this time."

"The joys of masturbating a cock allow you many alternatives; you can develop a technique that allows you to give yourself all sorts of good feelings. In fucking you ejaculate because the head of the cock is stimulated by moving back and forth in a vagina. There is no change in pressure, no bending, and movement is slower than with the hand or head—you don't have the variety. But when you masturbate, you can grab the cock in many different ways, with different pressures; you can slide your hand over the head for one sensation, or you can use the skin that forms a movable sheath over the head for another. It gives me the opportunity to enjoy many sensations missed in fucking. Masturbating gives me my greatest orgasms."

"My best orgasms are masturbation with simultaneous rectal stimulation by penis or dildo."

But the same men who said that orgasms from masturbation were the most physically intense also frequently pointed out that they received more pleasure from intercourse:

"At the point of ejaculation, masturbation is probably the strongest orgasm, but immediately following that, intercourse is far superior because my penis seems to 'need' penetration and thrusting to adequately finish me off. When I masturbate, my orgasm dies off at once after ejaculation and my penis needs total engulfment rather than manual stimulation at the tip. After ejaculation, the tip is terribly sensitive—much too sensitive to touch anymore—but the rest of it somehow drastically needs to be enveloped by something for it to be adequately fulfilled. Intercourse is by far the most satisfying and fulfilling of them all."

"My most intense orgasms have been from masturbation because I can effect stimulation with greater pressure on a specific area (the one that responds the best on that occasion). However, the most satisfying orgasms are those shared with my lover after I have brought her to satiation. The knowledge of having done an excellent job of loving my lover by stimulating and bringing to orgasm all the areas that she has interest in on that occasion is exhilarating."

A minority said they had their strongest orgasms during intercourse:

"I have my best orgasms by intercourse with a woman, of course. The activity I find most enjoyable is my female mate and I in a dark room, with a soft bed, exploring each other's bodies, doing everything from oral sex to finger sex, and ending up in intercourse either dog fashion or me on top of her."

"I probably have the best comes from being sucked off if the woman is also enjoying it. The next best is a good fuck, and I guess overall I find this best, especially if the woman is desirable."

There were a few other varied answers:

"Orgasm by fellatio is an extremely sharp, almost painful pleasure, with well-defined, powerful contractions and the pleasure of being watched or tasted or swallowed, etc. It's a 'trip' in itself. Orgasm by intercourse is more of a well-balanced meal. It affects more areas of my body and consequently is more diffuse and satisfying in many ways. In short, it is infinitely more satiating but less intense than, say, fellatio, masturbation, or mutual stimulation to orgasm."

"The most satisfying orgasm is from sexual intercourse. But the most vigorous orgasms I have come from fellatio. The activity overall most enjoyable, of course, is intercourse."

Many men, while they enjoyed intercourse greatly, were preoccupied with trying to give the woman pleasure during intercourse and therefore found that their own orgasms were affected, often adversely:

"I prefer fellatio orgasms, because during intercourse I am preoccupied with her having an orgasm and rarely orgasm myself. During fellatio I am not concerned for the moment about her orgasm, and if she is at ease about fellatio, I can have a good orgasm."

"I usually have my best orgasms during masturbation. Next would come fellatio, and finally intercourse. It appears obvious to me that the reason I usually have my best orgasms during fellatio and masturbation is because I don't have to be active while I'm coming."

Finally, a few men said that when they remained passive and concentrated on themselves during intercourse, they could often have orgasms as strong as those during masturbation:

"When I concentrate on my orgasm, it is almost always great. When I am on the bottom during intercourse and can concentrate on myself (she does the moving), my orgasms are physically as intense as during masturbation but are even better because of the emotions being expressed and experienced."

"The most fantastic orgasms of all, which combine the psychological excitement and overall release of intercourse with the genital awareness of masturbation, are when I remain motionless and my wife sort of massages my penis with contractions of her muscles in the vaginal area."

"How do you orgasm during intercourse?"

We think it is "automatic" for men to orgasm during intercourse. But looking more closely, *why* do men orgasm during intercourse? Is it from the general "in-and-out thrusting" movement, as intercourse is traditionally defined? Or from rubbing the tip of the penis against an interior surface of the vagina? Or stimulating the tip or base by pulling it in and out of the *opening* of the vagina? Or by fantasizing?

Of course, it is different things for different men:

"In its relaxed state the vagina provides only minimal sensation to me—more psychological than physical. The human hand, in fact, is physically a better stimulator than a relaxed or inert vagina. But when the woman constricts the vaginal muscles, the sensation is far superior to the hand—especially if she constricts those muscles rhythmically in coordination with my thrusting. The *highest* pleasure is when the top of the penis passes through the tightened 'ring' at the opening of the vagina on an in-stroke. This brings on orgasm (in me) very rapidly—within seconds. To prolong my pleasure, it is sometimes best if my partner eases off on the vaginal tightening. If she orgasms (assisted or unassisted) during coitus, then *her* orgasm results in loosening or even stopping the vaginal constriction. I have no complaint, however, because of the increased overall satisfaction it gives me, even though the physical sensation of ecstasy may be reduced to a slight degree."

"Basically I need to get a rhythm going in an in-and-out movement to stimulate the underside of the cock, à la masturbation. Most of the times I must concentrate, and if I'm having difficulty, I do deep breathing. I breathe down through the chest and stomach and into the genitals, almost as if the breath will come out the tip of my cock, then release it slowly."

"I orgasm during intercourse by thrusting. Sometimes I like to angle my penis so that the frenum presses against the back of the vaginal wall, which usually brings on orgasm rapidly. One thing which seems to trigger almost instant orgasm is to reach under her buttocks and pull her pelvis upward while thrusting deeply."

"How does the vagina feel to your penis?"

How strong is the stimulation provided by the vagina? How does it feel to most men? Is it good stimulation for orgasm?

Of men who did mention the physical sensation, most said that, although the vagina in general did not provide optimum stimulation, the opening of the vagina, combined with in-and-out motions, did provide good stimulation for orgasm:

"The most distinctive feeling I can describe is during the later stages, when the deeper part of the vagina has billowed out longer. Then the part close to the entrance feels like a tight ring clasping my penis. This invites a very long stroke, to feel the tightness squeezing me along the entire length. I'll withdraw almost to the point of losing contact, because it feels so good to slide the sensitive part of my penis (around and below the rim) back and forth through that tight ring."

"A woman's vagina feels warm and smooth and sometimes very snug, but except for the openings, it doesn't always create much sensation for my penis. If I move in and out very rapidly, I can feel the walls of the canal pulling at the skin of my penis, but to get a lot of feeling at the tip, I have to pull nearly all the way out each time."

Some men described the generalized sensation of being inside a vagina, saying that they could not feel the vagina that clearly with their penises:

"The vagina feels very liquid and present on all sides of my penis, and yet I really feel no distinct pressure along the length. It is like being in very deep water and feeling that undiversified pressure of the water from all sides. There is no focal point of pressure. However, I do feel the opening of the vagina slip up and down my penis as I move in and out. That does have a distinct, tight pressure, like a band, or ring."

"I only really feel the entrance and the cervical area with intensity. I know objectively that the walls are there, but the feeling of the entrance sphincter on any part of my cock is more intense than anything that happens with the interior walls."

Most men described the feeling of the vagina in very emotional terms, as seen earlier in the chapter, not mentioning the physical sensations in great detail:

"It is a warm, lubricated pressure which gives a feeling of security and increases my own blood circulation to my penis. The lips of the vagina feel soft and fleshy against the base of my penis and pubis, and the skin of the vagina is creamy, warm, and accepting. It feels *deep*. Vaginal warmth and holding is most important."

"Vaginas are always, to me, deep, wonderful, warm, moist, magical, intimate. From there, all vaginas feel different because the people of which those vaginas are a part are always very individual."

"Warm and loving. I think my penis is a pretty awkward part of my body, but when it is in a vagina, it no longer feels awkward. It feels 'right.' I feel surrounded and protected."

A few men, however, said the physical sensations of the vagina were very good stimulation for the penis:

"Being inside a vagina is definitely the best stimulation for my penis. Other forms of stimulation feel good, but nothing feels consistently as good as being inside a woman. It is just the right combination of wetness, textures, and temperature. It feels exquisite. Often, when I am inside, I am struck by how biologically 'correct' heterosexual intercourse seems .... a woman's vagina seems absolutely perfectly designed and contoured to accommodate a man. I realize this may sound a little sexist, and that a fair number of women probably think the 'design' is far from perfect, but I do feel at times that being in-

"There is no greater feeling in the world than my penis inside a tight vagina. It's absolutely indescribable. It's the lubrication that does it. It's like a monstrous tongue wrapping itself around my penis and squeezing and sucking it as I move around it."

side her with my penis feels very appropriate and natural."

"There is no greater feeling in the world than my penis inside a tight vagina. It's absolutely indescribable. It's the lubrication that does it. It's like every square inch of my penis is given the most minute attention by a most understanding pleasure instrument. It's like a monstrous tongue wrapping itself around my penis and squeezing and sucking it as I move around it."

"A vagina feels warm and wet, deliciously so. It is almost the only place where you can get physical contact over every square inch of your penis simultaneously."

Some men had a consumer orientation toward the vagina, comparing the various physical attributes of the many women they had known:

"Vaginas are different, some short, some cavernous, some tight, some like the neck of a Coke bottle. The best ones are like a 'velvet glove.' Some women have muscles available to apply pressure; few women know how to use them."

"If a woman has been frequently with a very big man . . . she will dilate too much for me, but if she stays with me and away from him her vagina will adjust to me. Strangely, even when she dilates too much for me, this doesn't seem to interfere with *her* enjoyment."

2. What positions and movements do men prefer?

Slightly more than half of the men who answered preferred the traditional position of the man on top:

"I like to be on top—we both seem to like it better that way. Women seem to *expect* men to be dominant; so why disappoint them?"

"Not too long ago I was likely to feel more passive, and I preferred to have the woman on top of me. I believed I could control erection longer on the bottom. I still enjoy this position, but I believe now I enjoy being on top more. Why? A combination of things. If the woman is really into it, there is great pleasure in seeing her being pleased, in experiencing the power of taking, in seeing her enjoy being taken. Despite the feelings this word 'taking' connotes, I find both of us are equally active."

"I like to be in a position where I can thrust my penis the way it feels best—on top."

"During orgasm I prefer to be top. This position allows me the greatest control of my penis and its activities and sensations."

"If the woman is sitting on top of me, she is not only sitting deeply on my penis but *also on my testicles,* since my legs are together. And this *hurts.* Having my nuts squashed can be a big panic—if on top, the woman shouldn't feel free to sit *down* on me but rather should squat, with little weight on my crotch. Therefore I like to be on top."

"My wife is extremely overweight; so my being on top is the only method possible. But when we are hot and bothered and ready, I hold her around her waist and she reaches for the cheeks of my ass and pulls me closer and closer and I lift her ass up to me more and more; thus we both climax together—well, sometimes only me, but she is thoroughly satisfied."

One man remarked:

"When I'm fucking in the old missionary style and it is a really foxy chick and it is totally square, straight sex, somehow I have the feeling that I'm being applauded and patted on the back for being normal. It's an unfortunate feeling; I respond to it emotionally, but intellectually it disgusts me."

But a surprising 35 percent of men preferred to be on the bottom:

"It's nice to lie back and relax with her on top and let her use my body to suit her. I wish she'd do it more. I don't orgasm as easily this way, but I still like it. I can control the sensations more, especially if I'm having trouble orgasming."

"She sitting on top—I like to watch her masturbating herself while she is sitting on top of my cock. Besides, the one on the bottom (me) is usually the *receiver*—a very pleasurable place to be."

"I like the bottom. That lifts from me the distinct responsibility to achieve something for her. She is then more involved and can respond to her own physical feelings better. If I'm on top, I'm constantly wondering if I'm doing what she wants and worrying about it. When I'm below, she does virtually all the moving; I'm almost afraid to intrude on what she has going. I love it."

"Having my partner on top lets her be more active, which I find sexually exciting, personally liberating, and politically important."

"I prefer to be on the bottom, for several reasons. For one thing, I come much faster when on top. There's some difference in the way things rub together. Also, when on top I feel like I'm crushing my partner (I'm a fairly large person, six feet two and 175 pounds). I feel like I have to support part of my weight on my arms, which makes it harder to relax and enjoy things. Finally, the partner that I had sex with for the longest period of time liked to be on top, sitting up straddling me. I got to like being able to see her body and stroke her breasts while making love."

"The best place for the most satisfying motion for me is on the bottom. The position I like least is being on top; I'm always worried that my partner is being squished. My arms get tired, too."

"On the bottom is less intense and builds more slowly, which leads to much more satisfying orgasms."

"I prefer to be on the bottom because it is more comfortable for me. I don't have to exert so much effort when I'm on the bottom, and I can enjoy orgasm more."

Here are men's comments about other positions:

"Doggie style is the most stimulating for me, as I feel dominant and my wife can manipulate my testicles from underneath."

"I feel most natural in the missionary position, thrusting vigorously until orgasm,

but that's not our most common position, as my partner must be free to move her own pelvis and not feel pinned down. We use some side-by-side thrusting; however, we *usually* start with my wife lying on my right thigh with her right leg hooked over my hip bone. I like to feel her anus and around her cunt with both hands. Ideally, we *both* move together. If she's only accommodating me, then she doesn't move—she doesn't fake a response."

"The one I like the best is when the girl lies on her back and I lie on my side perpendicular to her. Her leg goes over my torso, and then I have one leg above and one leg below her right leg. Since my penis is not very long, this is a very good position for using it fully. Also, I like it because it gives me a chance to look at the woman. Face-to-face missionary position is fine for a while, and the tactile sensations are great that way, but variety and being able to watch a woman make love are important, too."

"I have had intercourse in cars only (because I live with my parents); so most positions are difficult to uncomfortable."

"How do you feel about making thrusting movements into the vagina?"

Intercourse as traditionally defined meant the man on top, thrusting into the vagina until his orgasm. But intercourse need not involve thrusting as its main activity, although thrusting can be part of what is enjoyed. In fact, thrusting is not so much "instinctive," as has often been asserted, as physically useful for many men so that men can get the rhythmic stimulation that the up-and-down motion of the hand provides during masturbation; in other words, since there is little or no thrusting involved in masturbation for most men, it is invalid to say that the male "sex drive" or "male" hormones *make* men "mount and thrust." In fact, of the minority of women who did orgasm from intercourse, most of them preferred no in-and-out movement while they were trying to orgasm, but more a kind of pressing together (with the penis inside) so the clitoris could get the kind of continuous stimulation necessary.

Of those who mentioned orgasm, most men said that thrusting is necessary for male orgasm:

"With regard to making thrusting movements into the vagina, it's the only way! Unless the woman is on top and you are lying completely passive, that is. But there *has* to be some movement of the penis inside the vagina, or in relation to the vagina. Otherwise, it's not intercourse!"

"When near ejaculation, if I don't make thrusting movements, I don't get all my rocks off as freely."

"Thrusting is the only satisfying way to conclude a sexual evening. I don't think there are many women with the muscular development who can 'milk a penis' to orgasm."

But a few said that thrusting is not *necessary:*

"Thrusting is an attack, fucking. It is nothing but a way to get it over with."

"I'm not in favor of a lot of it and do so only to catch up when my partner has climaxed first."

"I was always under the impression that in order to be any good for the woman, I'd have to thrust like a madman for half an hour. If I could do it for two hours without stopping, that's better. So this was my goal, to be the nonstop stud. There have been times when I was thrusting away and felt I could go on all night. But I didn't like it. I said to myself, 'Is this all there is?' I felt like I was insulting her. I felt *alone*; I just didn't like doing it. One of the greatest orgasms I ever had only entailed about nine seconds of thrusting. At that, it wasn't thrusting; it was more like pressing inside her vagina. It came after a long period of holding and kissing. It just seemed so correct, so natural, that at a certain point my penis should be inside her. The important thing was just to be inside her. I guess thrusting happens when you don't know what else to do, when that communication, that special, intense moment, is past or lost. My idea of a good intercourse doesn't involve much thrusting. I'd rather be inside the vagina, easy, gently, with just some rocking and pressing; just to be there inside is important. This way the both of us will be involved. If I'm thrusting away like hell, most always I'm the only one involved."

Some said women like it and want it:

"Good Jesus—gals tell me—*ram* it, *pump* it, *deeper, more, ram* it, and I do as she desires."

Some said women don't *like it:*

"I don't do it because sometimes it hurts women."

"I find that few women enjoy being rammed."

"Thrusting is totally male-sided. This action is maximum stimulation to men, minimum to women. I think a rotating movement is less strenuous and better suited to both parties."

"I never do it this way until after she's come, because while it is exciting to me, I don't feel as though it is very stimulating to women, if stimulating at all; so I delay movements that are more pleasurable to me until she's come. Since I'm more sure of attaining my orgasm, I feel I can afford to wait."

"It is not most enjoyable for me, and it reduces a female's pleasure greatly. I don't want to be a bull."

"It's most effective for me but less so for my partner—so I devote more attention to pubic contact and slow minimal movements at full depth."

"Sometimes it can be painful to her (she wears an IUD)."

Some men wondered how women felt about it:

"I know that most women talk about gentleness—but as with all other rules, there are exceptions. Further, I suspect some women need gentleness because they fear pain—*if the man is in control.* When they are on top and in control, in contrast, they can risk (and enjoy) far more force because they need not fear excessive force. (This is also true during coitus; women will thrust down on a man much harder than they enjoy being thrust

"The only time I thrust really hard is during ejaculation, when I can't help it. Sometimes when I thrust hard and hear the girl moan, I never know if she is moaning in pain or in pleasure. I always assume that if it was pain, she'd be sure to tell me."

into, since they know the *next* thrust isn't going to be too hard.)"

"I try to be as gentle and rhythmic as I can, but it's not as easy as it seems. What is rhythmic to one girl will not be to another, and men have no way of knowing each girl's preferences unless they're told. The only time I thrust really hard is during ejaculation, when I can't help it. Sometimes when I thrust hard and hear the girl moan, I never know if she is moaning in pain or in pleasure. Like an idiot, I've never asked. I always assume that if it was pain, she'd be sure to tell me about it pretty quick."

A few men held the misconception that thrusting was the best, most efficient way for a woman to orgasm:

"I feel like I'm stimulating her clitoris."

"It's the best way for most women to have an orgasm."

Others described it as a "very manly" activity:

"It feels great. I'm the boss on this job."

"How do I feel about making fast movements into the vagina? I feel wonderful. It makes me feel masculine. It gives me a sense—it makes me feel—I want to go as deep as I can, get all I can, push it just as far as I can inside the vagina and make the woman feel hardness and love me and scream in joy and say that I'm doing a good job and I want to really, really tear the vagina up. To really make her feel good, to get everything, to get all I can out of it, try to get all of it."

"I like it. It's very symbolic of male domination. I'm a closet sexist."

"I like all that thrusting! Mucho! I think I've been influenced by books I've read in which the man thrusts as deep as possible and then all the way while the woman *screams wildly with passion.*"

"I feel like 'I'm gonna fuck the shit out of her because she wants it.' It makes me feel dominant."

"As a man, I like being in charge. I like complete mastery of my wife's body and her complete acceptance and reception of me. This is when I show it."

Some said it represented men's "instinctive animal nature":

"In a really animalistic mood, which I show if I feel my partner can accept and participate in, I greatly enjoy a dominant role—that is, powerful thrusts, hard and throbbing, clawing and biting."

"It is perhaps the most basic mammalian activity. They are natural movements."

"I feel good when I thrust into a woman's cunt. I feel like I've found my missing piece, and that I'm doing what nature was intending for me to do."

"I love to thrust home. I think of both of us as I get peeled and she gets reamed. I feel that this is what nature intended, a good vigorous fuck. But sometimes my penis gets very abraded from heavy churning, and I have to use some ointment. Still, if it didn't feel good, I would get an artificial vagina and pump out the poison."

Some connected thrusting with violent images:

"Hard thrusts are neat if the gal likes it! I've literally 'raped' my wife now and then—I think all gals like it once in a while."

"I do not like the movement. It reminds me of a man raping a woman."

"Oftentimes I feel like I have a knife and I am stabbing the woman."

"There were times when thrusting felt angry and very aggressive. Now it seems more loving and an evidence of togetherness."

A few men stated they preferred gentleness or slow rotation to thrusting:

"I think it's specifically penetration and thrusting that give penis-vagina intercourse its aura of conquest and abuse and that express the male cliché of domination and possession. I think both men and women are turned on by precisely that aura and that cliché. I have the feeling we can't afford to be."

"Sometimes the sense of dominance with heavy thrusting, and even violence ('Take that!'), is overwhelming. More frequently, I prefer deep tenderness and gentle motions."

"It's like I'm obliterating the other person! Used only when my wife wants it."

"Uncomfortable—a form of attack. Once in a while I like to, not very often. Thrusting movements never seemed to be appreciated, somehow. Also, it leads to too quick an orgasm."

But one man concluded:

"I used to be careful and hesitant because I thought it must hurt. Then I learned that a lot of women seemed to like to be 'fucked.' Liked to have me take charge and 'take' them. So now, at some point in most of my lovemaking, I'll adopt that posture and let myself feel dominant and put power (not force) into 'thrusting' and really get into it. It seems to work within the context of generally compassionate and loving lovemaking. The whole idea goes contrary to my ideas about sex-role liberation, but I don't think all this is only me exercising my fantasies. As a matter of fact, the more egalitarian and sharing the lovemaking, verbally as well as in fact, the easier it is to fall into that kind of dominant posture. I think it may be because those roles are culturally deeply inside of us, and the more thrusting the relationship, the easier it is to try them out and enjoy them without losing trust and without getting locked into them."

Basically, it is not thrusting itself that has been sexist in the past but some men's use of thrusting in a sexist way—that is, in a context of proving masculinity and expecting the woman automatically and in all cases to orgasm from this. If thrusting is a mutually enjoyed *part* of intercourse, and if there is real freedom for the woman to control the course of intercourse for a time, and to have the kind of movement, etc., she wants, thrusting is of course not sexist. Thrusting per se is intrinsically neither "good" nor "bad"; however, like intercourse itself, thrusting belongs to the stereotype of sex that has been glorified.

3. Is male orgasm a necessary part of intercourse?

Is male orgasm an essential part of intercourse? Do men always want to orgasm during intercourse? Intercourse can be considered in two ways—as a kind of "foreplay" not leading to orgasm, or in the traditional way, as the culmination of sex.

Most men who responded felt that male orgasm is the most important point of sex and intercourse:

"Got to have an orgasm. No point in starting anything without the expectation of the complete thing. I will avoid intercourse rather than risk an incomplete climax. Isn't sex orgasms? I never heard of any other kind."

"I've never had sex without orgasm. If I were to stop having orgasms, then I would probably stop having sex."

"Being a man, ejaculation is the ultimate of intercourse. I have had times when I did not have orgasm. It just leaves me uptight and dejected. I would say, definitely, that 'good sex' does by all means end in a great orgasm."

But a few men commented that sex in general could be enjoyable without an orgasm:

"Orgasms aren't as important as how the total experience was shared. Sometimes I 'forget' to come; I'm so involved in everything."

"Orgasms are important but not all-important. I love the lovemaking the most. As long as I can have a real long session and she is happy, I'm happy."

"Naturally I enjoy the feeling of orgasm, but I am not that concerned whether or not I achieve it when I am making love—there are so many other feelings to be enjoyed also. If I don't have one then, I can always have one by myself later."

And a few men did not see orgasm as the main point of intercourse, sometimes trying to avoid orgasm altogether to increase their own pleasure:

"I love to luxuriate in all the feelings of intercourse—all the little nuances, different feelings in just slight changes in angle, seeing how deep I can get in, feeling driven to craziness by the sexiness of it, teased to the brink of orgasm over and over—wow! Who cares about orgasm? It's better if I never come!"

"I have recently, surprisingly, found that when I don't come, it can still be good. I think I enjoy the buildup more."

"I enjoy being inside her *so much* for its own sake that I have changed my conception of intercourse to something that doesn't necessarily lead to my orgasm."

"Do you ever feel pressure to orgasm—otherwise you have failed?"

Most men said no—they always wanted to orgasm and did:

"I don't feel any *social* pressure to have an orgasm, but I would always like to have one and feel some *selfish* pressure to have an orgasm in each fuck! It's like the desire to put a period at the end of a sentence; it's a satisfying way to *finish* a fuck. Your muscles get more relaxed."

"I never feel so pressured. It bewilders me that such a question could even be formulated."

But quite a few felt pressured by their partners:

"I do feel pressure to have an orgasm whenever I have intercourse because it is expected. It just seems like that's the way it's supposed to go (I know that sounds dumb). Also in my experience, women seem to really get off on having a guy blow his rocks inside them, and while doing so, just letting go, indicating by sounds, movements, etc., how good it feels."

"Sore point! *Why* does everyone feel if you don't have an orgasm, you haven't enjoyed yourself and they have 'failed' by not bringing you to orgasm? When going with a new lover, I try to work around to the subject prior to getting into the heavy stuff—'Let's just lie here awhile . . . this is nice . . . who cares if we come? I'm a hard come; so don't worry whether I do or not, because I still really enjoy it . . . so you just enjoy'—to try and set the other person at ease and erase any guilt feelings she might otherwise have later because she didn't have me shooting to the ceiling.

A few men mentioned social pressure:

"I don't feel it from my partner. I don't feel it much at all—it's not conscious. I do go after orgasm most of the time, but I wouldn't doubt that there is some unconscious social garbage operating that orients me toward orgasms or goal-oriented sex. I am intrigued with tantra and have gotten into it some—having intercourse without orgasm on purpose—to get into the feelings of intercourse themselves rather than just hurrying through them on the way to an orgasm."

"If I don't have one, I feel something's wrong. 'Men always come' (if I didn't come, I wasn't a man)."

One man observed that men could forgo orgasm just as well as women can:

"I used to feel pressured to have an orgasm and always did. But sometimes, when I am tired or when I have recently made love, I am quite content to end when she is ready to end. It is not a threat anymore, because I am secure in my ability to be a good lover. However, I have noticed one very strange phenomenon. It appears that women have been indoctrinated somewhere in their youth to believe that unless the man climaxed he would be in bad shape. So I have often discovered that the woman gets into some heavy trip about making sure the man is okay. I personally think that is bullshit. That must surely be a male chauvinist trip laid on them through the mores of society, maybe in high school. After all, what is so different about a woman being left high and dry? Men can take it, too, and it is sort of fun, too. Then you will be ready again after a while and in future she won't feel so much 'duty.' "

"Do you ever have trouble having an orgasm?"

Men rarely mentioned having trouble during masturbation; however, they might sometimes have trouble during sex with a

"I have faked orgasms several times—primarily because the partner was a very enjoyable person. . . . I thrust deep into her faster and faster until she thinks I have ejaculated; then I hold her in that position with my penis still deep in her until it grows limp."

partner. The basic cause suggested was lack of emotional involvement, either by the woman or the man himself:

"Sometimes, when my heart wasn't in it, I couldn't come. When no emotional transaction was taking place, when no mental excitement was present. When I really didn't want to be there. Erection is not necessarily arousal. Arousal is in the mind, and without it erection is unlikely to be maintained and even if it is, orgasm is not apt to be forthcoming. When I have tried to meet felt expectations for performance without being really involved, I have had trouble."

"There are times when I have trouble having an orgasm. Mostly if my mind wanders or my partner just lies there without any emotions. On these occasions the penis will start going flaccid and the excitement is lost."

"At these times I don't feel wanted by my wife. I feel that she is just 'putting in time.' "

"Do you ever fake orgasms? How do you do it?"

Some men had felt so pressured to orgasm during intercourse that they had resorted to faking orgasms at one time or another.

Most men did it so as not to disappoint their partners:

"I have faked orgasms several times—primarily because the partner was a very enjoyable person, a lovable and excellent personality that I truly liked. She had reached her own orgasm two or three times, and I felt she would be disappointed if she knew I had not; so I faked it. I keep her confidence up by thrusting deep into her faster and faster until she thinks I have ejaculated; then I hold her in that position with my penis still deep in her until it grows limp."

"Yes, I've faked them, almost always because I felt the woman would be disappointed, especially if she asks outright. Sometimes it's simply a matter of saying that the orgasm came already, or other times I will be just that much more intense. The faking is simply a little bit of acting."

Others did it when they felt they had ejaculated "too soon":

"I fake orgasms when I have 'prematurely ejaculated,' have continued to thrust in a semihard state, and am losing my erection entirely. I continue after the orgasm to prove myself, but when it becomes obvious that I'll soon be totally limp, I'll fake an orgasm. That way it looks like I've lasted longer than I actually have."

"Sometimes during intercourse, if I have ejaculated shortly after entering, I try not to react to this but continue the motions for a while, then act like I'm climaxing."

Some men said they did it when their female partners had orgasm, so that they would seem to be having simultaneous orgasms:

"Yes, when I feel it is expected, I manipulate my penis to act as if I'm coming just at the point she is achieving hers (if I know that I won't achieve mine)."

"For the first few years of sexual activity—I faked simultaneous orgasms with women. It was weird to be that close to someone and still put all your energy into faking contact. What I finally realized was that I really liked the body motions of the other person's orgasm. So I changed my point of view. Now I enjoy simulating an orgasm with someone who is orgasming. This doesn't mean to me that I'm faking anything. It means that I'm moving with the same rhythms of my lover."

Sometimes men did it, they said, to excite their partners or "make them orgasm":

"I have faked orgasm to assist my partner to climax."

"Some women only have an orgasm when I have one. To make them come more often, I sometimes fake an orgasm."

Others did it when their partner wanted them to be done:

"When urgently requested and I still want to continue awhile, I tell her I'm having one, stiffen my muscles, contract my face, and then fall on her exhausted."

"I faked orgasm occasionally when my wife was obviously not enjoying the encounter and was wondering why on earth she encouraged my advances."

Or to avoid pregnancy:

"I've faked orgasms when I knew my partner wasn't using birth control and I didn't want a pregnancy."

Some men said they would if they were tired:

"When I am too drunk to come and keep going and going and get so tired, I just say I did so I can stop."

"I faked an orgasm, once or twice, just to bring an end to the activity, because I was too tired to go on."

Some men said they did it when they were bored and couldn't orgasm:

"I fake orgasms on occasion when I'm bored with what is happening and want to make a stop to get it over with."

"When I'm not interested in my partner, I do it the same way a woman does it, dramatically and with feeling."

"I've done it when I found myself with a woman I didn't want to be with after all."

And finally:

"I can think of three reasons: (a) to convince a nonacceptable partner that she is more than she really is, and (b) to enhance a situation which is not so great because of my momentary lack of arousal, and (c) after some introspection would you believe the infamous male ego response, which is: *I'm good in bed and no cold broad is going to convince me otherwise. She's going to get the best piece of ass in pants she ever had.* As for *me*, that's probably the real truth, but I'm not going to admit that to you." O+

DEATH BEAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

those ancient, instinctual layers of the brain that men have in common with the lower orders of animal life, since he had left his office that afternoon. Krylov's plot would not survive a country weekend.

He felt no panic, merely weary resignation. He did not even consider the possibility of flight. If he had been a drinking man, he would have asked Vissarion to bring him the brandy bottle. Instead, he said, "I'd be grateful if you'd run me a bath."

Krylov watched him go, thinking of the boys and girls—children, many of them—that Vissarion had discreetly procured for him over the years to help him slake his thirst to recapture his own youth. Now the passage of time had overwhelmed him; he felt older than he had ever been.

A boy whom Krylov had never seen before was standing in the corridor to the bathroom. He was very young, younger than any of the children that Vissarion had brought to him in the past.

"What's your name, boy?" asked Krylov.

"Sasha." The boy looked straight up into his face, without any sign of fear or deference.

Vissarion appeared from the doorway to the bathroom. "It's Vera's grandson," he explained. Vera was Krylov's cook at the dacha. "He's just here for the weekend." He was suddenly nervous as he watched Krylov staring wordlessly at the boy. This was not the child of a deportee or a whore. This was Vera's property. Vissarion cleared his throat.

"I'm coming," said Krylov. "Run along then, Sasha."

Krylov had fallen asleep in his enormous tub, and he was dead to the world until the door to the tiled bathroom burst open. He was dreaming of the translucent blue waters of Capri, the island he would never see, and his deeply lined face almost seemed at peace. But a shadow was passing in and out of the dream, like the belly of a shark above him in the water.

Krylov had only two bodyguards at Zhukovka. When Marshal Safronov's men came stealing through the trees, in pairs, they had found the first of the guards smoking a cigarette in the driveway in front of the house. A Ukrainian lieutenant garroted him swiftly and silently, using the piece of piano wire that Spetsnaz commandos on special assignment wore coiled around their left wrists to meet just such a contingency.

The second guard, who doubled as Krylov's chauffeur and had driven him out from Moscow that afternoon, was more fortunate. He had been given the evening off and had gone to visit a girl in a neighboring village. That left Vissarion, who was listening to records in his room at the back of the house, and Vera, the cook, and her grandson, Sasha. The boy was

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the only one who heard the crack as the front door was broken open and the light padding of rubber-soled boots inside the house. He tiptoed downstairs in his pajamas to inspect the new visitors.

Krylov awoke with such a start that his shoulders slid off the back of the bath and for a moment his mouth and nose were submerged. He dragged himself back up, gasping for air, and found himself looking into the snout of a big Stechkin 9 mm APS automatic pistol. His heart boomed and heaved in his chest like a volcano about to erupt.

The man with the gun had no face. Only the eyes and mouth showed through the black mask.

"Who are you?" Krylov gasped, trying to adjust his scrawny limbs to conceal his genitals.

"Traitor," hissed the man behind the Stechkin. "Pervert."

Only inches away from his nose, Krylov could see the man's finger begin to tighten on the trigger.

"Nyet!" a shouted command came from someone standing further back. "Not that way. Like this."

A broad, leather-gloved hand slammed into Krylov's face, gouging at his eyes, blocking off his mouth and nose. At the same instant, another hand seized his throat, squeezing at the windpipe, pushing him down into the bathwater. He tried to wrestle back, but he seemed to have no control of his body. At first he gagged on the water flooding into his throat as they pushed him down, but then a kind of calm descended.

"No!" The piercing scream from the doorway caused the blond colonel, taken by surprise, to loosen his grip. He saw a small boy, maybe eight or nine. Quite a pretty boy, with fine, almost feminine, yellowish hair. It was perfect. Marshal Safronov would be delighted. No one in the KGB or the Kremlin would have the guts to dispute the physical evidence that Krylov had drowned in his bath in the midst of a disgusting orgy with a minor. It didn't matter whether they believed the story or not.

"Bring the boy here."

Vissarion, in his narrow back bedroom, was indulging a taste in classical music that was most unusually developed for a valet, even the personal servant of the head of the Beacon. He looked at his bedside clock and realized that his master had been in the tub for only about forty minutes, a modest length of time for Krylov on the weekend. So what were those noises around the house, the footsteps, the shutting of doors?

Cautiously, Vissarion crept upstairs in his slippers toward Krylov's bathroom. He was in time to see a masked man overpower Vera's grandson. Unthinking, Vissarion hurled himself at the stranger's back. The man went down. But before the valet could get a proper grip on the man's throat, a crushing weight descended on the back of his neck. It was the butt of a Stechkin pistol.

With the practiced, impersonal skill of a man employed in a slaughter house, the colonel broke Sasha's neck, stripped the body, and threw it into the bath, where it lay in an obscene huddle on top of Krylov, whose bluish face now seemed to have no blood in it.

"What about him?" asked the Ukrainian lieutenant, pointing to the body of the valet sprawled on the floor.

"Get the others to bury him somewhere he won't be found."

The colonel stopped to inspect the gold watch on Vissarion's left wrist. It was a pretty fancy timepiece for a valet. He pulled it off and looked at the inscription on the back. The watch was a gift to Krylov from Misha. The *jid.* He put the Rolex in his pocket. The marshal was going to enjoy *this.*

Washington, October 29

"There is no more important function for intelligence than to forewarn a nation's leadership of an impending attack by its enemies. The Agency has failed this country in the performance of that most basic function."

> ". . . We have not yet devised countermeasures—frankly our scientists have barely begun to think about them—that would stop a beam of this kind from reentering the earth's atmosphere."

General Brennan was standing rock-solid, in the center of the Oval Office, among the men on whom the president would rely in deciding how to handle the most momentous crisis of his administration. The others present were Trip Gage, the national security adviser; Henry Peyton, the secretary of state; Jake Waggoner, the defense secretary; and Adam Claiborne, the director of Central Intelligence.

"General Brennan." Henry Peyton's strong baritone rang out across the Oval Office. Peyton was an old soldier himself, and though his rapid ascent up the promotion ladder had led envious colleagues to call him a political general, the secretary of state had Brennan's respect. "I think it is inappropriate to take up the president's time with recriminations about who was right and wrong at what point in time. I think everyone here concedes that you were substantially right about this Death Beam project long before we had convincing proof that it was a reality. That's what comes of having a good nose, George." Peyton lapsed into a more familiar tone. "Furthermore, we've all been made more aware of to what point Soviet disinformation, melded with institutional self-deception, has blinded us in the face of developments that threaten our national security, if not our survival. I hope we won't fall prey to the same infirmities again. We're now here to decide our next move. As I understand it"—Peyton consulted his watch—"the Soviets are due to launch Death Beam in just over a week, taking account of the time difference."

"Let me clarify something." The president leaned over his desk. The strains of office and the months away from his California ranch had aged him, but his face was still ruddy, his shoulders unstooped under the fabric of the morning coat in which he had just hosted a public reception for the Prince of Wales. "Now, as it's been presented to me," the president continued, "if the Soviets succeed in getting this new weapon—Death Beam—into space, the only way we could stop it is to send a killer satellite up to shoot it down."

"That's correct, Mr. President." Jake Waggoner made his first contribution to the discussion. "We have not yet devised countermeasures—frankly, our scientists have barely begun to think about them—that would stop a beam of this kind from reentering the earth's atmosphere. The best we could hope for is that climate and atmospheric conditions might disperse the radioactive fallout and even drive some of it over Soviet territory."

"What about civil-defense measures? Population dispersal?"

Waggoner shook his head. "Hardly worth thinking about. We couldn't even predict the area of impact within a radius of a hundred miles, unless the Soviets were good enough to tell us. We can all imagine the panic if we tried moving even essential personnel out to protected areas. The roads would be jammed solid with traffic. I can foresee mass looting, whole city blocks in flames. What the Soviets have built is truly the ultimate weapon."

"All right, George," the president addressed him. "This is where you come in. Can we shoot this thing—this Death Beam—down once they get it up?"

"Well," Brennan explained, "you know we've been going hell-for-leather on the Blue Savior program. The trouble is that with these space programs, you don't count delays in hours; you count them in months."

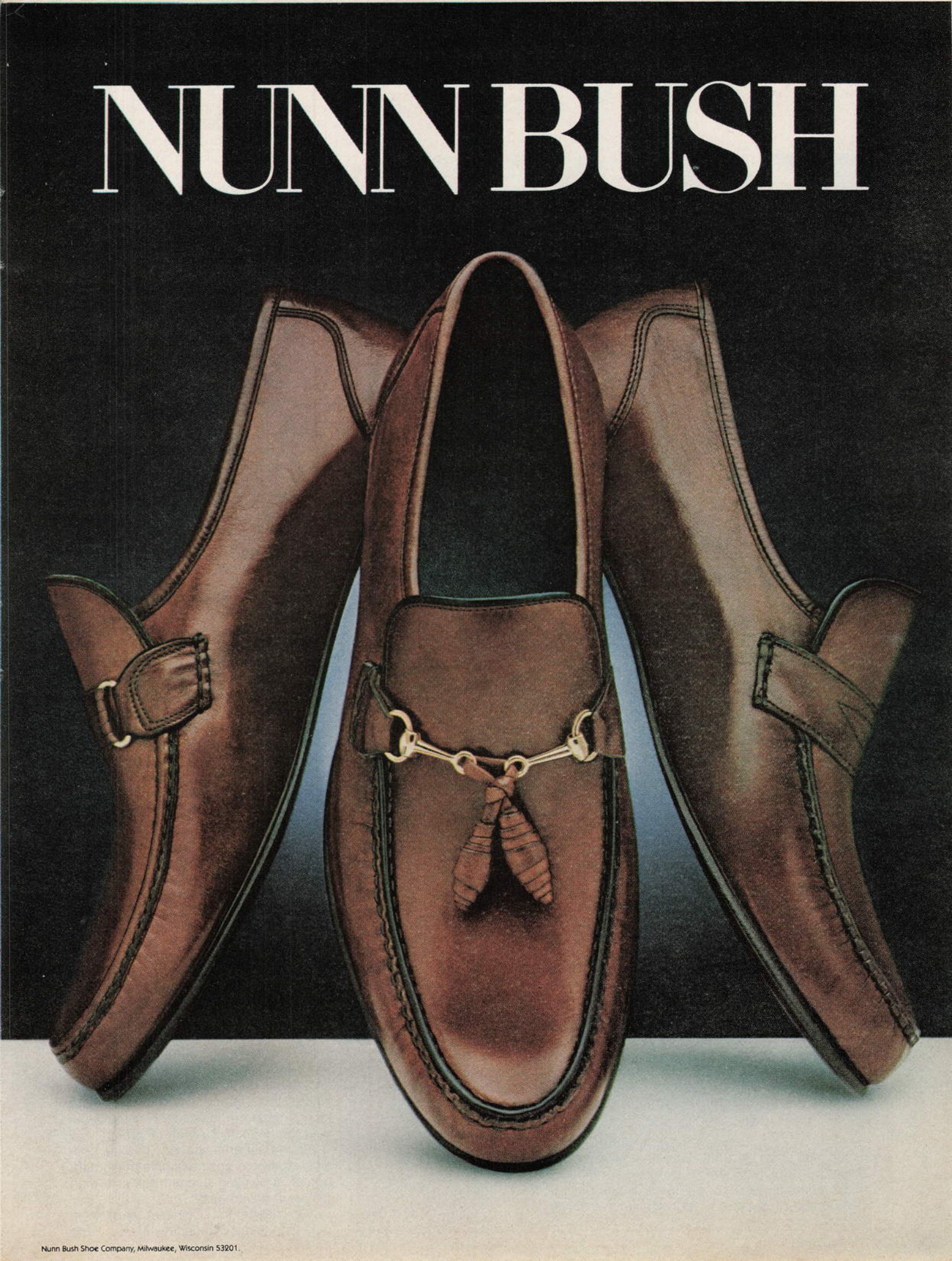
"I'm still waiting for an answer, George," the president said. "If the Soviets send Death Beam into orbit, can one of your killer satellites—what do you call them?"

"Cosmic Interceptors."

"Yes. Can one of your Cosmic Interceptors shoot it down?"

"Mr. President." Brennan clasped his hands behind his back and bent his neck as if an intolerable burden were straining

NUNN BUSH



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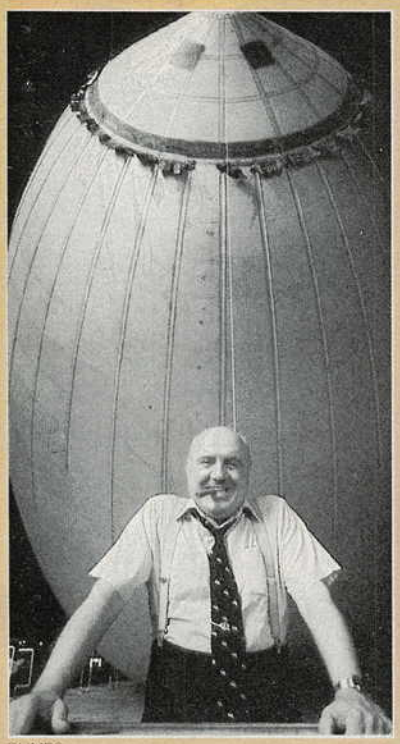

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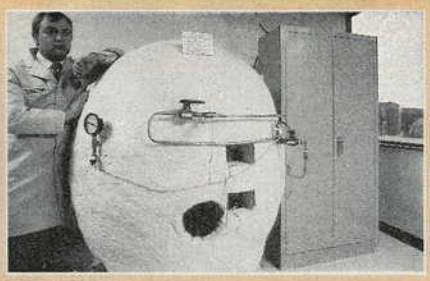

MR. HYDROGEN

WITCHES

MR. HYDROGEN—You can drink the exhaust of the mail trucks in Independence, Mo. That's because Roger Billings has converted the engines of these trucks to run on hydrogen. Not only do engines that use hydrogen produce water as a by-product; they deliver more energy per pound than any other fuel, synthetic or otherwise. Billings leads the vanguard of the hydrogen-power movement, telling people how to convert their car, house, helicopter, or boat to hydrogen. There's even a town in Iowa that's using his ideas to become the first hydrogen-powered community. Learn in the November issue of *Omni* how this abundant resource could make this country energy-independent by 2000.

ERICA JONG'S WITCH-HUNT—Why do people become witches? What do witches do? Witchcraft, an ancient religious practice, still remains shrouded in superstition. Erica Jong, the best-selling author of *Fear of Flying*, clears up some of the mystery with a probing look at this still thriving religion in her new book, *Witches*. We present a special Halloween excerpt in this month's *Omni*.

THE BLIMPING OF AMERICA—What's faster than a speeding truck, able to loft huge cargo loads and haul them 10,000 miles, and cheaper to operate than a jet plane? Look, up in the sky: the airship is coming back. This month *Omni* previews a new fleet of dirigibles and helicopter hybrids. Rising from the ashes of the *Hindenburg*, these graceful workhorses of the sky will carry many burdens, from tree trunks to tourists in search of Old World ambience.

AGENT X—Conceivably responsible for many unexplained diseases ranging from diabetes mellitus to multiple sclerosis, Agent X, or slow virus, is a mutant that changes form from one generation to the next. Scientists say it may not even contain a single drop of nucleic acid, the substance that encodes for the transmission of genetic information in every other form of life. To learn more about the search for this deadly particle, read this month's *Omni*.

SCIENCE FICTION—Robert Silverberg returns with "The Soul Painter and the Shapeshifter," a story about a burned-out artist who finds himself profoundly unsettled by a forbidden love. In "Executive Clemency" Gardner Dozois and Jack C. Haldeman II paint a very believable picture of life in New England after the Big One. Damon Knight tells what it's like to live "Forever."

his back. "I have to report that as of this moment I cannot give you a firm date for the first launch of Blue Savior. As you know, we were hoping to make it by November 7, the same day as the Soviet launch. But we are still working to resolve a technical hitch—I understand that it has to do with the fuel tanks—and I cannot give any guarantee that we will be able to send Blue Savior up before Death Beam is sent into orbit."

"Which we can't allow to happen," said Secretary Peyton.

"Excuse me?"

"I said we can't allow the Soviets to put Death Beam into space," Peyton explained. "The blackmail power it would give them is almost unthinkable. They could order us to withdraw our forces from Europe—and if you've been watching political trends in West Germany, you'll see they've been building quite a lobby for that anyway. They could force us to stand by while they stage a nice little revolution wherever they like, or while they take out the Chinese. They could even tell us to start dismantling our own weapons systems. And if we refused, they'd have the option of staging a little demonstration of what their superweapon can do."

"Well," said the president. "All that may be as you say. But what options have we got. Jake?"

Jake Waggoner, like several of the men in the room, was a longtime personal friend of the president who had made his reputation as a sober conservative who eschewed novel solutions. "I would point out, Mr. President," he responded, "that we are in no position to invite a full-scale war with the Soviet Union, on either the conventional or the nuclear plane."

"All right, Jake," the president said. "None of us is contemplating pushing the button that starts World War Three. So where does that lead us?"

Jake Waggoner sat silent, nibbling the cap of his fountain pen.

"Trip?"

"I was just thinking, Mr. President. What if we sent agents in and tried to blow the launch vehicle up while it is still on the ground? We at least know that the launch is scheduled to take place from this new cosmodrome near Baikonur."

"And how do you propose that we get these agents in?" Director Claiborne, who had been containing his impatience with difficulty throughout most of the meeting, now intervened.

"Parachute?" the national security adviser reflected aloud. "I read somewhere that secret agents used to be infiltrated into these parts of Soviet Central Asia where the secret scientific cities and launch pads are located, on camelback, over the Persian or Afghan borders."

Adam Claiborne snorted. This, he considered, was a prize example of the danger of appointing academicians to high places in government.

"Or maybe the Chinese could help out," Trip Gage pursued his theme. "The

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border can't be all that tight, and we know the Central Asians aren't in love with the Russians."

"It's still a helluva long way from Sinkiang to Baikonur," Secretary Peyton commented.

"May I say something, Mr. President?" It was George Brennan, as usual, jumping his turn.

"Go ahead, George."

"We can shoot down Death Beam, either while it's still on the ground or before it has left the earth's atmosphere. As long as our intelligence about the location and the timing of the launch is accurate, this doesn't present any insuperable problems. We can hit it with a missile, preferably launched from a sub tucked away out of sight somewhere in the Pacific. Or we can send in our new Stealth bomber and sneak in under the Soviet radar." Brennan, in his excitement, started marching up and down, but, suddenly recalling his august surroundings, he corrected himself and stood stiffly erect.

"What about the radioactive fallout?" Jake Waggoner challenged him. "What effect will it have if this thing is detonated on the ground or a couple of miles up?"

"Our guess is the fallout would be limited in range and intensity," Brennan replied. "And if not, it would be happening over the Soviets' territory, not ours."

"I don't think the Soviets would just sit back and let us get away with it," the president observed.

"There is one reason why they might want to play it low-key, Mr. President." Trip Gage had been studying the treaties on outer space that had been signed by Moscow and Washington. "The Soviets have signed a couple of treaties that explicitly forbid the deployment of weapons of mass destruction in space. The text of the 1969 treaty is particularly forthright."

"If we do what George Brennan advises," the defense secretary summarized, "we would be risking World War Three."

"I don't think we've exhausted the available options yet, Mr. President," said the director of the Agency. "There is an outside chance that we can destroy Death Beam without having to run the incalculable risks of going in there and bombing the hell out of the cosmodrome in Kazakhstan. Of course, under either scenario, we would merely succeed in wrecking the space vehicle the Soviets have built. We can't deprive them of the technology they now have just by blowing up a prototype weapon. But we can delay their program long enough to give the Defense Department time to put Blue Savior into orbit and give us the capacity to slug it out up there"—he gestured toward the chandelier—"without having to have a war down here."

"Let's hear your idea, Adam."

"It hinges on a man called Misha."

"Misha?"

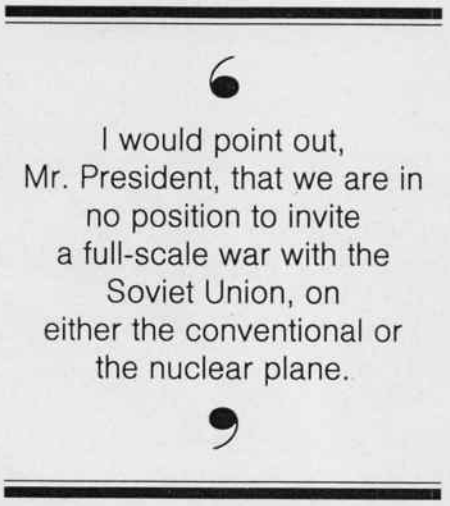
"The head of the East German service."

The others looked puzzled. Step by step, Director Claiborne began to explain. "The Kremlin power struggle is far from being played out," he said, "but we have learned that it has already claimed one prominent victim. Krylov." He paused to make sure they had all registered the name. "Krylov," he repeated, "was one of the most brilliant and subtle spymasters at Moscow Center.

"In some way that our sources have not yet been able to explain, Marshal Safronov came to perceive Krylov as a threat to himself and had him eliminated."

"You mean executed?" the President asked.

" 'Murdered' would be a more accurate term, Mr. President. By taking this step, Marshal Safronov scared a lot of people who can now feel the noose tightening around their own necks. One of the men who has most reason to be scared is this Misha in East Berlin. For one thing, he was Krylov's protégé from way back, from the war years, when they met at a training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school in Moscow. Krylov was always Misha's friend and protector. If Krylov is out, given the way these games are played in Moscow, it's only a matter of time before Misha is out, too. For another thing, Misha just happens to be a Jew. As far as Marshal Safronov is concerned, that alone would be reason enough to stew him."

"What are you saying, Adam?" Secretary Peyton chipped in. "That this East German might be ready to defect?"

"He might be. I think we could scare him off if we went to him directly. We're trying a more roundabout approach. Misha has a cousin in Israel. Dick Hammond is on his way to Israel now to see what understanding we might be able to reach with their service."

"Let me see if I've got this straight," the president said. "You've sent Hammond to Israel to ask for Israeli support in encouraging the head of the East German service to defect."

"Right. The Israelis may ask for a quid pro quo. In which case I would ask that you authorize Secretary Peyton, and maybe myself, to fly out to negotiate."

"Okay. We'll face that hurdle when we come to it. What I'd like to know is what connection this Misha has with the Death Beam project."

"That is the best part, Mr. President. We have learned that the key scientist involved in the Death Beam program is a Jew. His name is Milstein, like the famous Soviet general, but his family came from Stuttgart, like Misha's."

"A Klaus Fuchs type," Brennan commented.

"We know that Milstein was one of the scientists who was involved in applying the secret formulas that Fuchs and his circle took to Moscow after the war. But for fifteen years or more, he was employed by the Institute of Space Research in Moscow. And over the past couple of years, he's spent the bulk of his time in Central Asia, at Baikonur and the test sites where the Soviets have been developing Marshal Safronov's popgun."

"So what are you saying, Adam?" the president asked.

"I'm saying that if we can get to Misha, we can get to Milstein. And Milstein could make it possible for us to destroy Death Beam before it lifts off the ground. In such a way that our role in the sabotage could never be proved."

Secretary Peyton was bending back the fingers of his left hand, counting the number of separate moves involved in Director Claiborne's scheme. "It's very pretty, Adam," he said, looking up over half-moon reading glasses, "but I don't see how you can pull it off in little more than a week, even if all the whiz kids in the Mossad sign up."

"We have to try," the president said softly. There was finality in his tone. He was announcing his decision. "We'll go with Adam's plan, but we'll simultaneously prepare our fallback position." He nodded toward General Brennan. "If Adam's scheme doesn't work, we'll send our best pilot into Russia on a Stealth bomber and blow that thing up on the ground. That about rounds it up for now."

As they began to disperse, Trip Gage whispered in the president's ear that Colonel Masters, the head of the White House Military Office, was waiting to give an update on emergency procedures—the escape routes the chief executive would use and the places he could hide if the balloon went up and the Russians launched a missile attack. In the event of World War III, the United States could be governed for a few hours from an airborne command center—a plane bristling with communications equipment—or, for a few weeks, from a bunker headquarters buried deep in the side of a mountain. The contingency plans no longer seemed farfetched. Trip Gage wondered what the place would be like where Marshal Safronov would conceal himself to ride out the storm he had created.

"How did we get to this point?" the president said, shaking his head, as Colonel Masters came in to give his briefing.

Then he said, "I think we might all do better to pray."

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Casanova

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

Elaine (who had minored in French at U.S.C.) a funny story about speaking English in Lyons. He stayed until midnight, when Elaine asked him to come into her bedroom and watch Johnny Carson on her TV, which was a lot better than the old Sylvania in the den. While Johnny interviewed Sophia Loren ("Now, John Wayne, Sophia, what was he really like? In the saddle?" Hilarious laughter), Elaine changed into her robe. While Johnny and Doc made a joke about what a "high" note the musicians were hitting (Get it? Get it?), Gerard climbed onto the bed and kissed Elaine. By the time Tom Snyder was coming on, Elaine Hamlin was in seventh heaven.

The best friends, Mark and Steve, didn't come along for that. They didn't even know about Mrs. Hamlin and Gerard. Neither did Misty. And, as a matter of fact, when Gerard went over to Mrs. Wilkes's house to help little Barbara with her algebra while Jim was out of town at a dry-goods manufacturer's confab in New York, Gerard wound up with Marge Wilkes even before Johnny Carson had finished his monologue. Steven and Mark didn't know about that, either. They didn't know about Sandy Baughman (mother of Cindy Baughman, from Latin class) or about Toni Cameron (mother of Dusty Cameron, who was supposed to have the best ass in eleventh grade, but then few of the kids had seen Toni in her Gloria Vanderbilts) or about Toby Zucker or a couple of others.

There was just no reason for Gerard to tell Mark or Steve about his little obsession. He happened to like older women. It wasn't that strange. He had read books about other guys who dug women in their late thirties and early forties, like that fellow in *The Red and the Black*. Or maybe even Hamlet. He didn't do these women any harm, after all. He just wanted to hug them and kiss them and maybe spend the night. That didn't mean he stayed away from girls his own age. He liked them, too. But older women were really special. For one thing, they didn't make him do all the work. They helped out. A lot. And they knew what they were doing. Plus, they didn't need to have a joint or some coke—which was really junk as far as Gerard was concerned. And, of course, they were really grateful, like he was doing them a favor or something, and sometimes they even told him sad stories, which for some reason he liked to hear.

It was embarrassing, though, when the gifts started to arrive. An alligator belt from Hermes from Mrs. Cameron. A gold lighter from Paris from Mrs. Zucker. One of those leather bookmarks from Gucci. He had to keep those things hidden, or his mom and dad would find out. After all, that was how they found out back in Washington. When that dumb Mrs. Birch from the British Embassy sent him a first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Talk about obvious dead giveaways. He could do without that. He did not want his mom and dad to be forced to move again.

Mrs. Zucker and Mrs. Hamlin and Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. All The Rest did not want Gerard to have to move again, either. They liked him. Here they had thought a certain part of their lives (let's call it the part that would be ruined if their Calvins could talk) had looked to be moribund. Gerard brought it back to life. There was something so lush, so sensual, so tinglingly animal about it that they sometimes giggled with pleasure when they even thought about it while they pushed their carts down the gourmet food aisle at Clark's Market. The kid was so hot he was smoking. The wives and mothers liked the heat. For a long time now, Mr. Zucker and Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Cameron had treated their wives—who were still pretty damned attractive—as if they were the porcelain plates around the light switches. Something to be touched, but only incidentally, in the course of doing something else. To have this kind of attention from someone who looked like Gerard, a young god, was the kind of thing that brightened up a day normally spent shopping, supervising the drugged-out maid, going to exercise class, and cowering in fear that one's husband would come home from a business trip in a bad mood.

> Jeanie, who has known being controlled by a man, liking a man, even loving in a way, now knows what it is to fall madly in love. With a 16-year-old boy.

Once or twice they might have felt a twinge of guilt about robbing the cradle, not to mention adultery, but not more than the little bit when you know you've eaten too much saturated fat but you'll go on the Pritikin program tomorrow.

By Christmas of 1979 Gerard Morell had brought a touch of spice and joy into more than a dozen Aspen homes. The wives and mothers, who once fumed with resentment and the ripe feeling of having been cheated by husbands, children, and life, now woke up feeling that every once in a while, they were winners, too. Guilty pleasures occasionally, but definitely better than feeling that you have been terminally screwed over while you vegetate in your all-glass house with a view of the Rocky Mountains. Women who had spent their afternoons looking at the mountains, thinking that maybe the mountains, too, looked tired and jaded, now felt ready for three sets of tennis.

As for Gerard, he jogged every morning at the Aspen Club along with the fathers of his classmates and the husbands of his lovers. As he cruised by the huffing and puffing cuckolds with their scraggly salt-and-pepper beards and their eighty-dollar custom-made New Balance 420s, he was glad he was who he was and they were who they were.

April 1980

Paint yourselves a picture of Gerard Morell, a sixteen-year-old, happy as a clam, getting that warm, satisfied feeling from the wives and mothers of his hometown but never losing any sleep about it. He thought he was in hog heaven. A few women turned him down, but even they didn't talk about it. He was booked up every night, every afternoon, and was an extremely fulfilled sixteen-year-old. He never had any acne. His parents were maybe a little suspicious but never nosy or anything. They did insist that he see this shrink in one of those Victorians on the West Side, but that was all right. The shrink never said anything; so, naturally, the shrink could never criticize.

The whole ball of wax started to melt when Gerard took advanced math in the second semester. Mark Fogel had guaranteed that all the best-looking girls were in the class. One of them was Sara Fleming, who had eyes that were almost as green as a putting green and this really great skin, like it was made of yogurt or something. Pretty soon Gerard was over at her house on Bleeker, doing differential equations with a calculator. The parents were out of town, or at least her dad was out of town. "He travels all the time," she said. "He sells these giant computers. They can do anything a human can do."

Maybe anything Mr. Fleming could do but certainly not everything Gerard could do. Around eleven, while the news was ending, Jeanie Fleming came back from her stock club meeting. The group of Aspen housewives, who called themselves "The Syndicate" and served little canapés on cocktail napkins in a different house every two weeks, had just taken a bath in the market. Ron Fleming would laugh at his wife for that. He could have told her, if he ever talked to her. If she had only caught him during halftime of a Bronco game, he might have saved "The Syndicate" five thousand dollars.

When Jeanie pulled up to the house, she was thinking about a little red light glowing on her dashboard. It had just come on. The lights on this XJS were all strange to her. She had no idea what that little red light on her dashboard meant.

She did have a good idea what that little red light in her head meant. It meant that Ron was out of town again, for the third time this month, a total of fifteen days out

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of twenty-five. The little red light in her head meant that if she even mentioned it to him, he would scream at her that she didn't appreciate what it was like to earn a living, and ". . . it's a goddamn sight harder with a woman climbing all over my back, a woman who wouldn't know how to earn a living ironing sheets."

So Jeanie Fleming walks into the house and there, staring at a calculator with Sara, is a young god with blue eyes like Paul Newman's, only more intelligent. The kid smiles at her and almost blushes, because he's staring at her so hard. She's just wearing old Jax jeans and a T-shirt, and her auburn hair is up because she hasn't washed it for a day. The kid is staring at her like she was a piece of rare roast beef and he was a St. Bernard.

A feeling surges through Jeanie's veins like electricity. It is as if Anna Karenina were being stared at by a sixteen-year-old Count Vronsky right in her living room in Aspen. That kid is staring at her not as if she were a neatly buttoned-down Stepford Wife who is useful mainly for keeping order in a large house. Not at all. Gerard Morell stares at Jeanie Fleming as if she were a *woman*.

Gerard is polite, too. He has this almost Gallic quality of gallantry, like what Jeannie remembers from her year as an exchange student in Paris back in 1958. He offers to help her figure out what the little red light on her dashboard means. It turns out that she needs a new catalytic converter. She can solve that problem at the Jaguar dealer. She also knows where to solve the problem of the little red light in her mind.

Still Jeanie has some principles, some sense of the awesome. After Sara goes to sleep, Gerard stays and talks to Jeanie. She looks at most a few years older than Sara. Beautiful hair, beautiful green eyes, almost like an emerald shattered in two pieces, and a great smile.

Gerard is falling in love. He never bargained on being vulnerable to these women. But he can barely talk about how life in Aspen compares with life in Washington. That's how jacked up he is. He keeps repeating himself. Coughing. Giggling. He is losing the feeling of command.

She does not invite him into her bedroom, does not change into her nightgown. It is almost as if she realized that there was a roaring vacuum inside her. If she broke the thin glass plane of Rocky Mountain respectability, she might not be able to control herself ever again. The emptiness is that complete. So, for an hour, she struggles to keep up the veneer, even though she can feel that she is what he wants. It's all over his face, in his hands, in his eyes.

At 1:00 A.M., just as the Denver Channel is starting a feature on keeping your dog fit, Gerard goes to the door. Before she can do anything, he kisses her on the lips. To Jeanie it is the first kiss of her life.

Gerard goes home. He cannot sleep. He chats with his father, who is up reading the commodities tables. His mother kisses him good-night. But Gerard cannot sleep. He listens to the oldies music on KSNO. He drives out to Maroon Bells Park. He has breakfast at the Skiers Chalet. He skips school.

At 10:00 A.M. he goes to the Fleming house on Bleeker Street. Sara is in school. Daybreak is watching "Days of Our Lives" in her room. Gerard knocks on the door. Jeanie comes to the door in her Calvins. Someone strikes a match in the driest part of the White River National Forest. The eruption of flame takes them up to Jeanie's room. Jeanie and Ron's room. They do not leave until three in the afternoon.

Jeanie, who has known being controlled by a man, liking a man, even loving in a way, now knows what it is to fall madly in love. With a sixteen-year-old boy.

May 1980

Can that be Gerard? So thin. So serious. He walks around the campus of Country Day, not talking to a soul, hunched over under an L. L. Bean jacket that his mommy bought him, eyebrows knitted together, blue eyes staring at the floors. He does not hang out with Mark and Steve anymore. In fact, he does not hang out with anyone any more. He goes to about half his classes and then just plain disappears.

Gerard spends every minute he can take off from school at the Bleeker Street house of Jeanie Fleming. He cuts school all morning or all afternoon. While Ron Fleming is in Denver, explaining that his new computer has 64,000 random-access bytes, Gerard is getting love bites from Jeanie. Daybreak is on an extended vacation. Jeanie is, for the first time, letting Sara spend whole days, almost whole weeks, at her friends' houses, at her cousin Gail's house in Rifle, at her Aunt Eileen's ranch in Glenwood Springs. Sara has never had so much freedom. Neither has Jeanie.

The affair takes Jeanie into a new realm of thought about herself. She has shed her cocoon as a Stepford Wife. Now, when she looks at herself in the mirror at dance class, she has a far better idea of what that body can do. She actually starts to think of her body as something she likes, a friend rather than something to carry around and constantly discipline with dieting and exercise. In her mind she makes the immense leap from seeing herself as drone and burden to her husband to woman with mind and body and capacities of her own. At the age of forty-one, she has bloomed, in both body and mind. As she lies in bed with Gerard, as they have picnics under the Aspen trees at Independence Pass, as they steal late lunches at The Chart House, she wonders how she could have spent so many years asleep, zipped up in her misery under Ron's thumb.

Charles and Eve Morell are no dummies. They have a pretty good idea of what goes on with their little boy, Gerard, especially when his skin is as clear as it has been. "It's all right," Eve whispers to

Gerard. "I just want my baby to be happy." She tells Charles that Gerard is seriously in love, probably with an "older woman," but that they shouldn't bother him. "He'll only be young once," she says. They are the perfect American parents. Their son Gerard can do no wrong.

Gerard walks on a cloud. This Jeanie Fleming is so passionate, so smart, so giving. He cannot define exactly what it is about her, but it's something fantastic. Gerard is happy to wake up every day, happy even to wash his 280 CE himself, because Jeanie told him that he should.

Of course, it cannot last. The cruelest enemy of love, envy, strikes. Mark and Steve have been a little pissed off, if you want to know the truth, about being dropped as if they were Indians or something. They've tried being friendly to Gerard. He brushes them off. They've really gone out of their way for him, and he doesn't give them the frigging time of day.

They're eating a vegie burger at the bagel place on Cooper when they decide they're going to find out just who this chick is, this fancy chick who's too good for old buddies like Mark and Steve. They hang out in Basalt, across from the Rocky Mountain School, for two afternoons, but there's no sign of old Gerard. So, the next morning, they stake out his house in Starwood. Sure enough, the guy comes out of the house and gets into his car. They shadow him, just like they've seen Dan Tanna do on "Vegas." Pay dirt. Damned if the bastard doesn't leave his car in front of Sara Fleming's house and go right in the door without even knocking. So that's it! Sara Fleming. The one in advanced math with the great wheels.

But it isn't. When Steve and Mark get into school, Sara is right there in class, copying her Latin sentences off the blackboard. Then who could it be? Right there in lunchroom, while everyone in the cafetorium is yelling and screaming, Mark claps his hand to his head. Oh, good Christ, he's figured it out. Remember that one time when Gerard was telling us about the first time he got laid in Washington? Remember he said it was with the mother of one of the kids at school?

That's all it takes. Pretty soon five kids at Aspen Country Day know. Pretty soon one of them tells her mom. Her mom tells her dad, who thinks it's pretty funny, when you think about what a fool Ron Fleming is. Pretty soon everyone at the Aspen Club is talking about it every time Ron Fleming walks into the dining room. After that, a man who works at IBM with Ron feels it is his "duty" to tell Ron about a little bit of idle gossip that could some day interfere with making a sale.

Ron Fleming knows who Gerard is. He has played tennis at the Aspen Club with Charles Morell. Always seeemed like a solid fellow. His kid must be a total maniac. A lunatic. A savage. And Jeanie! How can a human being possibly be so ungrateful! Let's see how the kid likes a few in the kidneys from a man who boxed in-

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tramural at U.S.C. Let's see how Jeanie likes being found out to be a common slut.

But Ron Fleming is in for another surprise. When he comes barging into Charles Morell's house to ream out the father but good, Charles is studying the commodities charts. He doesn't like getting yelled at. A dispute about where the blame lies: with a virile young kid who just likes women or with a damned old fool who'd rather spend time with computers than with a beautiful wife. Ron Fleming shoves Charles. Charles decks him with a punch. The paramedics have to come to bring him around. Thanks, Charles says, to the marines at the embassy in Paris who taught him the "Murphy" method of fighting. Hit first. Talk later.

Ron Fleming does catch Jeanie alone at home. He lights into her. He calls her a whore, a tramp, a humiliation, a slut. She cries. He has a few drinks. He hits her. She runs out of the house. Where to go? To Gerard, of course.

Charles and Eve have never interfered with their boy's happiness. If his girl friend needs help, they'll help. It is a Friday anyway. The Morells have a cabin up Castle Creek. Gerard and Jeanie spend the weekend there. Gerard walks by the sparkling waters arm in arm with Jeanie. He and Jeanie look at Bob Rafelson's house from a distance. They laugh a lot. They cry, too, watching the sun come up over the Rocky Mountains.

Gerard is not that much of an advocate, but he explains to Jeanie, over steaks on a hibachi, that she has to leave Ron. It's just sick for a wonderful woman like Jeanie to be with a creep like Ron. It's just sick for her to be a robot for the likes of Ron Fleming when she is so alive by herself. If the truth is to be told, the habits of a lifetime are kicked over in a weekend.

She calls her lawyer in Denver. She tells him that she wants Ron out of the house in a week. The lawyer is a tough guy. Ron knuckles under. He takes a hotel room. Jeanie has the house, Sara, Daybreak, and a new life.

Unfortunately, that is not the end of it. Charles and Eve Morell have a serious talk. It may be good fun for Gerrie to have an affair with Jeanie Fleming. She may be a lovely woman. But *socially* things just don't look right. How can they ever hold up their heads at the Swiss Chalet or Bob Anderson's again? The whole business will hang like a K-car around the necks of the Morells. Plus, this business is going to haunt Gerrie at school. Besides, Aspen really is a little too remote. It's getting to be impossible to count on a flight leaving on time. Charles can stay in touch with the Commodities Exchange by telephone from Southern California just as well.

Gerard does not argue. He is a smart boy. He knows it has all turned into a mess. In the long run—whatever that is—it will probably hurt Jeanie if he stays. He spends a few more days with her in Castle Creek. He lies in wait for Mark and Steve and gives them both bloody noses and even bashes in their car windshields and hoods, which is the ultimate injury to boys in Aspen, Colo. He says good-bye to Jeanie, and on a day in June, he and his family fly to California.

"Burned the dinner, huh?"

December 1980

Ten days after Gerard left for California, Jeanie Fleming took a detour on Route 82 because of some road work. She found her XJS in front of Gerard's house on North Starwood. Her hands began to shake. She started to cry. That was no good. She called Shirley Burton, who had been her friend since they were both sophomores at St. Timothy's School a lot of years ago. Shirley, who had had some problems with Valium as well as a son who walked into the propeller of a Beechcraft at Santa Monica Airport, sent her over to Dr. Furmin.

Dr. Furmin was a tall guy who wore funny shoes. He actually trained other analysts. He was a good man. Well worth one hundred bucks for forty-five minutes. He had also been Gerard's doctor. Jeanie came to see him over at his restored Victorian four days a week. He water-skied on Fridays. They talked and talked and talked and talked. Jeanie dropped out of ballet. She rarely got out of bed. She read Gerard's letters over and over. Gerard came to see her once or twice. It was not the same. Somehow the bubble had not exactly burst, but when that wistfulness hit her, it was for Gerard in the past, not for now, not for the future. That cutting hurt was for last year's dream.

Then, on a day in December, she snapped out of it. Now she sits in the booth at the Ute City Banque, eating her spinach salad. She tells Shirley Burton, who is wearing a tennis suit from Geoffrey Beene, that she just decided life would go on. "I told myself that I was a new person now. It would all be wasted if I spent all day in bed, watching television. I'm not interested in sixteen-year-old boys any more. But I am interested in life."

It was kind of confusing, but Shirley nodded as if she knew *exactly* what Jeanie was talking about. In a way, she did. Shirley had been there. Jeanie was basically saying something very simple. She had been jailed in the dungeon of upper-middle-class housewifedom, where you are only as good as what inner needs you can deny. She had broken out, with the help of a sixteen-year-old named Gerard. Now she had to learn to live on the outside. Shirley had known Jeanie for twenty-two years. Jeanie would make it.

Meanwhile, in California, Gerard Morell, the Aspen Flash, has a new 380 SL convertible. It's yellow. He spends a lot of time writing letters to Jeanie. But he also makes friends quickly. Let's face it. The kid is social nitroglycerin. There's this really cute girl named Fran Collins, who sits behind him in solid geometry. They've already made friends. He's coming over to her house tonight to help her with her homework. Her father would help, but he's always traveling. He's in the computer business. Semiconductors or something. He says that a computer can do anything a man can do these days. Gerard just has to smile. Maybe anything Mr. Collins can do . . .

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FALWELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

nursing home had yet to be built. It did not exist, and, therefore, neither did its tax deduction.

Falwell had made it his practice to assist other churches in their fund-raising drives, but he felt that some kind of organization was needed. Enter Bill Menge, who came forward with a solution. Menge and Duke Westover, an Atlanta builder, established an entity called Total Stewardship Aflame, whose purpose was not only to raise money for the churches that contracted for its services (on occasion promising an appearance by Falwell himself) but also to construct buildings with the proceeds. It cannot be determined whether or how much Falwell knew of Menge's true purposes, but from this point onward he figures everywhere in Menge's plans; in all fairness, the evidence at this point indicates that Falwell became the most colossal dupe Menge had ever stumbled upon.

In any event, Westover and Menge soon arrived in Saddle Brook, seeing what they could see. Gelatt was out of the picture by then, having departed with the church's books and records. The church's new minister, Harry Vickery, announced that angels had arrived. Total Stewardship presented a $2.2 million aid-and-investment package that would pay off the church's 200 bondholders and get the vital nursing home built. It offered a $143,000 note to one of the lienholders, promised $300,000 to some of the others, and actually produced a $5,000 check as a binder. In the end, it all came to nothing. Payment was stopped on the $5,000, Total Stewardship's projected share of the nursing home—a 50 percent interest—proved to be too high, and the New Jersey bankruptcy courts proved to be remarkably vigilant. Saddle Brook Baptist, its affairs collapsing like a house of cards, passed out of existence, and the nursing home was never built.

Total Stewardship Aflame and MacMen also attempted to take over the Bluefield Church Furniture Company in Galax, Va., which later went into bankruptcy proceedings. Menge stuck Westover with a $20,500 note drawn on the Metropolitan Bank of Central Virginia and pocketed the money. Westover subsequently found employment with the Thomas Nelson Publishing Company.

Menge went on and on. He got $19,477.76 out of the Offutt Federal Credit Union in Omaha and tried to get $7.3 million more, but the union's lawyer intervened in time. He continued to collect money in Offutt's name after it severed their relationship. He bought old stocks of cosmetics from a convicted swindler with (according to Morris) a million-dollar note that he never repaid. He met famed evangelist James Robison and another noted evangelist, Pat Robertson, of the "700 Club." Kenneth Copeland, the Corpus Christi evangelist whose acquaintance Menge also made, was taken for at least $250,000.

And there was more: using Falwell's Israeli connections, Menge obtained a $518,000 no-collateral loan from the Bank Hapoalim to buy a film studio in Philadelphia; like everybody else, the Bank Hapoalim never saw its money again. Menge traveled with Falwell to Egypt and the Holy Land, met Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, and promised to give him a Mercedes (and at the same time apparently tried to set himself up as a marketing agent for Israeli manufacturers). None of this would have been possible without his close relationship to Falwell, of course; Falwell was his passport everywhere, and when the tally was finally added up, it seemed that Menge's use of Falwell's magic name had enabled F. William Menge to obtain around $9 million of other people's money. Using Falwell's name as a reference, he also went into the tour business, and amid rumors concerning Falwell, he tried to buy a Texas college. Here, however, there are certain indications that Menge was up to something much larger than a mere quick scam, although it was that, too.

With some New York and Israeli money and Menge's claim of Falwell's patronage, Menge founded a company called Genesis Tours. The reference to Falwell proved a powerful draw to other ministers, although Falwell never used the tour service himself. It was the usual Menge operation: all talk, no result. He was supposed to put his customers' money in escrow. He didn't, and it disappeared. He sold tours to Oberammergau in Germany and the Holy Land that never materialized. To publicize them, he rented the Kennedy Center in Washington and threw a gala for the former assistant secretary of the navy, James E. Johnson.

Menge and Spicer—who had formed his own Lynchburg company, Exodus Tours—traveled to Israel. Just what happened there is a little confusing. According to an account provided for *Penthouse* by Spicer, Menge made contact with two Israeli gangsters who had connections with the Miami mob, but Spicer does not say what the nature of the contact was, only that he "exposed" it.

As usual, Menge was thinking big. He opened negotiations with El Al Airlines to move thousands of Christian tourists. He negotiated with others to purchase planes, perhaps even a small airline. It had the earmarks of turning into Menge's biggest scam yet, but there are indications that it was much worse and much stranger than that. "It all comes around now to what all these airplanes were really going to be used for," Spicer told *Penthouse*. Spicer is very cautious when speaking on the subject, but he will add one thing more. "With the airstrip," he says, "Christian City would be a multi-billion-dollar deal."

Spicer is talking about Ambassador College in Big Sandy, Tex., a campus and 5,200-foot airstrip that Menge was negoti-

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ating to purchase from the Worldwide Church of God for $10.6 million. It was Menge's plan to build a Christian city there—first, it was rumored, for Jerry Falwell, then for James Robison, and finally for the fundamentalist Brother Lester Roloff, who gave Menge $500,000 that he never saw again. (On the other hand, Roloff is reported to have raised $6 million during his unsuccessful campaign to buy the campus. If so, he is hardly in a position to kick.)

In the end, with his empire collapsing, Menge couldn't swing the deal, and it fell through, but it is not without its features of interest. Menge first stirred serious law enforcement interest when his vans were used to transport marijuana and his known associates turned out to be more than a little crooked. Menge made contact with criminals in Israel, and he allegedly had other contacts in Colombia, prime source of much of the world's cannabis. He was trying to buy some airplanes, and Spicer hints that they were not for the tour business. (Recently published reports have indicated that the mob is moving a portion of its marijuana and brown Mexican heroin operations from Florida to Texas. Big Sandy is midway between Dallas, a lucrative market, and Baton Rouge, a big mob town in a big mob state. In the back of Menge's mind was undoubtedly some use of the 5,200-foot airstrip at Ambassador College. A Christian City would be a splendid, perhaps impenetrable, cover for a major smuggling venture. Although nothing can be stated with any certainty, Spicer is entirely correct when he says that it could be a multi-billion-dollar deal.)

Menge couldn't keep it up, of course; he really wasn't very good at it, but his natural gifts of character and his association with Falwell kept him going for longer than he deserved. It also gave him another advantage: on at least one occasion, with the cooperation of Falwell and a banker named Russell Hughes, Menge obtained the use of the church's money to plug a hole in his dike.

According to a handwritten document composed by one Lynchburg lawyer and found in Menge's bankruptcy file, Menge managed to get hold of some $300,000 to cover an embarrassing shortfall that occurred when Offutt decided it didn't want to lend him millions of dollars after all. Falwell made up the deficit by placing the money in the care of Hughes at Metropolitan Bank of Central Virginia. In a complex series of transactions, Hughes then attempted to reestablish Menge's credit and simultaneously reimburse Falwell through the "Gospel Hour" account, but the bank's board of directors got wind of what was afoot and put a stop to it.

Eventually, the $300,000 problem was solved by a use of Mrs. MacArthur's sale-leaseback agreement, a highly creative use that ended up costing her around $235,000. The original MacArthur loan was assigned to Menge, which canceled out his obligation to the church but which obliged him to pay his mother-in-law the money. Unfortunately, Menge was never very good at paying anybody anything, and he soon stopped doing so. Hughes is no longer associated with the bank.

Eventually, the Virginia authorities discovered that a convicted felon (Menge) was running a collection agency in the state, which happens to be very much against the law.

Next the banks decided they wanted their money back. Menge's string had run out. To escape his creditors, he took a vow of poverty and attempted to declare himself a church called the Christian Institute of America, but it didn't help. He'd taken a lot of people to the cleaners, in Virginia and Texas and Florida and Israel, and many of them wanted their money back. The funny thing was that he didn't have it. Any of it.

Nine million dollars is a powerful sum of money. In order to have disposed of it between the time of his arrival in Lynchburg in August of 1977 and his eventual bankruptcy in the middle of 1980, it would have been necessary for Menge to spend more than $10,000 every working day—no big deal for General Motors but a formidable and perhaps impossible task for an individual like F. William Menge. The money has simply vanished.

Falwell claims that he and his board got rid of Menge when they found out what he was up to. Max Morris, who was on the board at the time, told *Penthouse* that it happened very differently: Falwell asked Menge to resign from the board when Menge entered into business dealings with a well-known Christian charismatic, Pat Robertson, over the Philadelphia film studio. Further, Morris says that Falwell and Menge remained on cordial terms for some time thereafter. Presently a gulf did grow between them, however, and Menge transferred his allegiance to Old Forest Road Baptist, where he became one of the church's trustees and assisted in the negotiations for a $500,000 bond issue brokered by none other than Claude Locklan Downs, whom we last saw as the blazing hulk of Fidelity Plan slipped beneath the waves. Downs received a $16,000 fee, and the church found itself overextended.

The full story of F. William Menge's life and well-timed death may never be known. Falwell has been less than candid about his relationship with Menge. That is perhaps understandable; no one, especially not a moral arbiter, wants to admit that he's been played for a sucker by a crook, and Jerry Falwell is exceedingly proud of his acumen and intellectual prowess. Menge might be considered an adventurer and no more, a man who saw his opportunity and seized it, but Falwell's activities and reputation provided a perfect vehicle as a cover for his operations.

Beleaguered by creditors, increasingly embittered, Menge observed Falwell and the church from a distance that had become unbridgeable. In the end, Menge announced that he was going to "tell all"

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and that people were "going to go to jail." Perhaps it was nothing more than a desperate throw of the dice, an attempt to escape public opprobrium by casting the spotlight of guilt away from himself. Perhaps it was another attempt to make his escape; it is not unheard of for a man with questionable antecedents, pursued by creditors and the law, to seek sanctuary and immunity in the arms of the law.

During the week before his death, Menge placed a series of telephone calls to the Reverend James Robison, the Texas evangelist, who at one time was vice-president of the New Right coalition called Religious Roundtable and whom he had befriended. Menge also talked to one other person, whose identity *Penthouse* has agreed to withhold. To at least one of these people, Menge said he wanted to "think it over" and pray before he talked.

What could Menge have meant? No one really knows. Then there is the further question of the missing $9 million. As lawyers and others connected with the Menge bankruptcy were aware, the most assiduous search had failed to detect more than a small fraction of the millions—and that covered only the millions Menge was *known* to have scammed; what other monies he may have managed to collect is unknown. At the time of his bankruptcy, Menge was legally—and practically—a pauper. He was a virtual teetotaler and showed no evidence of gambling or drug habits. Further, there was no indication of expensive mistresses.

Where, then, did the money go? Another mystery is the relationship between Menge and Falwell. The official version is that Falwell trusted Menge totally, and then threw him off the board of directors when he discovered that Menge was a crook. But, as noted earlier, this may be a vastly oversimplified version; the question remains whether Falwell knew a lot more about the real Bill Menge than he now admits. It is difficult to believe that for the entire period of their close relationship, Falwell never once thought Menge was anything other than what he said he was to outsiders: a multimillionaire "born again" Christian businessman.

Which brings us to one of the more puzzling aspects in the mysterious life of F. William Menge—the day of his death, September 6, 1980.

At about 1:30 P.M. that day, Menge decided to mow a field of grass adjacent to his bankrupt estate in Forest, Va., a suburb of Lynchburg. The reason, it is said, was that he planned to take his children to a picnic there, although people in Lynchburg remember that his children did not appear to have been home. Further, it was snake-and-chigger season in Virginia, and Menge possessed a perfectly adequate swimming pool and picnic area much closer to his house.

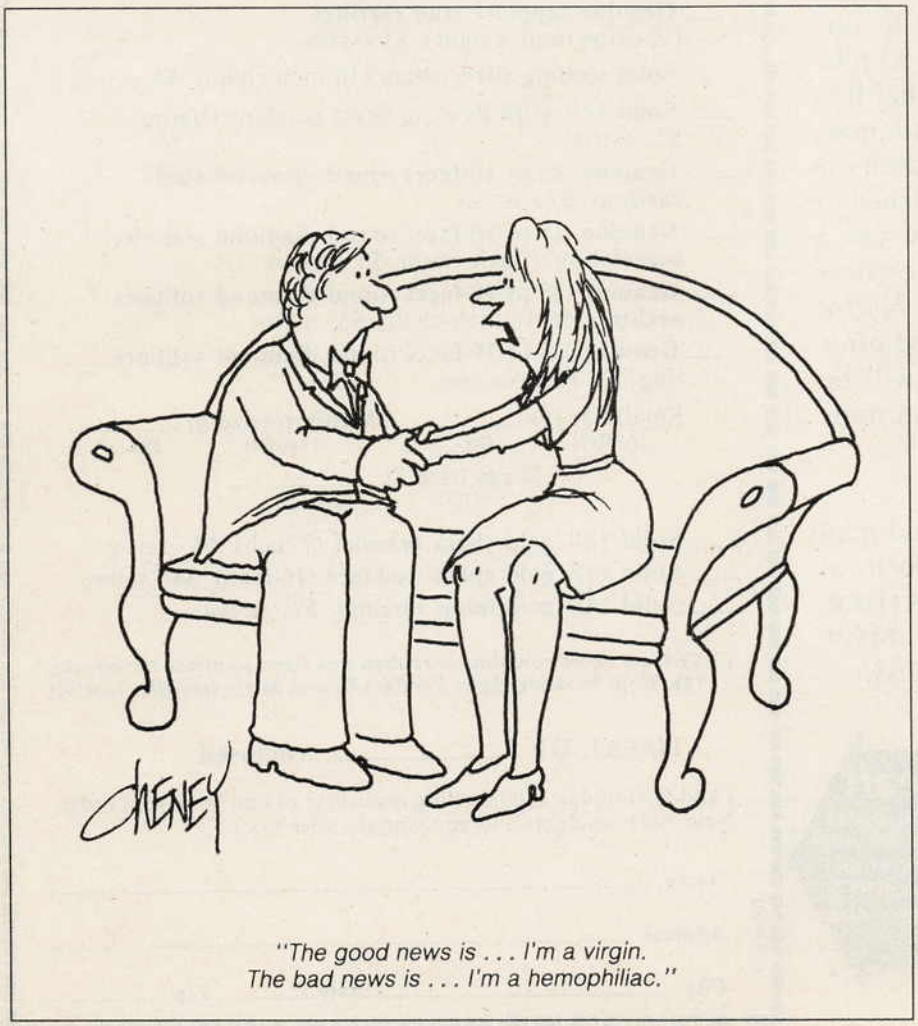
His blood was later found to contain an alcoholic content of .02 percent, not unusual in itself except that Menge was not a drinking man and was not in the habit of keeping alcohol around the house.

The instrument he chose for the task was a rotary mower called a bush hog. A wicked piece of machinery, it is towed along behind the tractor and is powered by its drive shaft. As Menge drove around the field, according to the official report, one or more of the wheels of the tractor and a blade of the bush hog are supposed to have struck some old utility poles concealed in the grass, causing Menge to bounce into the air. As he did so, the spring that supported the tractor seat is supposed to have fallen out. Menge is then supposed to have fallen back onto the springless seat and tumbled over backward without getting his feet tangled in the pedals or steering wheel, which he is also supposed to have stopped holding. Menge is then supposed to have fallen to the earth, where the bush hog ran over him, severing his left hand and right forearm, shattering and virtually severing his right leg, and fracturing his skull.

People fall under bush hogs with depressing frequency—like many farm implements, they are not things to fool around with—but Menge's death is an unquiet one. When the tractor was found, stalled in the field, it was in high gear. A tractor in high gear will not cut a field very well, and there are many fields a tractor in high gear cannot cut at all.

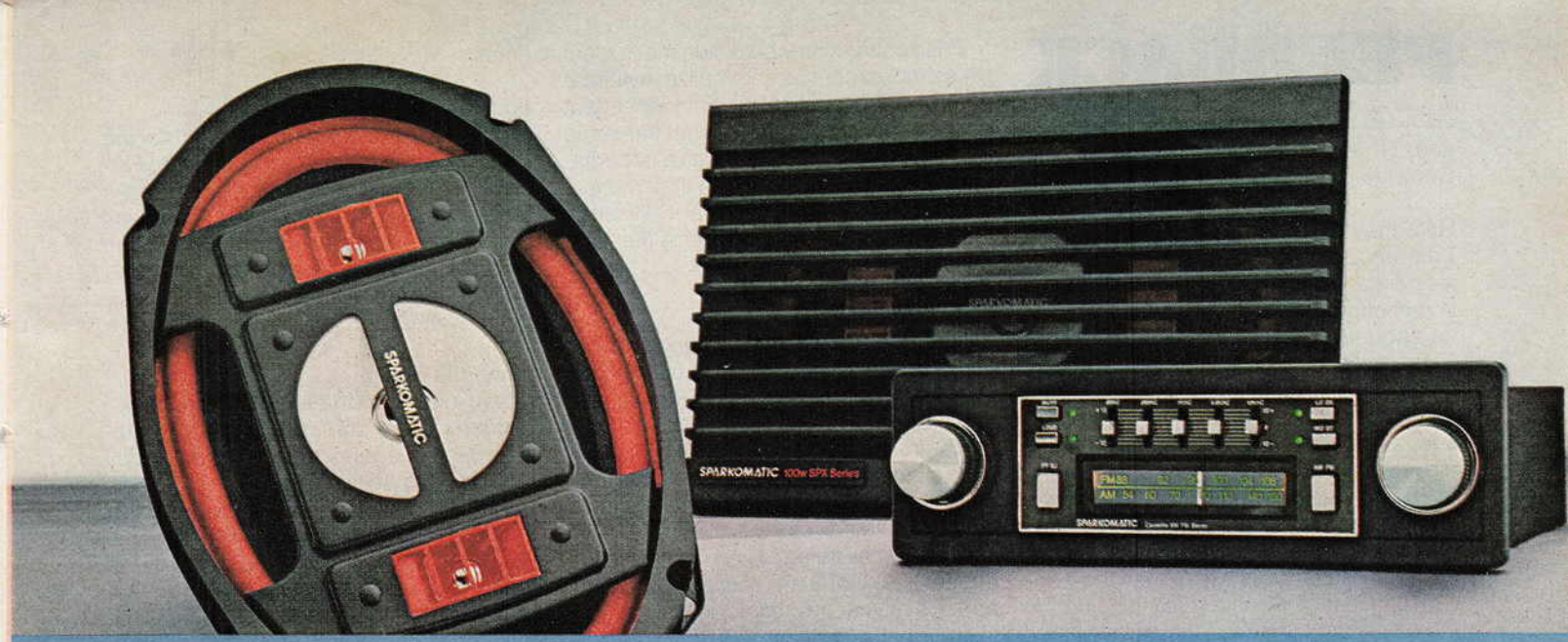
This is not to say that Menge was murdered, but there are enough unanswered questions and curious circumstances to render the official version of his death very nearly inoperable. For reasons that have never been explained, two FBI agents briefly investigated the Menge death, although there was no discernible federal jurisdiction. The FBI refuses to discuss why the agents were there.

Again, as in life, Menge created still another mystery, this one the most tantalizing of all. On whom (or what) was he about to blow the whistle? What happened to the $9 million he swindled? The answers went with him to the grave. Among others, his funeral was attended by Jerry Falwell and Mrs. Falwell. However, Falwell did not deliver a eulogy. That task was reserved for the Reverend James Robison, the same Texas evangelist whom Menge had called before his death. He did not mention what, if anything, Menge had told him.



"The good news is . . . I'm a virgin. The bad news is . . . I'm a hemophiliac."

Next Month: Following the death of Menge, Falwell's ministry enjoys record contributions as Falwell himself becomes a national political figure. But a *Penthouse* investigation discloses that all is not well inside the Falwell empire—including an insurance deal now the subject of an official investigation. And a look at the Falwell ministry's books poses some new questions.



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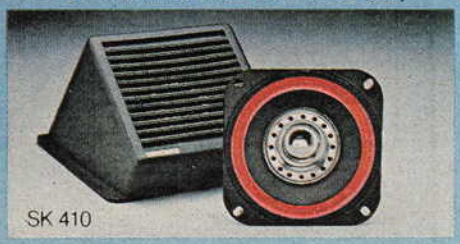
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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

and I'll drink to that!—*John Kalchuk, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Help the needy

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* but a less enthusiastic writer. Pardon the delay in responding, but even so, I had to speak up about Ben Stein's article in your April issue, entitled "Young, Rich, and Miserable."

As a cadet at a state maritime academy and a person who is presently unemployed and in debt to student loan authorities to the tune of $11,000 (an amount that is expected to increase in the near future), I fail to understand how these young millionaires can be so unhappy with their circumstances. I am desperately longing for the day when I will be as financially independent as they are. How I would love to be as debt-free and own my own mansion and fleet of Rolls-Royces and motor yachts! What they spend on an evening's entertainment could almost entirely finance my complete education. How I would *love* to have their problems—having so much money and being unable to decide just what to do with it. As I don't have that problem, I would like to help them out by accepting from them any contribution—big or small.

This contribution would help me to meet my school expenses and realize my future goal of being as financially independent as these gentlemen are, and at the same time it would provide them with a tax write-off plus something to do with their money. A mutually beneficial proposal.—*Midshipman Michael D. Perez, California Maritime Academy, Vallejo, Calif.*

More moralizing

With regard to *Penthouse*'s attacks on the Moral Majority, I find it hard to believe that *Penthouse* claims the rights of free speech and freedom of the press while at the same time attacking the rights of others, such as the Moral Majority, who have their own views on the way Americans should conduct themselves.

Aren't we all trying to find the way to the "better life"? Why are you so hypocritical as to claim your own rights, to want to fight to the death for them, and then to look down your noses at a group of Americans who prefer to do things differently and want to share with others what they feel is the right way?

I think *Penthouse* is wrong for condemning a group that apparently threatens you so much that you run a slander of them through your presses. Every dark cloud has a silver lining, and I'm sure that the Moral Majority does quite a bit of good for this country. Let's start practicing what we preach and respect our neighbors' rights.—*M.S., San Francisco, Calif.*

Editors' reply:
Penthouse *does not attack the rights of the Moral Majority to freedom of speech. Furthermore, it is not* Penthouse *that looks down its nose at any group of Americans who think or believe differently but the Moral Majority, who, we believe, are trying to force all Americans to adhere to their moral standards.*

Airing the draft

I have often read letters in "Feedback" concerning the draft, not to mention articles *Penthouse* has run on the subject. I would like to offer my opinion.

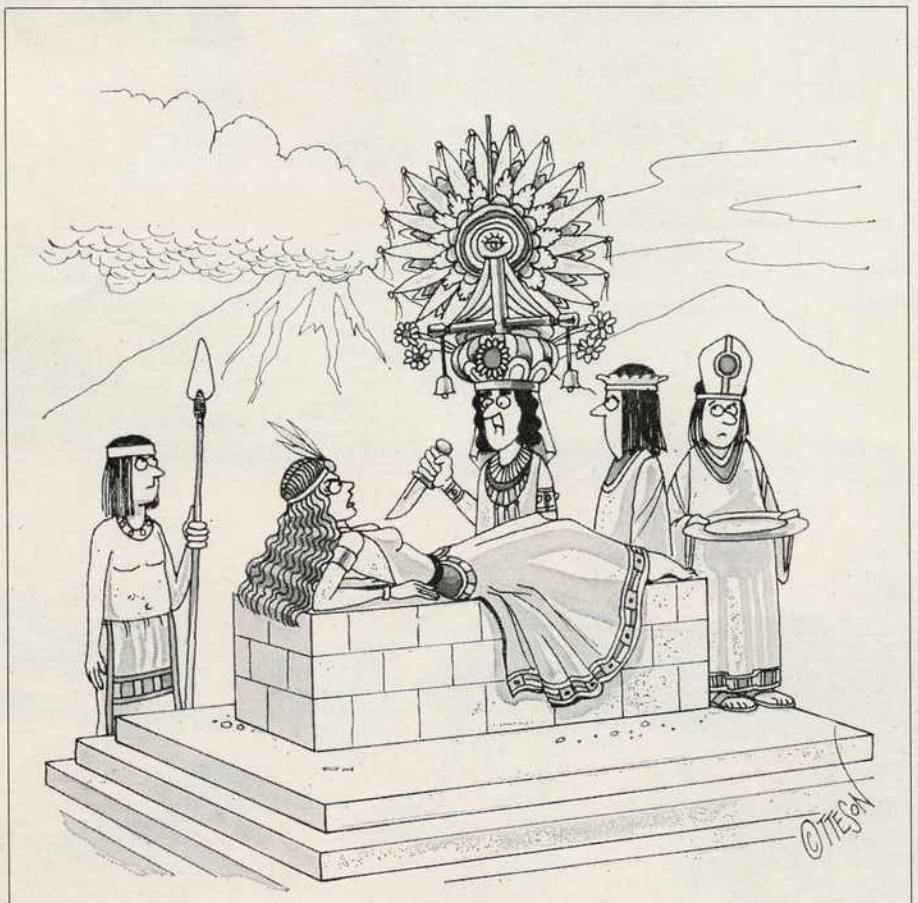
A hull maintenance technician, I am a second-class petty officer (E-5) in the United States Navy, currently stationed in the Indian Ocean, Persian Gulf area. I will remain here for 40 more days, at which time I will have completed my obligated four-year enlistment. This is the second time I have been in the Indian Ocean.

I read *Penthouse* often, and it is my view that the magazine and letter writers are antidraft, with the sentiment "let the suckers who volunteered do the dirty work." That attitude can go to hell as far as I'm concerned.

I have been lucky in that I have seen no battle action, and I certainly wouldn't want to. I am definitely antiwar and propeace, but I still feel that the only way to *preserve* America's peace is to be strong enough to deter any threat of war. I think everyone up to the age of 25 should be obligated to serve two years in some branch of the military. Antidraft people certainly enjoy all the freedoms peacetime brings, but when it comes to preserving and protecting that peace and those freedoms, they yell, "No draft! Screw the government!" Perhaps they would prefer to abolish the military altogether. Then we could be true sitting ducks. Would Russia stand by and refrain from any aggressive action if the United States were vulnerable? Who's kidding who? Reduce our military, and Russia will do the same, right? Wrong!

I am not overly fond of the military and am not in agreement with some of their policies and methods. But I am proud to have fulfilled what I believe to be an obligation to my country. The volunteers are not enough, however. The navy is almost begging me to reenlist, as they are short some 20,000 experienced petty officers. I have done my time, though, and now they'll be short 20,001.

I cannot fairly say it's been all bad. I'd like to thank the navy for four years' experience as a welder, shipfitter, plumber, and firefighter and thank them also for the $8,000 worth of schooling I will receive, the free hospital care, the money I have in the bank, and all the good friends I have made. And thanks, too, for the freedom we all have to express our opinions in a medium that might find that opinion unpopular.—*J. E. Breitenbach, HT2, United States Navy, Indian Ocean.*



"If the gods are angry over anything, it's probably that stupid headdress!"

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There are lots of other extraordinary features that make Platinum Series stereo radio cassette recorders pure platinum. Like Dolby,* linear-scale tuning, LED meters, tape program sensors, and more. There are more than 15 Platinum Series models, ranging in size from a mini version all the way up to a gigantic 3-piece portable hi-fi system with 8-inch speakers and guitar jacks. And all have the musical power that has Earth, Wind & Fire saying "Go Platinum, Panasonic Platinum."

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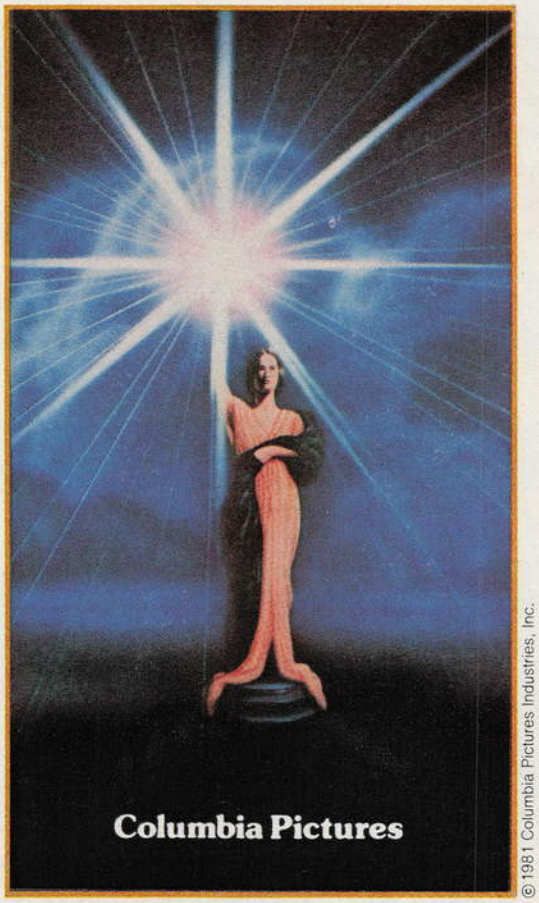
Pet of the Year Gifts

$200,000 IN TRIPS, CASH, AND PRIZES ENSURES THAT OUR PET WILL BE LIVING LIKE A QUEEN

Our 1981 Pet of the Year firmly believes that dreams can indeed come true. This Pet of Pets, whose beauty and charms have won her a worldwide court of admirers, begins a yearlong reign promising to be full of the things of which dreams are made. The exultant winner of the world's most lucrative beauty contest will find her castle in the sky made of a queen's ransom of gifts, trips, and cash totaling approximately $200,000. Though such riches will surely place her head in the clouds, the upcoming year will see her making personal appearances in all corners of the world as the very special representative of *Penthouse*. With so much traveling on her agenda, she will no doubt find some climes terribly frightful, but she'll stay delightfully warm in her regal full-length sable-dyed Norwegian fox fur from FLEMINGTON FURS, New Jersey. The dress, made especially for her by SCOTT BARRIE, is designed to keep heads turning her way—as if they could look anywhere else! The custom-made silk dress from ISADORA will be perfectly suited for one of her many enchanted evenings. She'll be able to play any part her heart desires in a choice of outfits from BELINDA'S PLACE, and for those private times, she will have a bounty of lingerie from LILY OF FRANCE. What better way to display this beautiful wardrobe and her own captivating charms than a drive in the unique sleek cream-colored deluxe Gazelle convertible by CLASSIC MOTOR CARRIAGES? The better to see you with, my dear! Knowing that she will be in the public's adoring eye, our Pet will be able to keep her heavenly body in winning form with her one-year membership to the 21ST CENTURY HEALTH CLUB in Manhattan. If she finds her schedule to be a little tight, she can still keep her bounteous frame in tip-top shape with the four-week program at BODY LAB 56, 46 West Fifty-sixth Street, Manhattan, which provides machines to tone and tighten the entire body—an *enviable* duty. Where does she go from here? Today the world, tomorrow the stars! Our developing actress will receive a one-year scholarship to the prestigious NEW YORK ACADEMY OF THEATRICAL ARTS. Her lessons will come in handy when, as her Grand Prize, our Pet will sign a contract with Columbia Pictures to appear in one of their forthcoming films. Once the star is born, she'll have the able assistance of PHILIP KENNEDY, offering a series of public-relations consultations. He'll guarantee she has her best foot forward whenever she steps out. A night on the town will surely include some time well spent at the private EL MOROCCO club in New York City, which has thrown open its doors and its exclusive membership roster to our winsome winner. Private or public, her outings will certainly inspire requests for autographs, and her designer pen set from SPORT PENS INTERNATIONAL will be right at hand. Of course, *Penthouse* readers don't have to see the writing on the wall to understand why this lady wears the crown of Pet of the Year.



©1981 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

The crowning jewel for our 1981 Pet of the Year has been bestowed by Columbia Pictures. The company that brought you Close Encounters of the Third Kind *and* Stir Crazy *will be bringing our lady to the silver screen with a role in one of its upcoming films.*

Our Pet of the Year is an eighties lady with her cache of electronics: (Top, Left) The SP-330MV Sound Super-8 projector from CHINON U.S.A., INC. (Below) From H. H. SCOTT the Slimline Stereo Component System. She won't be late with the deluxe Pierre Cardin Executive Desk alarm clock along with other Electronique gifts from MICHAEL DWECK AND COMPANY. From CARRERA INTERNATIONAL CORP. eight pairs of sunglasses. The DNR-450 Dynamic Noise Reduction System from ADVANCED AUDIO SYSTEMS INTERNATIONAL, INC. She won't miss a thing with the PV-3200 portable VHS player/recorder with tuner/timer by PANASONIC plus 20 blank TDK video tapes. (Top, Center) A Lucite sculpture from JEAN-JACQUES FERRON. The Anniversary Edition 35 mm Bellami from CHINON and the MINOLTA XG-M 35 mm, with 50 mm lens, motor drive, auto-flash 200x, and Cokin Filter Starter Kit. From SANSUI the Super Compo 1100 Audio Component System. A CA045 portable color TV from TOSHIBA AMERICA, INC. (Top, Right) CHINON's 30RXL Sound Super 8 movie camera. An electronic musical keyboard MT-30 from CASIO, INC. The ultramodern Syscom 3000 X Stereo Component System from U.S. PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP. It's easy listening on the road with a complete car stereo by CLARION CORPORATION OF AMERICA. Pierre Cardin Electronique AM/FM clock radio from MICHAEL DWECK AND COMPANY. Digital record library from TELARC and, from AUDIO-TECHNICA, a complete microphone wardrobe.

Our newly crowned Pet of the Year can look forward to traveling in a style fit for a queen. How better to get accustomed to it than on a transatlantic cruise for two aboard the sumptuously appointed Queen Elizabeth II? *(Top, Left) She'll be leaving the driving up to TWENTIETH CENTURY RAIL TOURS, North America's only luxury rail service. Our Pet and a guest will travel from New York to Los Angeles on a nine-day trip, with stopovers in New Orleans and Phoenix. This palace on wheels offers the finest in regional cuisine and entertainment. If the Pet of the Year needs to get away in a hurry, Mexicana Airlines will fly her and a guest to sunny Acapulco. Her beauty will be captured for posterity by a custom-simulated marble statue of herself from LIFE REPRODUCTIONS. The tides of time will be illuminated in the 55-gallon Lucite "hexaround" tower aquarium with electric clock by MIDWEST TROPICAL ENTERPRISES. A large-screen Kolorama projection television from BURKE INDUSTRIES will present her viewing wishes life-size. GOLD MOUNTAIN CHALET RESORTS, nestled in Spring Glen, N.Y., will offer our Pet a soothing retreat. She and seven friends will enjoy an eight-day stay in an elegant four-bedroom chalet complete with redwood sauna, whirlpool bath, fireplace, and fully stocked refrigerator. (Bottom, Left) A three-piece rosewood wall unit from MODERAMA FURNITURE will provide a beautiful display for her treasures. She can sail away on a one-week cruise on the 37-foot ketch ORA PRO NOBIS. What woman doesn't need advice? Renowned lawyer MARVIN MITCHELSON is able and more than ready to give the Pet of the Year legal consultations. When she doesn't have time to hit the beach, the lightweight portable tanning booth from SUN BOOTHS, LTD., will provide her with a healthy glow. THE DAWN BEACH HOTEL AND VILLAS on St. Martin will put out the welcome mat to the Pet and her guest for a seven-night stay, arranged by ROBERT F. WARNER, INC. Airfare is being provided by CARE FREE/DAVID'S TRAVEL in Miami, Fla. Also saying* bienvenido *is the HOTEL LAS BRISAS in sexy Acapulco. Five sun-filled days in a beautiful villa and midnight dips in a private swimming pool. What more could anyone ask for?*

Our Pet will be floating free and easy in her completely equipped ten-foot inflatable boat from SEVYLOR, U.S.A. The world's most expensive scent is a gift from JOHN GIVEY, given by T. BARCLAY PERFUMES: one ounce of Zariola perfume in an exquisite signed hand-blown bottle created by Maitland Phillipe. She can alternate fragrances with her beautiful ounce of ISADORA perfume with Lalique top. Pearls are also a girl's best friend, and she will have a strand of cultured pearls from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA AND JAPAN. The Longines Creation 528 wristwatch from LONGINES-WITTNAUER will keep her on time, and as a memento of her year as Penthouse*'s representative, she will have a bejeweled Pet of the Year key made for her by FEUER AND WOLF. A complete phone system from TELECOM will keep her messages coming in and going out. (Bottom) The KZ 305 CSR motorcycle from KAWASAKI MOTORS CORPORATION, U.S.A., will keep her going from one exciting engagement to the next, but when the day is done, she can relax with a glass of dry white wine—five cases, to be exact, of de Ladoucette Pouilly-Fumé from HEUBLEIN. A gold frame from ISADORA will keep her eye on her own special star, and her days will be made sweeter with a six-piece set of Swiss chocolate luggage from VENTURA LUGGAGE. The signed-and-numbered 24-karat-gold three-dimensional timepiece from ORBITAL CONCEPTS, INC., will have her name engraved on it. And her wardrobe will be taken care of at BELINDA'S PLACE, where the Pet will have her choice of six sensational outfits. Lingerie, a most important item, is from LILY OF FRANCE. On her far-reaching travels, our Pet will be kept safe with her Traveler's Survival Kit from WIEDENBACH-BROWN. (Top, Center) The art of being a woman will be enhanced by two signed- and-numbered framed silk screen prints by famed artist H. R. Giger, from HANSEN FINE ARTS, INC. For her few moments of solitude, she can curl up under a choice of six cozy imported blankets from MORA TEXTILES, but when she wants action, she can use her Gritti steering-wheel by MOMO ACCESSORIES, INC., plus a full line of car-care products from ONCE OVER BRIGHTLY.*

(Appearance may vary from illustration)

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

Soon their arms were around each other, and then the redhead began to slowly undress the blond. When the white dress had fallen to the floor, the blond stood in a very brief bra and crotchless panties. The redhead gently pushed her down onto the bed. She kissed the blond, starting at her shoulders, until she was finally at her cunt. The blond was moaning, and you could tell she was ready to have an orgasm. At this point the redhead stood up and quickly undressed herself. She had a magnificent body, with extremely full breasts and large nipples. She returned to the bed and worked her way into a 69 position with her friend. Within minutes both girls were moaning, twisting against each other and obviously experiencing multiple orgasms. We were all rock hard from watching.

The redhead finally broke away from the 69, stood up, and went to the nearby nightstand. She reached in the drawer and brought out a very long double dildo. She gently worked the device halfway into her companion. After a few moments of her gently pushing it in and rotating it, the blond again climaxed. The redhead then slid the other half of the dildo into her own pussy and began a wild bucking, thrusting, fucking session. Both girls repeatedly came until they finally collapsed into each other's arms. When they had calmed down, they rolled off the bed, stood up, collected their clothes, and disappeared through the door. I left the suite soon afterward but learned later on that all the girls were available for our own private use if desired.

Is this type of entertainment very common, and have you ever participated in or arranged such a session?—R.L.

It's impossible to tell how widespread the practice of serving meat after dinner is. All I can say is it certainly does happen and is more common in some areas than others. For example, should you be lucky enough to travel to Japan on business, you may find yourself well served by the geisha girls. If not, change your Japanese suppliers.

SECRETS IN HER DRAWER

In the past couple of weeks, I have had an unpleasant surprise concerning my wife. She is 25 years old, and we have been married for five years. She has a standing appointment every Saturday at the beauty parlor and leaves home about 8:00 A.M. A couple of weeks ago I needed some change, and while she was in the bathroom I did something I had never done before: I went through her purse. To my astonishment, I found two bikinis, a package of five rubbers, and a bottle of mouthwash. I said nothing to her about this. I followed her to the beauty parlor and watched her car. At 10:00 A.M. she proceeded to a local shopping mall and then

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drove to an apartment building, parking her car on the street. A little later a bearded black fellow drove her car into the underground parking area. When she returned home at about 5:30 P.M., I again looked in her purse. It contained two soiled bikinis and an empty bottle. There were no rubbers.

The following Saturday the same thing was repeated. This time I was parked in an area where I could observe the goings-on with binoculars. I noted several black men entering and leaving the apartment.

I have no idea how long this has been going on, but when we have intercourse, she often talks about what she would do to a black cock. In fact, she loves to talk dirty. When we were in Jamaica last year, she was wild over a drummer in a local band. All she did was talk about him. Now I'm wondering if she did lay him, because she was alone two afternoons while I was playing golf. She does not go out at night, so I know she does not play around then.

I went through her dresser, and amongst her lingerie I came across several packages of rubbers and half a dozen pictures of naked black men, one with the inscription, "For your kissing pleasure." Another said, "Your loving cock." I would like to approach her on this matter and let her know that I am aware of her whoring around. Perhaps it would be an opportunity for me to ask her how she enjoyed those she fucked during the afternoon. I would appreciate your advice on how to stop her whoring. Incidentally, I have not been able to find any extra money. Do you suppose she is doing this for her enjoyment? Goodness knows, she gets plenty at home. — M.E.

I'm amazed to read that your wife uses rubbers. I hope they are the black ones, because the contrast of the white rubber on those black cocks would look awfully funny. Maybe your wife is just horny and needs some outside action. Talk it over and see how she reacts. If she is determined to keep on doing what she has done, you just might have to settle for your life the way it is right now. Turn a deaf ear, or maybe a blind eye.

THE CIRCLES YOU KEEP

My husband and I married early; I was 16, and he was 20. Both of us were virgins. Our twenty-seventh anniversary is rapidly approaching, and our marriage is still alive. We're both attractive, especially since we have both recently lost weight and are very active sexually.

Our problem is that we have not been able to meet any swingers for a couple of years now. We began swinging with a very compatible couple 12 years ago. For several years the two families enjoyed many occasions together, and when all the children were bedded down, we played every adult game imaginable. We indulged in the usual mate-swapping, practiced a small amount of bisexuality, and in general had a wonderful time together. This greatly enhanced our own sex life. After each session with our friends, we couldn't wait to jump into bed with each other again. Then our friends moved in one direction, and we went in another.

After that we placed an occasional ad and enjoyed meeting the couples who responded. Sometimes we would swing with them, and sometimes, if one or the other didn't appeal to one of us, we would make some type of polite excuse and back off from the situation. Frankly, we were looking for another congenial couple with whom we could be friends and have sexual encounters. Although we did end up in bed with quite a few couples over the years, for one reason or another we never became close with any of them.

Large orgies have never appealed to either of us since we prefer a more intimate relationship with our partners. We did meet other men and had threesomes, but we've never found another woman who was willing.

For the last several years we have not been able to meet anyone to have some good, clean, sexy fun. The ads in underground papers have all become purely professional (those looking for a fee) or are for the large all-nude-type parties that are run by professionals. Although we always speculate about any acquaintances

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Richard L., Calif.

It works. I wasn't even halfway though it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said Wow! when he saw her. She and I are quite close already.

A.W., Mass.

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is, since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing ... they're calling **me** *now, if I don't call them.*

D. Taylor, Colorado

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

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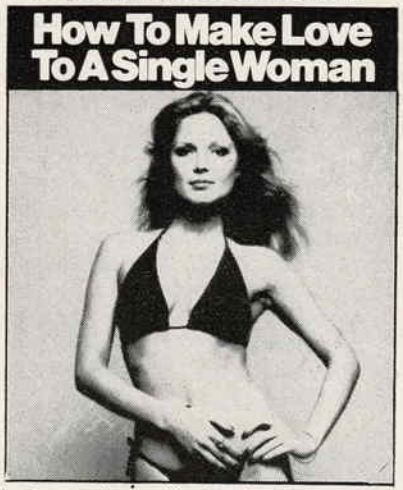

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or friends we meet, the conservative group we socialize with would keep any swinging well hidden, as we do.

We are very eager to meet another couple who would enjoy swinging once in a while. We have tried everything we can think of—going to local bars, going to other areas for the weekends, searching out underground papers—but the last few years of searching have been in vain. What are your suggestions for meeting the type of people we are interested in?—P.J.

Since swinging parties do not take place in the streets, the only way you can make contact must be by a lucky meeting or by answering or placing ads. I appreciate what you say about the ads you have answered in underground papers, and I think your best chance will be putting ads of your own in these papers. Make sure you word them carefully to eliminate some of the undesirable replies. Perhaps you will meet the right couple. So keep your eyes and ears open, and good luck!

DON'T BLOW—SUCK!

I'm on board a United States aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean Sea now with 5,500 other horny sailors. A few of us were relating past sexual experiences when the subject of eating gals came up. Most of us have done it before, and we all have great techniques. But a question arose: is blowing on your lady's love box good for her? When I blow over my lady's box while my nose is buried in the turf, she freaks right out, especially if I blow on her clit. Some of the guys say that if you blow some air up her pussy, she'll get an air pocket, which can get infected. If this is true, how come I sometimes hear "pussy farts" when my lady and I are fucking? Isn't that from air caught in her pussy?

I don't want to have my lady's love box infected and would like to know what to do. I love bringing my woman to a climax, and she comes five or six times while we're fucking but usually only once while my head is buried. Boy, that one usually shakes the whole house, and you can hear it five miles away. Also, for some reason, she doesn't believe that a woman's juices flow. She keeps saying that all the liquid is mine.—V.B.

My advice to you is to give up blowing your woman's cunt and stick to sucking. Blowing air into the vagina can be dangerous. There are cases, genuine and well reported, of deaths caused by air violently blown into the vagina. The air passes through the thin walls of the vagina into the bloodstream. There it causes an air pocket, which can lodge in any of the organs of the body, including the brain, which causes instant death. There are not a lot of recorded cases, and those deaths I've heard of were caused by air blown too hard. Still, you might get too excited, so why take the chance when there are plenty of other ways to enjoy yourselves?

TOUGH MEMORIES

When I was an adolescent in a small midwestern town, an incident occurred that formed the basis for my strongest (and most private) sexual fantasies for nearly 20 years.

It happened one autumn day, at lunchtime. I was engaged in some horseplay with a bunch of guys near the school door. One kid in particular—I'll call him Chuck—was getting at me pretty good. I tried to ignore him as long as possible. But in a sudden fit of pique I struck back at him. Chuck's eyes went cold. Rubbing his hand across his cheek, he pointed at me and said in a loud voice, "I'll see you after school for that."

I was stunned at the prospect of a fight. Chuck was shorter than I but lean and powerful in the arms. Several students heard Chuck's challenge, and the idea of fighting in the presence of onlookers—some of them girls—and getting beaten filled me with dread.

One of the onlookers was an angelic girl named Janice. She was the best student in our class—a quiet, serious thing, with curly hair pulled back in a ribbon, a cashmere sweater, and a long, full skirt that reached nearly to her bobby socks. Janice had a slight physical defect that, oddly, only added to her beauty: an eye that

was almost imperceptibly crossed. Her habit of smiling in a private, ironic way made her a figure of overwhelming, mysterious beauty. She took a step toward us and, looking directly at Chuck, announced in a calm voice: "I'll have to get a ringside seat for this."

The effect on me was cataclysmic. I felt my heart pounding with dread, embarrassment, and an undeniable excitement. It was unthinkable that she had been attracted by the prospect of a brutal fistfight. Yet she wanted to see it.

I was terrified the rest of the afternoon. But I was also irresistibly drawn to the strange realization that my forthcoming humiliation at the hands of Chuck would be carried out for the sake of Janice's entertainment. Yes, I wanted her to see me down on my knees, helpless.

A few weeks earlier I had had the unexpected chance to view Janice's bare shoulders, arms, and thighs. She was developing quickly into a sensuous woman. I was mowing Janice's neighbor's lawn, which was on a high bank that afforded a view of Janice's backyard. Rounding a turn of the house, I suddenly found myself looking down at Janice. She was on her back in a one-piece black bathing suit. She had on sunglasses, and her head was turned, with one beautiful leg slightly drawn up. Her arms and legs shimmered with oil. She looked like a goddess, impossibly adult, unattainably erotic. The vision haunted me for weeks. I wonder now if some subconscious, masochistic awareness of her secret beauty led me to provoke Chuck into a fight and thus render myself for her pleasure.

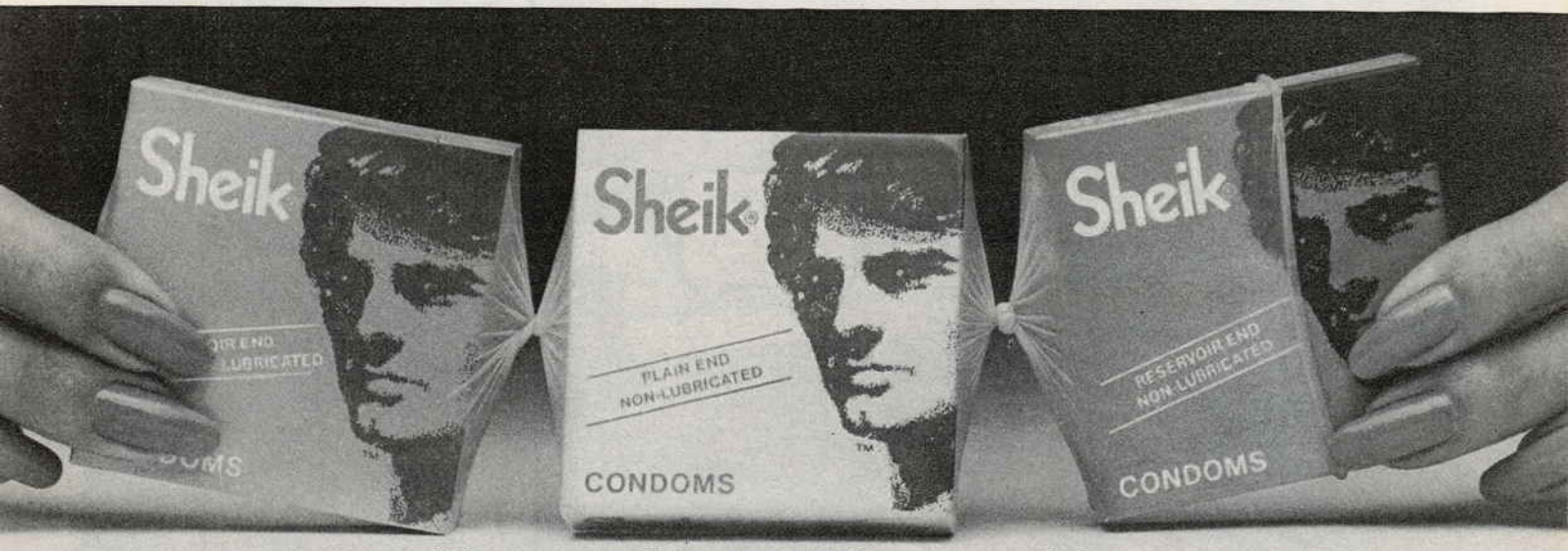
When the final school bell sounded, I walked to the site of the proposed fight. I was the first to arrive. Janice was the second. Barely nodding at me, she arranged herself on the grassy bank to watch. She allowed the hem of her long skirt to settle just above her beautiful knees. The sight was clearly for Chuck's benefit. When she caught me staring at her legs, she smoothed her skirt down but I sensed somehow that she was deeply aroused. I knew I was. My erection was threatening to double me over with its intensity.

I had expected a large crowd to gather for the fight, but as it turned out, Janice was the only spectator. It wasn't much of a fight. We wrestled on the grass for a bit. Then he spun me around, got a foot behind me, and took me down. The last sight I saw before Chuck's body smothered me was enough to send an orgasm spurting from my penis: Janice had pulled her skirt up again, this time exposing the lower halves of her smooth, exquisite thighs. Her expression was one of pure passion, a kind of grinning lust. It has haunted me down through the years.

As Chuck punched me in the stomach, I thought I heard Janice give a little cry. He made me beg for mercy and made me repeat it louder and then left me on the ground. I hoped the wet stain on my trousers was not visible. Chuck had gone to Janice. He pushed her skirt all the way back and was roughly massaging the insides of her soft upper thighs. He gripped the back of her head, crushing her ribbon as he pulled her to him in a wet, tonguey kiss, which she returned. Tears were running from her eyes. They left arm in arm, without once looking back. I was still on my back, massaging my penis to yet another shattering orgasm.

I'd like to find Janice and reveal my thoughts about it to her. I know where she lives now. She is in her mid-thirties, divorced, living in one of the more glamorous southwestern cities. Should I make contact with her and confess the perverse pleasure that that long-ago humiliating experience gave me? Would she understand? You understand women's fantasies. Please advise me.—T.T.

At first I thought you had some masochistic tendencies, but it seems that it is really the memory of Janice that has obsessed you for so many years. I think Janice may have totally forgotten the incident. But if you feel like contacting her, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't, since she is divorced. However, don't bring up the incident until you are face to face with her. It is never too late to become her submissive lover or even her slave.



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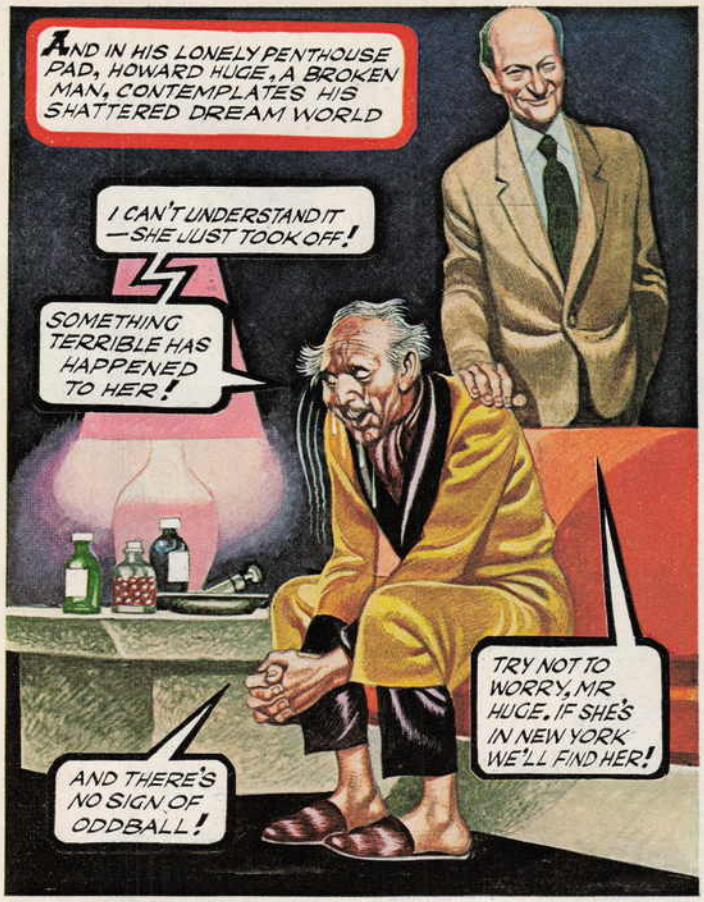
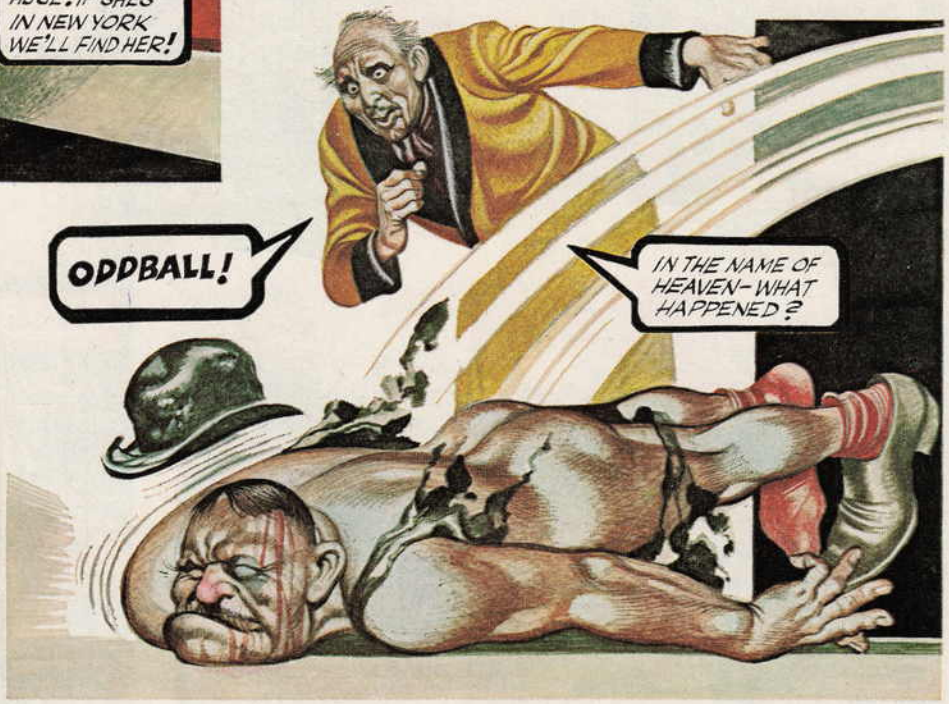
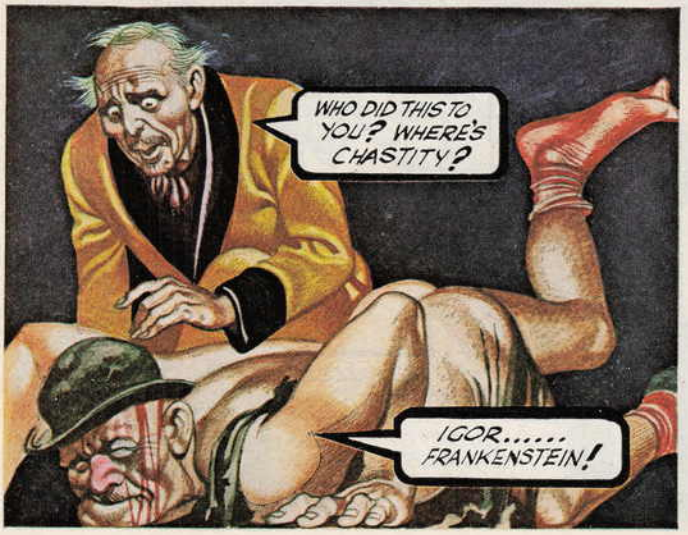
15 YEARS ON THE FORCE! NOW I REALLY HAVE SEEN IT ALL!
IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH!
SO OKAY—YOU WENT TO COLLEGE!


AND IN HIS LONELY PENTHOUSE PAD, HOWARD HUGE, A BROKEN MAN, CONTEMPLATES HIS SHATTERED DREAM WORLD
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT —SHE JUST TOOK OFF!
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO HER!
TRY NOT TO WORRY, MR HUGE. IF SHE'S IN NEW YORK WE'LL FIND HER!
AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF ODDBALL!

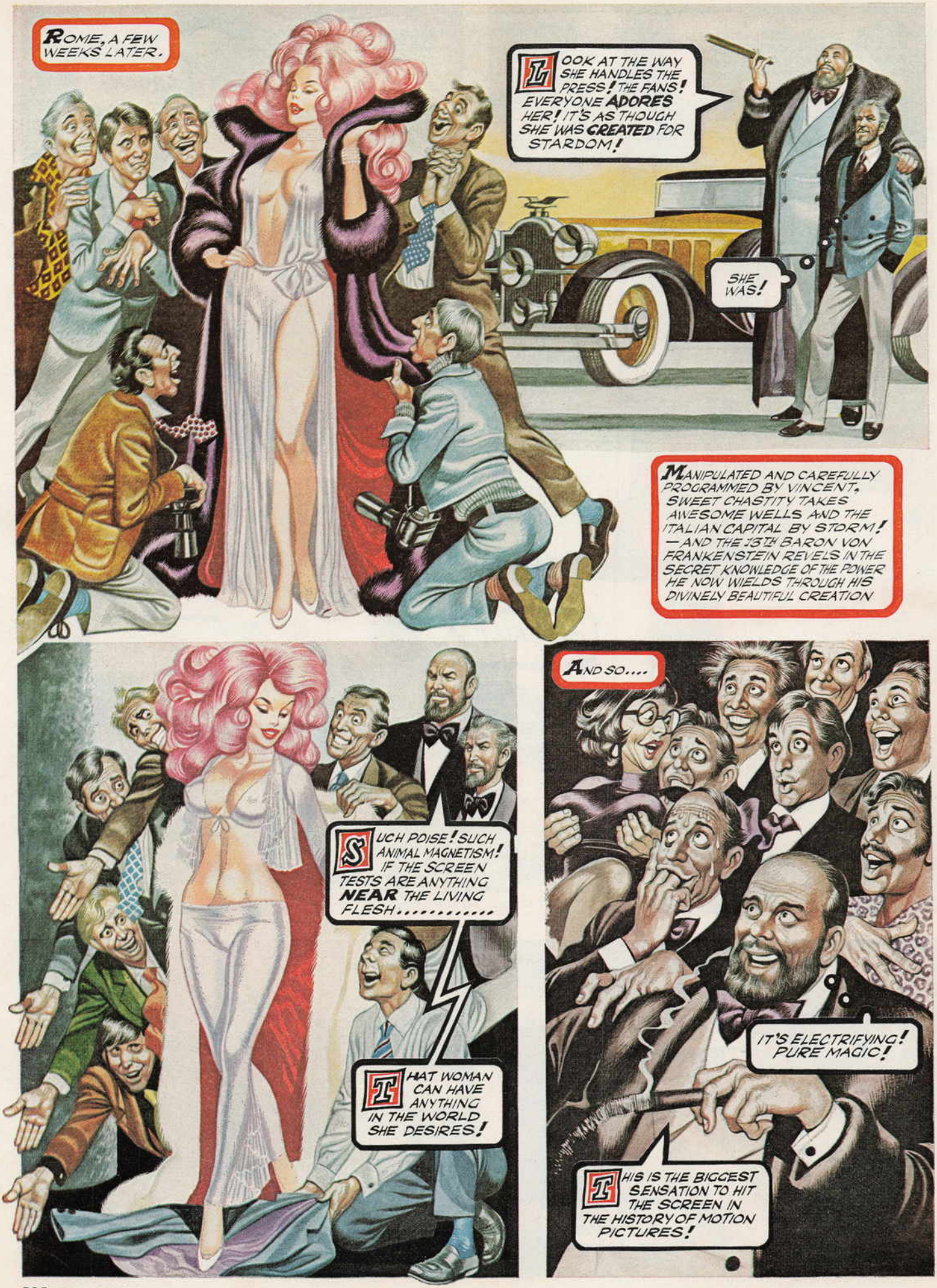
IN A DESERTED ALLEY AMIDST THE DETRITUS OF THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY, A BATTERED FIGURE STIRS.....
GROAN!

.....AND DRAGS ITSELF PAINFULLY ALONG THE STREET TO THE HOWARD HUGE RESIDENCE....


ODDBALL!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN—WHAT HAPPENED?


WHO DID THIS TO YOU? WHERE'S CHASTITY?
IGOR..... FRANKENSTEIN!

THEY WERE HERE?
BY GOD! I'LL MAKE HIM SUFFER FOR THIS!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!
HE'S BEEN TAMPERING WITH HER!


ROME, A FEW WEEKS LATER.
LOOK AT THE WAY SHE HANDLES THE PRESS! THE FANS! EVERYONE ADORES HER! IT'S AS THOUGH SHE WAS CREATED FOR STARDOM!
SHE WAS!
MANIPULATED AND CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED BY VINCENT, SWEET CHASTITY TAKES AWESOME WELLS AND THE ITALIAN CAPITAL BY STORM! —AND THE 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN REVELS IN THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE OF THE POWER HE NOW WIELDS THROUGH HIS DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL CREATION
SUCH POISE! SUCH ANIMAL MAGNETISM! IF THE SCREEN TESTS ARE ANYTHING NEAR THE LIVING FLESH.....
THAT WOMAN CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE DESIRES!
AND SO....
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WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH VINCENT HAS MADE IT. BUSINESS MANAGER TO CHASTITY! IT'S LIKE BEING GIVEN THE KEYS TO A BANK!
THIS IS HEADY WINE! POWER, PRESTIGE, MONEY — I LIKE IT!
FABERGÉ ON THE PHONE, SIR — AND ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU!
AND BATHING IN THE LIGHT OF REFLECTED GLORY, VINCENT'S TWO ASSISTANTS ARE RIDING HIGH.....
COULD YOU REALLY GET ME INTO FILMS, MR VAIN?
I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH BERTOLUCCI, COPPOLA AND PERHAPS KUBRICK! COME UP TO MY ROOM TONIGHT AND WE'LL DISCUSS IT FURTHER!
IGOR, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW, IS WELL ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY AFTER HIS TITANIC CLASH WITH ODDBALL
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! THE ONLY THING THAT TURNS HIM ON IS BUGS BUNNY!

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ODDBALL! HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS?
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ENTER FUMAN JU, EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE— THE MOST LETHAL MIND IN COUNTER ESPIONAGE.....
THAT WOMAN COST ME A BILLION DOLLARS!! I WANT HER BACK!
THAT'S EXPENSIVE PUSSY—IF YOU'LL PARDON ME FOR SAYING SO?
LEAVE IT TO ME, MR HUGE! NOT ONLY AM I THE BEST UNDERCOVER AGENT IN THE BUSINESS...
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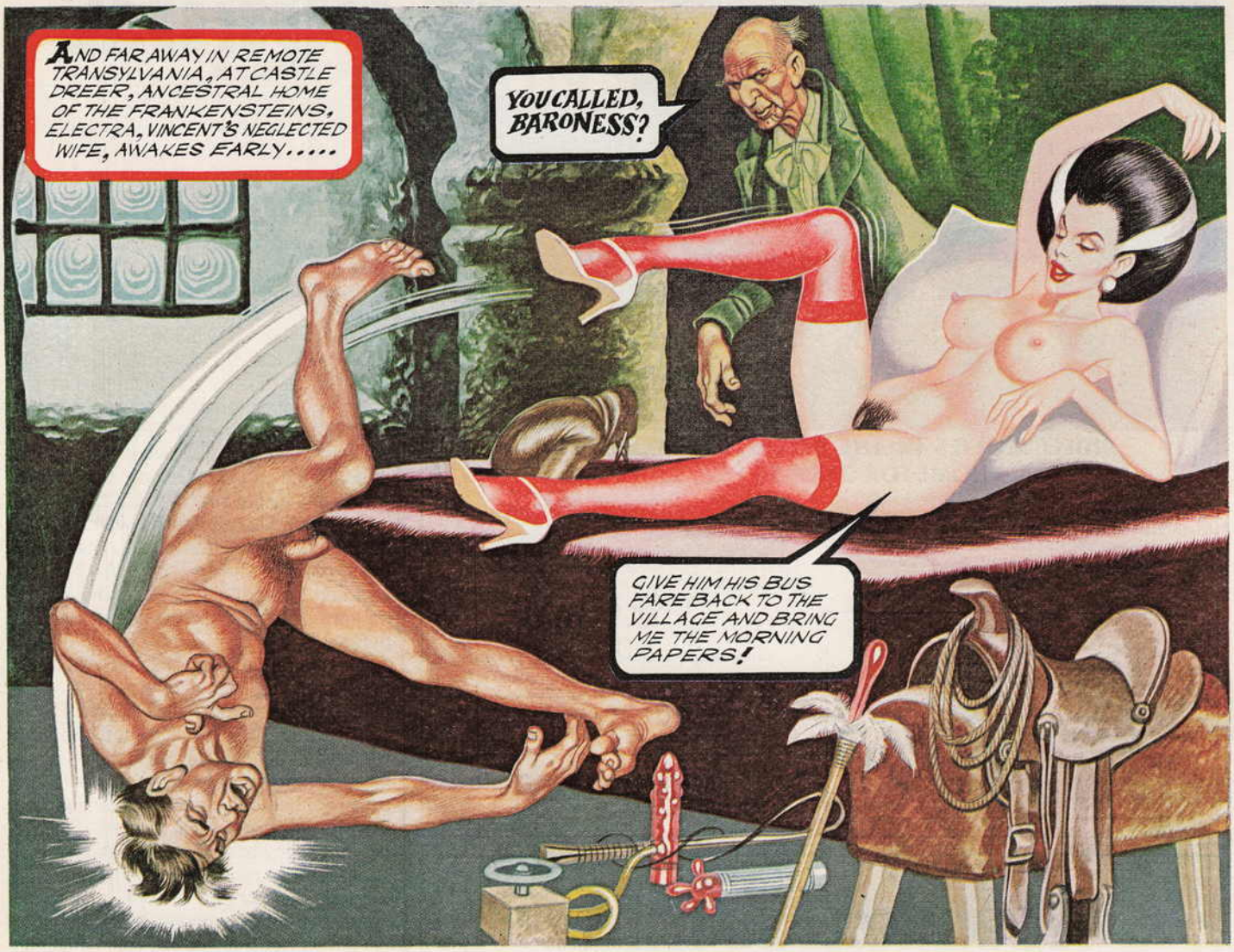
AMAZING!
OF COURSE IT'S FANTASTIC AND AMAZING! NO SHMUTTER —YOU'RE BUYING QUALITY! YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME!


AND FAR AWAY IN REMOTE TRANSYLVANIA, AT CASTLE DREER, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS, ELECTRA, VINCENT'S NEGLECTED WIFE, AWAKES EARLY.....
YOU CALLED, BARONESS?
GIVE HIM HIS BUS FARE BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND BRING ME THE MORNING PAPERS!

VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN .... AND HIS NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY, FILMING IN ROME?
I'LL GIVE HIM NIECE -THE CREEP!

JET SETTING AROUND ITALY WHILE I'M SITTING AROUND THIS FUNGUS RIDDEN, ROTTING STONE PILE DYING OF BOREDOM!
TOOMBS! PACK MY BAGS!!
I'D BETTER GET A TELEGRAM OFF TO THE BARON!
IT WARMS THE HEART, DOESN'T IT? THE OLD VALUES LIKE LOYALTY STILL HAVE SOME MEANING. LET'S HOPE THAT TOOMBS' TELEGRAM CAN AVERT FRESH DISASTERS FOR VINCENT!

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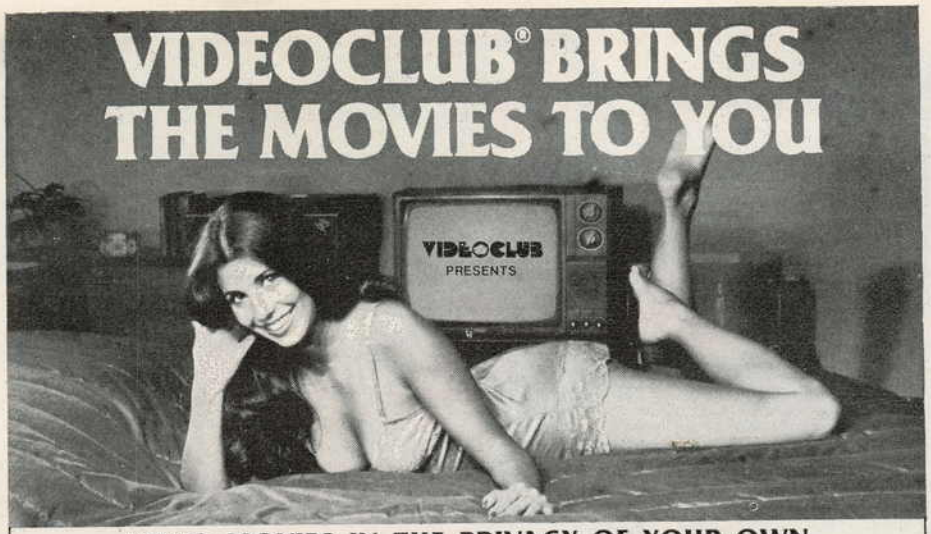

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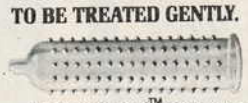

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

er thought of myself as bisexual. I've never before had an affair with a woman. On reflection, I have to say that I have from time to time been attracted by certain women, but never have I considered this attraction to be sexual.

Two weeks ago my sister Sandra moved to Philadelphia because she has transferred to a college in the area. While she is looking for a place to stay, I naturally am putting her up with me.

Now, Sandra is 20 years old, but only recently has she begun to mature physically. In fact, when she first appeared at my door dressed in a demure, flouncy white dress, I was quite surprised by her appearance. I had not seen her for two years, and in that time she had developed into a remarkably beautiful woman. She has blond, shoulder-length hair, blue eyes, and a stunning figure. When I first saw her, I was attracted to her in a physical way, a feeling I had never experienced before.

It was strange to see this woman living here, sleeping in my bedroom—and to think she was my little sister Sandra!

She is the sweetest girl, and although we haven't been that close in the past, we hit it off immediately. She spoke to me openly of her love life, and I soon learned that she was quite active sexually. Still, we did not talk about sexual matters—that seemed too personal. During the first week, I noticed her a lot. She got into my head, if you know what I mean. She wore the nicest clothes, and the most amazing assortment of lacy lingerie you ever saw. Each night I went to bed early so that I'd be there when Sandra undressed and put on her white lace teddy or her antique rose tap pants and bra. She wore a mauve camisole top that was simply divine. And some nights she would sit in the desk chair, wearing only a thin pair of pink panties, talking to me and rubbing baby lotion onto her long, shapely legs.

Last night it was just like that: I was stretched out on my bed, and Sandra sat in the desk chair. I was wearing my prettiest baby doll (I had begun, you see, to dress up for bed), and she wore a pair of peach-colored tap pants. She got up and walked into the bath for a second, and then, as she walked back, she said something that made every part of my body take notice: "You know, Sis, you're really beautiful."

She sat back in the chair, and her beautiful round breasts bounced as she did so. They were a gorgeous pair—Sandra is a perfect 36—and marvelously rounded with cute little areolas. She caught me staring at her and got embarrassed. Her nipples popped out like tiny buttons—she was aroused.

"God, kid," I said, "where'd you get breasts like that? They're lovely." She laughed, then started to say something.

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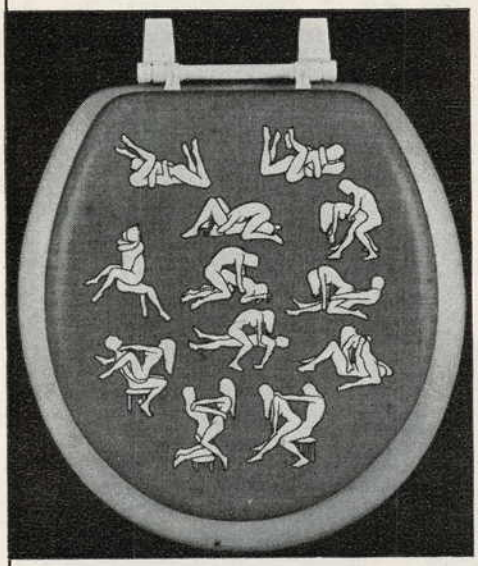

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"Have you ever—" She stopped. "Never mind," she said.

There was more silence. My heart was beating very fast. I could feel myself getting light-headed, just a little. My nipples, long and cylindrical like short little tubes, poked out through my thin bra and baby doll top. I wasn't sure I wanted to get into this. "Time for bed," I said, cutting short our discomfort (or was it intense pleasure, I don't know), and I climbed under the covers of the big queen-size bed. Sandra reached into a dresser drawer for her camisole top.

"Don't put that on," I said. "You're so pretty." "I'll feel funny all night." Sandra pressed the fabric to her chest, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. "I'll take off my baby doll top," I said. "We'll be cooler." "Okay." She threw the top back into the drawer, then walked back toward the bed, her breasts jiggling with her stride. I sat up and drew my baby doll over my head. Sandra was right—it did feel strange wearing only panties in bed with my sister.

It was an incredible dance going on between us. We were both wary of what was happening; we were circling each other, ready to stop altogether, to avoid risking anything. And in fact that was what happened—at first.

Sandra climbed into bed, and I turned off the light. We rolled to opposite sides of the bed, and I prepared to try to sleep.

Then Sandra spoke, her voice barely containing a tremor. To me her voice was perfectly chilling as I heard it in the darkness. "I'd like to kiss you good night, Sis," Sandra said, "as we did when we were young. I'm so appreciative of what you've done for me. I feel very close to you."

I turned over, toward her. She sat up in the bed, facing me, and I did the same, facing her. I leaned toward her, expecting a peck on the cheek. But Sandra's full, wet lips met mine straight on and lingered there for perhaps 15 seconds. We parted, not really sure of the next step.

"What's going on?" she whispered. I tried to comfort her. "Thank you," I said. "You're sweet." I reached my hand up to her face, where I saw the glint of a tear, but my hand never got there. On the way up, I brushed her left breast, and Sandra's breath caught sharply. I let my hand rest there right against the tip of her hard little nipple. "I love you, kid," I said in a whisper. There was more silence. "You don't have to do this," Sandra said after a while. "I think I want to." Our mouths came together once more. Our lips touched again. We parted. "Is it wrong?" Sandra asked. "I don't know," I replied. "You don't have to do this either, you know."

Sandra smiled. "I don't see you twisting my arm." Her tongue reached out and rimmed my lips with her saliva. My hand cupped her breast and felt its mass and weight by bouncing it up and down slowly. We kissed again, this time our tongues finding each other and touching.

Everything was slow—incredibly, agonizingly, beautifully slow. At each step we measured each other, testing the waters, finding what the new relation would bear. Our bodies came together, and I got one of my secret wishes. I felt Sandra's breasts against mine. Our nipples touched, hard as pebbles, and rubbed back and forth against each other. I loved the feeling of these huge masses between us—her full, round tits plus my smaller, but firm bosom: our womanhood had met and become one huge presence together, a fullness of female love that we had never felt before.

We fell back down on the bed, Sandra on top of me. Again her tongue darted into my mouth. I was breathing faster, my head was swimming, and blood was rushing to my breasts and cunt. Again, our breasts squashed against each other, and this time I felt Sandra's fingers reaching down between my legs. Her kisses traveled down to my chin, neck, chest, and then finally, after a minute or so of excruciating anticipation, to my breasts. There her tongue flicked my left nipple, and I closed my eyes, starting to moan. Her mouth came down on my breast and took it into itself, and Sandra sucked me like a baby.

I reached down and slipped my fingers under Sandra's panties, and I slid them into her soft pubic hair. I could feel San-

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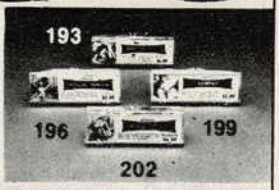

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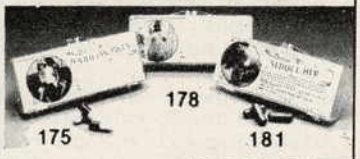

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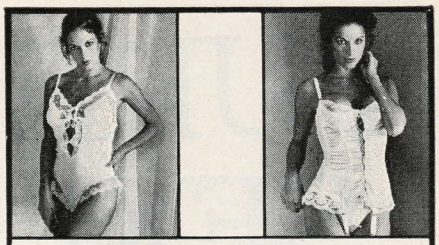

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dra's fingers doing the same to me. I drew tiny circles on her pussy, and soon I felt her doing the same to my pussy. "You're remarkable," I whispered. Sandra lifted her head up from my tits and said, "I love you, Paula. I want to make love to you." "You're doing just fine," I replied. Her finger found my slit and walked up and down it. I did the same to her: she was incredibly wet, and as my finger slid up and down her crack, it slipped in. She moaned loudly—something I had never heard from her before—and slipped her finger between my labia.

Everything was so intense now that every fresh movement drew a vocal response and faster breathing. I touched Sandra's clit with the tip of my finger, and she tensed, trembled, and gasped. I touched it again, and she gasped again. "Oh, God," she said. And then her finger found my love button, and I shook, almost violently. I lost control for a moment, my head got light, and I almost passed out. Sandra rubbed my clit again and again, and each time I swooned. I came to myself then and plunged my fingers into Sandra's vagina. She was filled with come, and as my fingers slid in and out again, they made sucking sounds. She was breathing fast now, and in rhythm to my strokings. Her fingers were tweaking my clit, and her tongue slithered over my right breast. I was coming fast now, and so was she. "Fuck me, Sis," Sandra said in a moan. "Fuck me hard." I thrust deeper and deeper and Sandra groaned loudly each time. I was shaking uncontrollably now. Sandra was practically yelling. It seemed that with each stroke I was practically hitting her womb, deep inside her. And, in the magic of that moment, I had a single thought: That I had touched my sister's womb. How marvelous!

It continued for minutes, but it seemed like hours. I plateaued for a time, but Sandra didn't. She was starting to orgasm. For a second I withdrew my fingers from inside her. "Not yet! Not yet!" Sandra yelled urgently—but she hadn't understood what I intended to do. "Spread your legs wider," I ordered. She was shaking wildly, in the throes of it, and seemed not to hear. I tightened my hand into a tiny fist and shoved it into her cunt. She grunted and yelled, but she took it. My whole hand was inside her, moving up and down about an inch or so. She was coming hard, but she never let up on me. I felt her again on my clit, sending what felt like tiny electric shocks through my whole system.

We both were coming now, but Sandra was farther along than me. She screamed, bucked once or twice, then fell on her back, gasping for breath. Then I came in great, huge shudders, like an animal. I gasped and gasped, trying to get my breath. I couldn't and passed out.

When I came to (I don't imagine it was more than a minute or so) my hand was still inside my sister and her finger was still on my clit. Sandra was sleeping, her head on my shoulder. I thought about what we had done, reveling in it, feeling so strange about it. In fact, that was the only chance I had to think last night. That, in fact, was only the beginning.

I won't bore you with other details, except to say that Sandra woke me up at three to kiss me and to say that wouldn't it be fun if we shaved each other's pussies. We stumbled into the bathroom, and she perched me at the edge of the tub and spread my legs wide. We were laughing and giggling as she smeared shaving cream all over my pubic hair. "You look like a marshmallow sundae," she said.

With the razor, she slowly scraped away my curly brown hair. She started at the top, and I watched myself slowly grow naked. Sandra was extra careful when she got to my clit and labia. When she shaved the hair away from my crack, we could see my love juices drooling out. Soon she had cut away the last of my pubic hair. She toweled me off and handed me a mirror. I looked like a baby, or at least, a girl of 12 or 13. Sandra grabbed some of her baby oil and rubbed it in, making me glisten.

Then it was her turn. I was amazed at the softness of her blond hair, it was so fine and thin. "Are you sure?" I asked. Sandra giggled. "Take it off, take it all off," she said laughing. We were both in great

high spirits as I put the blade to her cunt. I shaved away her hair slowly, and I marveled as I slowly laid bare her labial lips, which were engorged with blood. She was so damn beautiful!

"I love you," I said after I toweled her off. I kissed her right on her clit, and she slumped over atop me, her breasts hanging in midair. "Let's go to bed," she whispered.

So we did—two naked, shaved sisters in love—and we spent the rest of the night slipping our tongues into each other's bare pussies.—*Name and address withheld*

Oh, Canada!

Up until now my life was quite uneventful, but it would soon change, as I was about to find out. I attend a university in western Canada, so, naturally, the campus activities are quite "sporting." It all started one night while my girl friend, Joan, and I were watching television over at my apartment. During the course of the evening, we smoked a few joints and sipped on some fine Canadian beer, which really set the mood for the rest of the evening. We were wrestling on the floor until the television played the Canadian national anthem, just before sign-off. Suddenly, a fantasy became implanted in my mind. I was so aroused that Joan and I had the best sex we'd ever had. But I knew I had to act out this newfound fantasy.

As the week dragged on, I became more and more obsessed until I resolved to experience these new, stimulating thoughts. When the weekend came, I was so excited that I could have burst! I jumped in my car, and as my fantasy directed me, I went out into a secluded part of the countryside. As my anticipation grew, I became more and more aroused.

Finally, I could not contain myself any longer, so I stripped off all of my clothes and lay on the soft, brown earth. As I did this, I thought of the national anthem, one huge glorious country, and I was fucking this large womanly expanse of land stretching from coast to coast. I was actually fucking Canada! I was so excited that I soaked a large area of ground beneath me. It was such a wonderful union of man and the land!

After this experience, I am determined to fuck the nine remaining provinces and two territories. I must admit, though, that this might be a little tricky in the winter, so I'll have to make it a seasonal adventure.—*Name and address withheld*

Meeting while eating

I have been reading your magazine for many years now and have never really doubted any of your stories, but I never thought I would be so lucky. My good friend Jeremy, who had just had his tonsils removed and could finally eat solid food again, called and asked if I wanted to go to the Japanese steak house in our area and eat decent food for a change. Well, I wasn't doing anything, so I agreed.

We got dressed up and went with the anticipation of meeting a couple of maidens. For those of you have never been to a Japanese steak house, you sit at a large table, most of the time with a lot of people you don't know, and your meal is cooked right in front of you by some manic Japanese guy holding a huge knife, sharper than a razor.

Well, Jeremy and I were the first to sit down. About three minutes later a couple in their mid-forties with their two teenage sons came in. The man must have been a doctor because he had one of those beepers in his pocket. Then two other couples sat down next to them.

The wife, who was definitely very attractive, sat down right next to me. I thought nothing of it when I felt her brush her leg against me. Then it became frequent, and I thought this better be a pass, as I was pissed off at her rudeness. About ten minutes passed when the doctor's pager went off. He was to return to the hospital right away. The wife and the two sons stayed to finish. Then I felt a hand under the table rubbing my leg, and I almost choked on my dinner. This gorgeous lady was squeezing my leg and slowly moving toward my crotch, which was now almost double its original size. She suddenly stopped, as the two sons said they weren't

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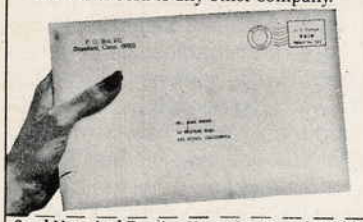

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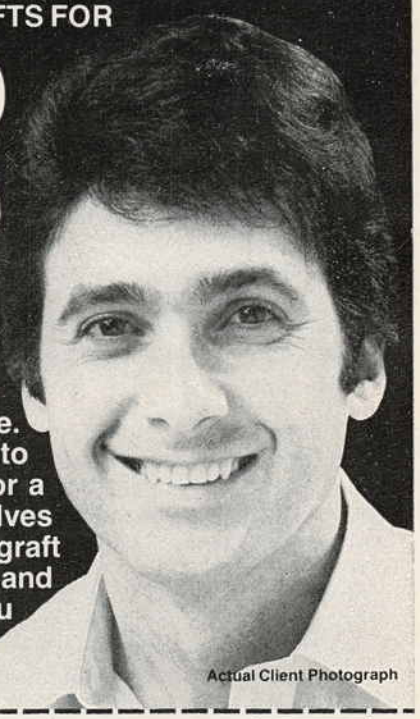

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tired and wanted to go out drinking. She agreed and remained behind.

Jeremy excused himself to go to the bathroom, and as I turned around, this beauty looked me right in the eye and said, "You wanta fuck?" She handed me a piece of paper with an address on it and said, "See you in a half hour," and left. Jeremy returned, and I told him to take a bus home, that I needed the car, and explained why so he would understand.

I must have run every traffic light in the city on the way to this woman's house. As I approached the front door, I noticed it was ajar. I slowly peeked in to find her shoes on the floor. About ten feet past them was her dress, then her bra, then her panties, then a closed door, which I slowly opened to find her spread-eagled on the bed, eating an apple. She looked over at the clock and said, "Your half hour is up." I took off my clothes as if they were on fire and climbed on top of her. She reached down and grabbed my prick and turned me over. She went down on it like it was a peppermint stick. I felt myself ready to explode, and she did also. She grabbed the head of my cock tight and squeezed it, and I felt like I was dying and on the way to heaven. When she released it, jism shot all over her face and tits.

I soon went down on her, bringing her to climax. Then I proceeded to mount her when she stopped and rolled over on her stomach and stuck her ass out. I started fucking her like a dog. I reached both hands around to catch her swinging tits, and we smashed together on each thrust. We both came again, and I pulled out and lubed up her anus. She stopped me and said she was afraid that it might hurt. I reassured her and proceeded. It was so tight and she was so nervous, but it felt so good. The phone rang, and her sons wanted to be picked up to come home. We quickly showered and I left. I'll never forget that day, although I never even knew her name.—*Name and address withheld*

A younger version

Here is another letter most of your readers won't want to believe, even though it's true. Two years ago I married Sara who was a virgin. We fooled around in every other way (she gives great head, and she used to sit on me in my car and slide her wet pussy up and down my cock until I came).

She has a younger sister named Terry, who was 18 when we got married. The first time I noticed her sexually she was swimming in the pool at her house in a one-piece suit that was so thin it looked like colored Saran Wrap. While I was watching her, she did a backflip and I got a great shot of her little pussy with its baby-fine hairs showing right through the suit. Her little tits have nipples that get really big when they harden up. I could easily see that the areolas were only about an inch across, but when they get hard from the pool or she gets excited, they are a full half an inch across and little more than half an inch tall. They stick out farther than any I have ever seen. I got so hard I couldn't get out of the pool for ten minutes. The first time I stayed over at my future in-laws' house I stayed in my fiancée's room while she shared Terry's room.

The first morning I woke up and opened the door that led from my room to the bathroom, which also had a door into the hallway. As I opened the door, I saw Terry through the clear glass door of the shower. I got an immediate hard-on seeing her little tits and hard nipples. I started playing with my cock, and I almost came when she reached down to soap her pussy. I got superhard watching her rub her little pussy that didn't look like it had hardly any hair on it when it was wet like that. Then I noticed that she kept rubbing it, even though all of the soap was gone. I was so excited my cock hurt. I have an average six-and-one-half-inch cock measured on top, but it sure looked and felt bigger and harder that day.

I had shut the door most of the way, and it was a good thing because she opened her eyes and looked right at it. Then she sat down on a seat that is built into the fiberglass shell of the shower. She closed her eyes and started rubbing her pussy again with her legs spread right at me. From only five feet away I had a great view

of her juicy little pussy. She didn't just rub her clit, but all over her whole pussy. Then with both hands she reached down and spread her pussy lips open and pulled the inner lips out. When she pulled on them, it seemed like they just kept stretching (just like her sister's nice big pussy lips).

When she got all the folds stretched out, they were two and a half or three inches long and I could see almost two inches into that pinkish red hole she had spread open.

Seeing her spread open like that made me come all over my hand and the door. When I came I bumped into the door, and she looked up but kept on playing with her pussy. Then she took one wet finger and put it up her sopping-wet cunt. She was so wet I could see her juices seeping down her crack to her rosy brown ass hole. She used the thumb on the same hand to rub her clit. By now, seeing her put a second finger up inside herself, I was mostly hard again, even though my hand and cock were a real mess. As she moved her fingers in and out with her thumb on her clit, she reached up with her other hand and pressed her palm against her right nipple. Then she rolled it between her thumb and fingers, and I swear, it got even bigger. She closed her eyes again and really shoved her finger in harder and harder and played with her nipples harder until they were as big as plump raspberries.

When she started to come, she made this little squeaking noise and started shaking. In the middle of coming she shoved a third and as much of a fourth finger as she could up her pussy. Then she pulled them out real fast and reached up with both hands and pulled straight out on both of her nipples. That's when I came the second time. I was leaning close to the door, and some of my come flew into the bathroom and landed on the counter. When she was done she turned on the hot water and let it spray on her long, hard nipples. I closed the door and waited for her to leave. When I went in, the come was cleaned off the counter top. At breakfast she casually mentioned she had borrowed some new brand of tooth polish and how creamy it was and made her teeth feel so smooth! I almost passed out thinking about her using my come for tooth polish.

Now, several years later, she has come to stay with us for a while. Two weeks ago I walked by her door and heard her moaning. When I opened her door to see if she was okay, she pulled her hand out from under the covers real fast. I asked her if she was sick, and she said no, that her stomach just hurt a little. I told her to let me look at it, and she blushed and said no, but I told her I wouldn't take no for an answer and pulled down the covers. I was a little shocked. She had her little nightie pulled up over her tits and her panties pulled down past her knees. At this she turned even redder than her hard little nipples, and they looked like they did the last time I had seen them. When I commented on their color, she said they were red from embarrassment. I said yeah, just like Sara's, when I tie her down and make her come by playing with her pussy real hard and biting her nipples harder and harder, just like this, and I bent over and nibbled her tits. Or maybe I should say nipples—there wasn't much tit, just big juicy nipples on 32-Bs.

She just moaned, and as I bit her harder she made that funny little squeak. As I nibbled her I reached down to find her clit, and was she soaked down there! After about five seconds my whole damned hand was wet, so I shoved my middle finger up her pussy. She squeaked again and reached for my cock. Since I wasn't wearing underwear, it was almost out of my gym shorts anyway. After she felt it, she pulled me up to suck it and really went wild licking and sucking on it. When I was ready to come, I pulled it out of her mouth and slid down between her open legs and licked her open pussy and clit for five minutes until she started screaming too loud. Then I slipped up to go in her, but she said no, that she was a virgin. So I talked her into sitting on top of me and sliding her wet cunt across my cock.

As she was doing this, I leaned up and started biting her nipples and she just went crazy, and before either of us real-

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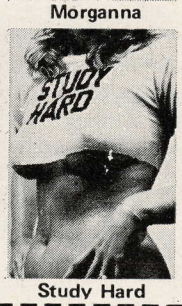

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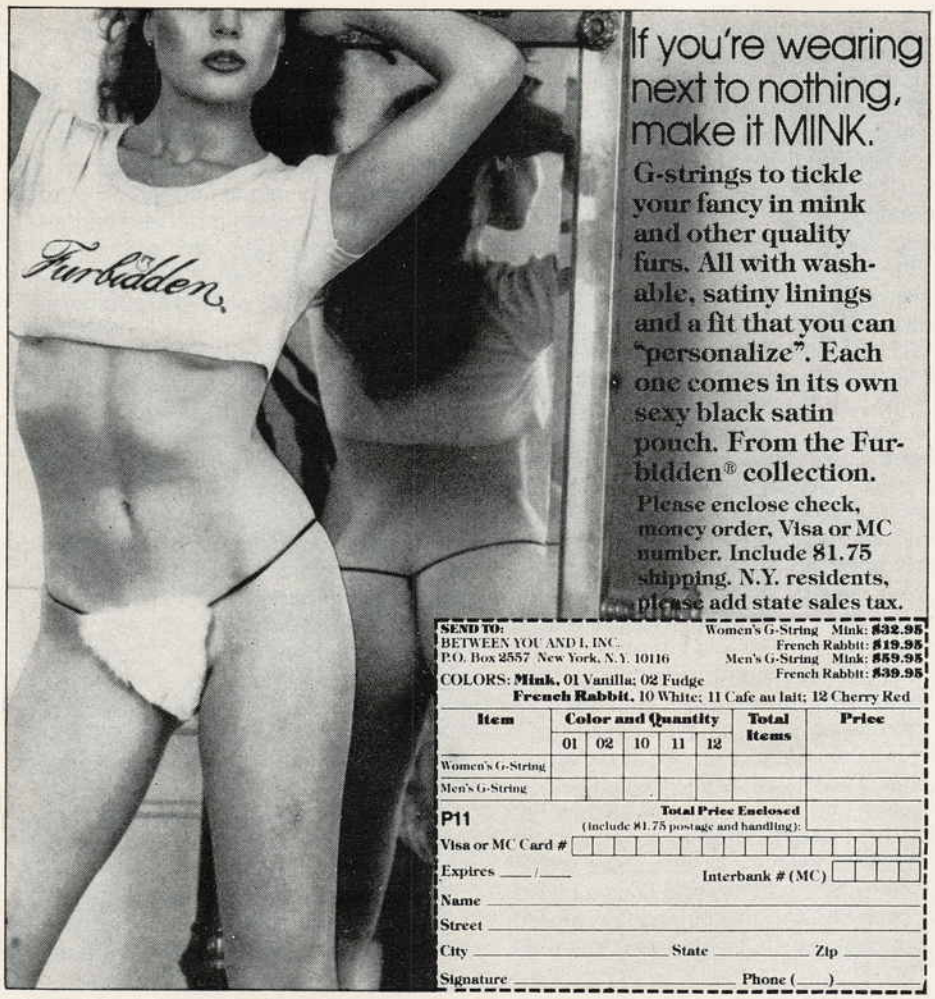

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ized it she had pushed me up into her in just two short strokes of her pussy. But she didn't stop—she just squealed and said she didn't think it would feel so good the first time. From down below her I could get a good view of her pussy lips sliding back and forth, and they even had an in-and-out motion, moving with my cock and then back out. They are the longest lips I have ever seen, even in magazines. I leaned back up to bite her nipples, and at the same time I reached down with both hands and stretched her pussy lips out as far as they would go. That was it for her. She started squeaking and shaking and telling me to pull harder. Then I came so hard she said she could feel it, but I've heard that's impossible. As she slowed down, I got a look at her nipples. God, they were huge and purplish red! She massaged them gently because they hurt, but she said they felt good, too.

Then I heard my wife pull into the garage from the store. I went and turned on the TV while Terry went to shower off and douche my come out of her. While Sara was fixing breakfast, Terry came into the living room and pulled up her T-shirt to show me that her nipples wouldn't go down again, and they didn't for three full days. Terry said they felt good the whole time. Next I want to see Sara and Terry together in bed. If I'm lucky and it happens, I'll write again, to tell the story.—*Name and address withheld*

Tired, and yet

I'm lying here, smiling. *Penthouse:* satisfaction guaranteed. My cunt is still crusted and ticklish with the lotion of last night's lust. I inhale the musty aroma of Eros and smile more. I love that smell.

The night started with a long drive to Honolulu. David was making his debut with a country band on the military circuit. His forte is rock 'n' roll, but his guitar-playing skill lent itself well, as did his tight jeans and his long, shiny hair. He definitely had that sexy Western panache. I sat and watched and listened, turning down dances and drinking down beer. The night was long, the ride home, tiresome. He was exhausted from playing and I from sitting.

When we reached my home, I invited him in and he stretched himself out in front of the TV. I found my way to my bedroom and peeled off my long, tight jeans to let my pussy breathe a bit. Then I slid out of my satin shirt and put on a short, black, lacy chemise. My firm, tanned breasts enjoyed the cool comfort. Happily snuggling into bed, I picked up a fuck magazine that David had brought by and let exhaustion take over. Soon the TV clicked off, and David came in and threw himself sleepily on the bed beside me.

He asked me to grab the *Penthouse* and read some of the "Forum" letters out loud. Bored with the other magazine, I agreed. He pulled off his jeans, and his fine cock lay flaccid against his balls, victim of a long and exhausting night.

I started reading, my voice throaty and deep, semiparalyzed with fatigue. I read about cousins and couples, vixens and vans, gay collegiate nymphos. We laughed at a few lines, and my mouth watered at others. My raspy voice enhanced the details and my peripheral vision caught David's hand lazily stroking his semierect cock. His eyes were closed. He was visualizing the passion pouring from my lips, from *Penthouse.*

As I started on the fourth letter, he asked me if they made me hot. I said no, not really. The long night had numbed my libido. After that, no words were spoken except for my reading. He reached down and felt my twat, radiant and moist. Even I was surprised. I went on aloud with the story . . . I can't recall what it was about . . . and he continued to massage my love-lips, my clit, my vagina, slowly and deliberately, while I read. Soon my throat grew heavy, my breathing accelerated, the sentences turned themselves around. I couldn't concentrate while my cunt was taking over all feeling, all reality. The words on the page swam, my passion was further aroused as images floated past from those stories, of those orgasms, those lovers.

Vicarious pleasure pleased me no more. My turn had to come. *Penthouse* fell to the pillow as I leaned back, arching my back so my cunt and David's fingers were unencumbered. I was hot—from reading,

from watching David get himself hard at my words, from my passion for him.

I came quickly, long and hard. I dug my nails into his muscular back as my swollen clit drove me to a screaming climax. I lay back to catch my breath, but David was hot now. His cock, hard and urgent, with that glistening, smooth tip, had forgotten its weariness and throbbed with hungry anticipation. That cock looked so ready, I wanted to take it in my wet, eager pussy. But David was handling himself. Now resting on his haunches between my legs, he was looking at my pussy with a look I'd never seen before: intent, randy. I could see the black lace of my chemise above the line of my furiously curly-haired twat. Beyond that, I saw his young face looking hungrily at my dripping box. As I started stroking his manhood, his hands were free to spread my vaginal lips and probe and fondle. He was wildly and excitably examining me as I pumped that firm rod until his probing fingers brought me again to the edge of climax. My gasps came faster until he lifted my torso and ate my seething, fired cunt. I screamed with a heavy, hot orgasm. It took me really far out there, catapulted on intense, strong, almost angry passion. Then he entered me. I was tight and wet but not slimy. I could feel every inch of that cock. We screwed hot and strong. As his rod rubbed against my gorged clit, my energy level zoomed again, spurred by that hot and nasty fucking. I came again, burying a finger into his ass hole, digging my hands into his flesh.

My climax aroused him further. I had no time to drift off—I stayed up there. He flipped me over like a finger pick. I arched my tanned, round ass up to his loins, and he buried his magnificent tool deep into my box. This one was his. I worked my ass hard and deep. He grabbed my hips and pushed and pulled like he was going to wrench my ass from my torso. My body was strong and supple and aroused by passion. I was worked up and ready. I stuck my ass to him, squirming and pounding down on his handsome joint, moaning and squealing for the painful, tearing pleasure. My black chemise tickled my breasts, my hands clenched the pillows. *Penthouse* rustled somewhere behind the bed.

I heard his moans and looked over my shoulder to see that young, beautiful face framed in his long, passion-fluffed hair, stretching back in masculine ecstasy. He pounded harder. I met each thrust, and he poured his load deep into me, groaning with satisfaction. He pushed on and on in his ejaculation; I watched that climax possess his tense, sweaty body, his ecstatic face. Like mine, the realization was almost too much.

We slumped down, lit a cigarette, and smiled at the now ravaged pieces of *Penthouse*. His come slowly crept from my wet, reposed body as we lay back and thought of our fatigue and satisfaction. Thanks, *Penthouse!—Name and address withheld*

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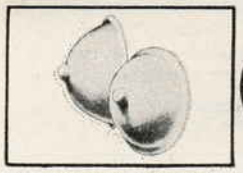

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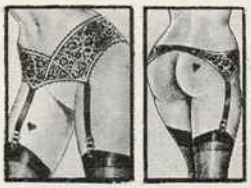

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Just the heat?

This past summer I moved into a small apartment building that has the warmest welcome wagon of any place in which I have lived. I am in a mobile job and therefore must rent furnished apartments. In the past I have relied upon the classified section of local papers to find my lodging, but this time I acquired my rooms through a friendly lead.

On the morning following my arrival, I was in a local coffee shop checking the prospects when the counter girl said that her mother had a room to let. This lithe brunette introduced herself as Ella and said that she would take me there when she finished her shift.

The rooms were in a lovely old courtyard building; they were large, well furnished, and very clean. In contrast to the rest of the apartment was the old four-poster in the bedroom. As we entered the room, I noticed the worn areas on the bedposts. Ella's mother said that the previous tenants had an overly active child, but the wry smile and twinkling eye of Ella made me suspicious.

The days following my move became increasingly hot, and when I would return in the evenings, Ella would be sitting on the front step. She always gave me a sly smile and would then go inside. At week's end the temperature was well into the nineties, and Ella added an inviting wink to her smile.

After taking a shower one evening, I sat in my darkening living room, trying to stay cool. I saw the lights go on in Ella's bedroom. She entered the room, walked to her closet, removed a robe, then began to undress. She hesitated, looking toward my darkened apartment, then continued undressing. She pulled off her shirt, revealing her small, round breasts with their upturned nipples. Then, when she had stepped out of her shorts, I was pleasantly surprised to see her bald pussy. She put on her robe and left the room. After about five minutes I became drowsy, so I went to bed with a smile and the vision of a lovely nymphet.

Ella continued undressing in front of an open window for the next several nights. By the end of the next week I could not greet her without getting a hard-on. I was late arriving home on Friday, and as I fumbled for my key, Ella stuck her head out of her door saying, "What's up?" gigglingly and drawing back inside. As I got the door opened and walked into my living room, the lights came on in her bedroom and, as had happened before, she removed her clothes. This time, though, she remained in the room, moving closer to the window. She stood at a mirror caressing first her "pretty baby" face, moving down to her ovaloid breasts with their long, upturned nipples, and ending at her "bald" pussy. She spread the lips with one hand, the other taking her clitoris between thumb and forefinger, and began jacking off. I had seen women masturbate before, but I had never seen technique quite like this, and it was such a turn-on that I had to head for my bed before I came. I fell into bed and started to stroke my penis, but I was so tired that I fell asleep before coming.

I awoke as the last velvet noose tightened around my ankle. I lay there, spread-eagled and naked, unable to move. At the foot of the bed stood Ella, bathed in the light of a score of candles. At close range her body was more delicate than it had appeared through her window. Her small, full breasts glowed with a milky translucency that was counterpointed by her long, upturned nipples, framed in small mauve discs. My eyes traced down her linear frame to her most intriguing asset. Never have I seen a pussy quite like Ella's. It was covered with a very fine down that shone only in the reflected light. The lips were fleshy, with a glistening crevice ending at the top in a small indentation. It all looked like an old-fashioned keyhole.

I was momentarily mesmerized as my two-inch penis grew to its full six inches. She now proceeded to "trace" her nubile form. Her slender fingers ran around her small breasts, teasing the long nipples to greater lengths. Her breathing quickened, and her hands slithered down to her great secret. She inserted a long fingernail at the bottom of the crevice and drew it up to collect the juices. She did this several

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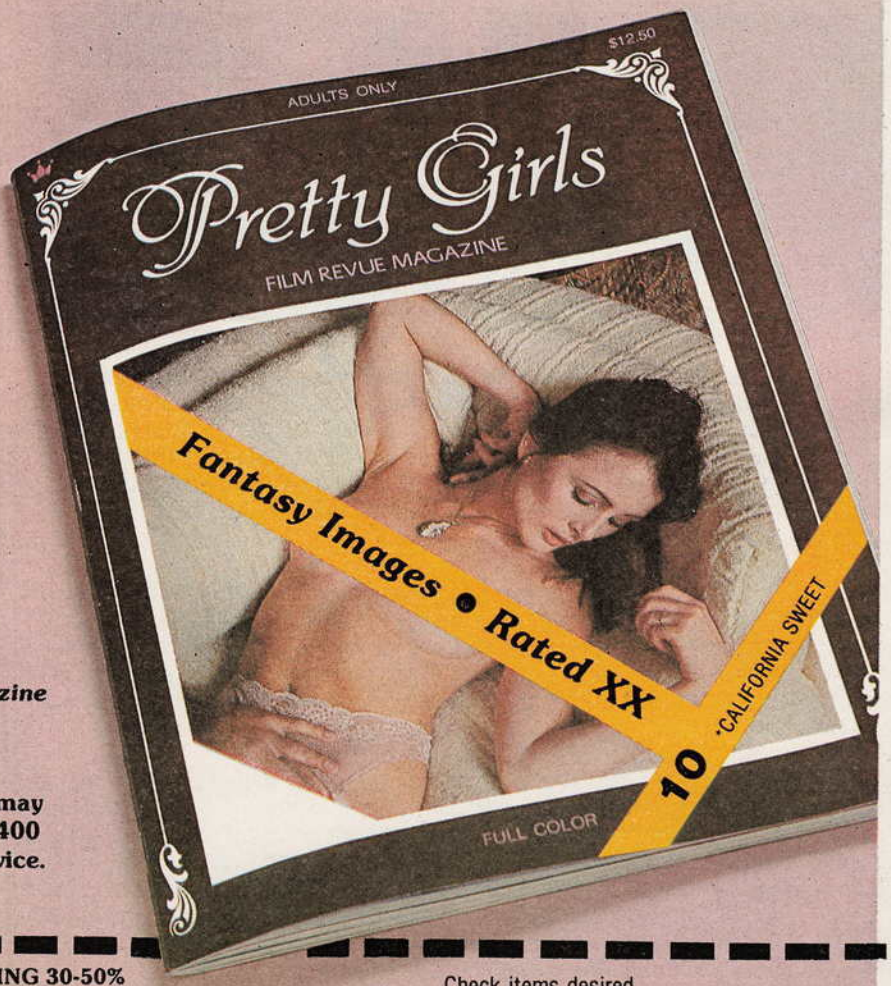

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Wide World

BUDDY JACOBSON, MELANIE CAIN, AND JACK TUPPER

MERLE HAGGARD

Jim Gianatsis

MOTOCROSS

Mad Love—Melanie Cain came to Manhattan as a teenager, eager to make it as a glamorous fashion model. Talented and extremely beautiful, she lived her dream until two men—one a financial hustler, the other an alleged drug smuggler—crossed paths that ended in a nightmare of sexual obsession and brutal murder. With Melanie Cain's exclusive cooperation, investigative reporter Anthony Haden-Guest uncovers the truth behind the headlines that shocked New York City. From the destined-to-be best-seller *Bad Dreams*.

Sex Dreams—*Penthouse* presents the first in a series of dialogues with its readers that will explore the mysteries of the sexual subconscious. What is the significance and meaning of sexual thoughts during sleep? Readers who wish to have their sexual dreams analyzed by Dr. Albert Ellis should send a 500-word description of their dreams to: The Editor, "Dreams," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Disciples—This humorously bizarre yet ultimately moving short story by science-fiction master Gardner Dozois is especially appropriate for the holiday season. Our unlikely hero, Nicky the Horse, makes his meager income by panhandling for Jesus, stopping people on the street to announce: "The Lord is coming! Spare some change for the Lord's work?" But one day he finds out that the Messiah—a plumber named Murray Kupferberg from Pittsburgh—is really coming. The news is all over the papers and television, and the faithful are already gathering to greet Him. You won't want to miss this very old story with a very new twist.

Merle Haggard in San Quentin—His career has already garnered several gold albums and numerous music awards. But, as with many success stories, Haggard's began at the bottom or, as this country superstar tells it, at "the end of the line." A burglar and safeman, Haggard had a record of escapes from penal institutions until, finally, he was sentenced to California's toughest prison, San Quentin. While incarcerated, he became part of another escape plan, which ended fatally for two close friends, then learned of his wife's unfaithfulness. After selling bootlegged beer, he spent seven fateful days in solitary confinement, which ultimately changed his life. From poor Okie boy to San Quentin felon, Merle Haggard tells his own story in an excerpt from the forthcoming autobiography *Sing Me Back Home.*

Motocross—Performed on dirt-covered stadium tracks with dangerous jumps and turns, motocross is the roughest and most demanding form of motorcycle racing. In the past decade it has picked up tens of thousands of participants, many still in grammar school and some as young as four years old. Their goal is the big bucks in the pro event—Supercross. Joseph Treaster gives a track-side report of an Astrodome race and the racers.

times, then ceremoniously presented the juice-laden nail to my mouth. She repeated this, each time drawing the nail higher until she reached the top of the "keyhole." As she withdrew her nail, the hole filled in. She took a few more quick strokes at the underside of the hole, and out sprang the largest clitoris I had ever seen! It was not just a swollen nodule; it was a little penis, measuring a good inch.

I tried to work loose my bindings, because I had to get to that clit, but the struggle only increased the tension on the ropes and within my groin. From the flush on her face and the beads of perspiration forming between her breasts, I could see Ella was enjoying my predicament. She climbed upon the bed and knee-walked up to my face, lowering herself just enough to allow my tongue to feel the hardness of her "penis," then returned to the foot of the bed. With her moistened index finger and thumb, she began jerking off. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The sight was such an immense turn-on that I told her that I was about to come. She bent over, not skipping a stroke, and bit the head of my throbbing dick until it went limp. She then came with such force that she flung out juices all over my legs.

Ella bent down, licking my legs clean while ever so slowly moving up to my throbbing cock. Again the uncontrollable moans of ecstasy emerged from deep in my throat, letting Ella know that what she was doing worked. I begged her to untie me or at least relieve my throbbing balls. She agreed to untie me on the condition that I go down on her before I did anything else. Before she had completely untied the final noose, I twisted around, throwing her onto the bed. Giggling uncontrollably, she grabbed my head and pushed it between her legs. My nose was the first to make contact with her "penis." It was magnificent. I placed my lips around this hot poker and began sucking like a nursing babe.

Ella went wild as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure swept across her. After about her third orgasm, she grabbed my prick with the toes of her foot and started to jack me off. The harder I sucked, the faster she moved her foot. I could soon feel the tension build. But before I could break free to ram my hot poker in under hers, she rammed her free toe into my anus, sending me over the brink. I came for the longest time, collapsing into a sound sleep.

I awoke late Saturday afternoon. I heard Ella's voice outside and a car pulling away. I went to the window and watched her carry her suitcase toward her apartment. Had I dreamt that whole night?—*Name and address withheld*

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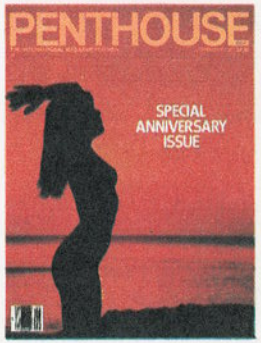

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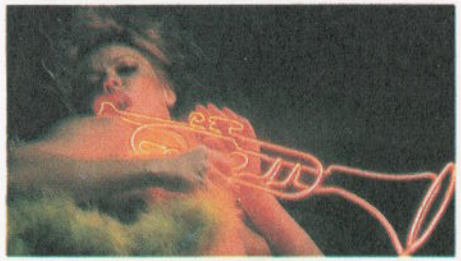

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